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*Sketches and Observations*

taken on a

TOUR

*through a part of the*

SOUTH of EUROPE.

BY

*JENS WOLFF.*

*Hec est*

*Vivere, bis vitam posse priorem.*

Mart Epig.

*The present joys of life we doubly taste  
(By looking back with pleasure on the past.)*



LONDON

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1801.





## DEDICATION.

TO

*JAMES TOWNLEY, ESQ.*

*HE* late Lord Orford, more generally known as Horace Walpole, observed, “ that if  
“ any man were to form a book of what he  
“ had heard and seen himself, it must, in  
“ whatever hands, prove a most useful and  
“ entertaining one.”----Convinced of the just-  
ness of this remark, and flattered by your re-

A

## DEDICATION.

peated assurances that a particular account of my Southern Tour in Europe would be interesting to my friends, I have been induced to collect my various notes of this excursion, which I made in company with Mr. Noring, Secretary to the Swedish Minister at the British Court, in the year 1785; and in giving my observations, have formed, as it were, a journal, the perusal of which may possibly interest you, and not be unacceptable to others who may, or may not have pursued the same track on the Continent. A recapitulation of events renews to the traveller's eye, scenes which otherwise the multifarious concerns of life might obliterate from his memory; and as a retrospective view of the incidents of our youth, is frequently more pleasing than future prospects, it affords much satisfaction to perpetuate them, even though in themselves tri-

## DEDICATION.

vial. Thus, in the recollection of hair-breadth escapes, attendant on the adventurous traveller, the hour of conviviality, or the delights of novelty and instruction, I find ample cause for contemplation, and am satisfied in having traversed monkish soil and classic ground, without imbibing the prejudices of the former, or neglecting to cultivate the advantages that might be gained by the latter.

Allow me the satisfaction of dedicating this little Tour to you, and I shall be happy if it affords you and others of my friends that amusement which was my principal object in publishing it, well knowing that your extensive acquaintance with the world will make you indulgent to the foibles of mankind. If I have dwelt on the errors of superstition, it has not proceeded from the most distant intention of hold-



## DEDICATION.

ing up to ridicule any religious opinions; I have merely stated facts as they appeared to my view without comment.

If this little production is worthy a niche in your library, accept it as a tribute of the sincere friendship and regard with which I subscribe myself,

My dear Sir,

Your faithful and

obedient Servant,

JENS WOLFF.

*Sherwood-House,*  
1801.

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## SKETCHES,

*Ec. Ec.*

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“ **A**T length the genial sun re-animated the  
“ earth, and brightened the heavens, while gentle winds  
“ chased the moist fogs from the summits of the mountains.  
“ Reviving nature smiled at the return of youth ; the fields  
“ were again clothed in cheerful green ; innumerable flowers  
“ decked the pastures, and seemed to vie with the sun in  
“ lustre. The trees again began to shoot out their buds,  
“ and all nature was full of new-born joy. Thus crowned  
“ with leaves and flowers came amiable Spring, that delight-  
“ ful morning of the year.” Such was the beautiful picture  
drawn by the immortal Gessner, of the season in which I  
commenced my continental tour ; quitting London we pro-  
ceeded post, and in two days, after traversing the rough

roads in Cornwall, reached Falmouth. As the Lisbon packet was not to sail for two or three days, I dedicated this short period to visiting the tin and copper mines, which are particularly interesting to those who wish to explore the bowels of the earth. On returning from a visit to Flushing, a small town opposite to Falmouth, I was informed that the wind being fair, the passengers were preparing for their departure ; we therefore sent off our baggage, and with a light heart I stepped into the boat that was to convey us on board the Hanover packet, Captain Todd, a vessel remarkable for its swiftness and conveniencies, no small comfort to a landsman who, for the first time in his life, ventures on the Bay of Biscay. Our fellow passengers consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Caulfield and children, the mother of whom shewed all the symptoms of a rapid decline, which induced a tender husband to seek a more genial climate, in hopes of restoring her to that health of which she now stood in so much need ; Captain Weatherstone, and his brother who, in the East-Indies, had been aid-de-camp to General Goddard, and whose health likewise had been much impaired, and both by temperance and ease required recruiting ; together with a little Portuguese gentleman, who had come on board alone, but who was missing when the anchor was weighed, and the sails unfurled to a breeze that prognosticated a short passage. Two days afterwards, however, when at sea, the little gentleman shewed his sallow countenance through the aperture of a curtain from one of the upper beds in the cabin, and requested *per l'amor*



*de Dios* a little tea, having from an invincible timidity kept his bed from the moment of his arrival on board the vessel; this being granted, with the addition of a store of biscuits, our little passenger drew his curtains, and returned to the sublimity of his meditations.

In eight days we, to our great joy, saw the rock of Lisbon, and shortly after entering the Tagus, sailed up the river, in a tide, passing the fort, or Castle of Belem, and the bar which runs across the river, greeted by the refreshing odour from orange groves on the shore, and views of various detached seats and houses, forming a most enchanting and novel landscape. On landing at Lisbon, we were conducted to Williams's Hotel, at Buenos Ayres, a house much frequented by English factors, or others, who reside here for their health, where we met with excellent accommodation.

Lisbon, situated in the province of Estramadura, is built on seven steep hills, the streets are badly paved with small sharp stones, which render walking extremely unpleasant; and at night, as there is no kind of light in the streets, it is not prudent for a stranger to walk alone.

About one fifth of the inhabitants consists of blacks, mulattoes, or of some intermediate tint of black and white. The houses are in general two stories high, with iron balconies, and wooden lattices to the ground floor; they are



chiefly painted white, a colour by no means beneficial to the eyes. There are two theatres, and a large assembly-room, where the British factory, and the Portuguese nobility, occasionally meet. Previous to the destructive earthquake on the 1st of November, 1755, the inhabitants amounted to 150,000; the churches, convents, royal palaces, and other public buildings, then destroyed, have, by degrees, been in part re-established; so that this city now boasts various magnificent structures.

Having paid our respects to Mr. Cantzau, the Swedish agent, he accompanied us in a pleasant walk to the acqueduct, which conveys a pure stream of water to Lisbon; he likewise introduced us to the Russian Ambassador, at whose house we remained some time. We subsequently waited on the Dutch Minister, and Mr. Stiefken, the Danish Consul, from whom I afterwards received considerable politeness and attention. Our next visit was to the Honorable Mr. Walpole, the British Envoy, at that time a bridegroom of seventy, having the preceding day married Miss Sturt, a blooming virgin of sixteen, of course we did not prolong our stay beyond the boundaries of politeness. Our friend, Mr. Cantzau again accompanied us in a visit to La Necessidad convent, inhabited by friars, where the extent of the gardens, the cool breezes from adjacent fountains, and the ombrage of orange and lemon groves seemed but ill to accord with the vow of abstinence, which these grave fathers are

supposed to observe, and whose ideas should solely be fixed on the happiness of a future state. The arsenal and church of St. Rocco are well worthy the attention of strangers. The pavement of this chapel is in mosaic, as is likewise a beautiful altar-piece.

A party being formed to inspect the celebrated Mr. De Visme's chateau and gardens, we repaired to this delightful spot, and were hospitably received by the owner, whose relation captain De Visme, then at William's hotel, became shortly my intimate acquaintance, and was on this occasion our *maitre de ceremonie* and guide. The botanic garden is deservedly renowned, the house fitted up with much elegance, particularly the concert and ball rooms, and in other respects, possessing every requisite for the dwelling of a man of large and independent fortune. On our return in the evening, the glow-worm, or fire-flies were numerous and remarkably brilliant, the temperature of the air being at this season of the year extremely warm. The following day we dined with Mr. Cantzau, and in the evening attended the public gardens, and inspected the palace of the Inquisition, a stupendous building, at that time occupied by the Spanish Ambassador, for the ostensible purpose of celebrating the marriage of the Infant and Infanta of Portugal and Spain, which was on the point of taking place.

Captain De Visme having proposed to me a tour to see the environs of Lisbon, I gladly accepted his offer; and

having hired horses, and being attended by our servants, and a running cavalliero as a guide, we left our hotel accordingly. The country about Lisbon is agreeably diversified, with groves of orange and lemon-trees, intermixed with olive and vineyards. The roads are bordered with aloes, which, when in the flower, appear to a native, of a colder climate, uncommonly beautiful, the stem being then twelve or fourteen feet in height. Our first stage was to Cabesa, where we stopped to refresh our horses ; and having a letter of introduction to Mr. Clamuse, a French Gentleman, we alighted at his house in the afternoon. He pressed us to stay the evening with him, and on our assenting, immediately ordered us a desert and cool wines. Cards were introduced, and the female part of the family insisting on our playing whist with them, we gratified their request. Our host entertained us with an elegant supper ; and in the morning, at four o'clock, when we were repairing to quit his house, on account of the heat of travelling later in the day, we found him in the breakfast room with refreshments ready even at that early hour. The politeness of this worthy man was particularly gratifying. The road thus far runs through a romantic country, producing orange, lemon, olive, mulberry, cyprus, and palm-trees ; hedges of wild pomegranate, rosemary, jasmynes, aloes, prickly pear, bays, laurel, and myrtle. Our object in going to Mafra, was to see the Royal Convent, originally built by King John, for the friars of the Order of St. Francis, through whose strenuous and availing prayers he had succeeded, he conceived, in ascending the throne of Portugal.

His present Majesty has, however, adopted, if not a wiser system, at least one more economical, by exchanging the poor friars of St. Francis, for those of the rich order of St. Vincent, who support themselves, and, it is asserted, built the adjoining palace without any expence to the Crown. The convent is erected on a very extensive and magnificent scale, containing three hundred cells. The kitchen is ninety-six palms by forty-two. The library three hundred and eighty-one palms in length, and forty-three in breadth. The whole building contains eight hundred and seventy rooms, and five thousand two hundred windows. At this time there were one hundred and fifty friars, and as many students, exclusive of domestics, resident there. It being Sunday, we witnessed the performance of high mass, after which we ascended the dome, and walked on the outer leads of the roof, or terrace, which is twelve hundred feet in circumference. In the evening we were present at the general supper of the friars in the great hall, where they seemed to experience excellent fare. This fraternity, indeed, gave a decided proof, that in their opinion, the road to heaven was not alone to be obtained through the indispensable practice of abstinence or fasting. The friar, who officiated as apothecary, recommended us a bottle of *vino al fresco* of his own making. The flavor did honor to his vintage, and the contents quickly disappeared in mutual wishes of future prosperity. On each side of the church is a tower, or belfry, having forty-eight bells forming chimes, which being in motion hourly, have, at a distance, a pleasing



effect. Six altars ornament this temple with a marble basso relievo over each, together with as many organs. There are several handsome court-yards with porticos, and behind this edifice is a pretty large garden, where the brethren of St. Francis, while away their leisure hours at bowls, and other amusing pastimes.

The village of Mafra is, in itself, of little consequence ; the accommodation at the inn very indifferent, St. Francis seeming to engross every thing ! We therefore quitted our quarters without repining, and proceeded to Cintra, which, after a very warm ride, we reached in two hours and an half, and were not sorry to alight at an inn, kept by Mrs. Dazy, an Irish woman, who seemed happy to see her countrymen, as she stiled us, and gave us good cheer in abundance. Having hired a couple of burros, or jack-asses, we proceeded, on a winding ascent, to the top of a high mountain called *Cabo de Penha*, on the summit of which is a small convent inhabited by Hieronymite monks. The prospect from this place is admirable : the height and romantic form of the mountain, the prodigious breaks and cavities, together with the vast masses of projecting and impending rocks, enriched with shrubs, or ennobled by tall and luxuriant trees, render it one of the most surprising and agreeable objects in the world. The convent is now very old, having been built near two centuries ; the chapel, though very small, is the best part. The capuchins here point out to observation on the altar, Joseph,



ornamented with a pewter crown; by his side stands the Virgin, with the child in her arms; she is magnificently dressed in silk, and, together with her infant, most absurdly, wear well suited and appropriate wigs. The habitations, or cells, of the poor capuchins are very miserable. We were shewn into one room, where half a dozen tables, covered with empty bottles and glasses, would fain have made us believe the inhabitants had, the preceding evening, sacrificed copiously to Bacchus; the situation of the convent, on the eminence above stated, with surrounding clouds and damps, bespeaks, however, rather more water than wine.

Hence we proceeded to an adjacent mountain called Cape Roque, or the Rock of Lisbon, on which is situated the Cork Convent, so called from the abundance of cork which grows in its vicinity. The hermits are here very sociable, and seem to fare better than their neighbours the Hieronymites; eighteen of these world-forsakers have taken up their residence on this spot. We were shewn a cave, where one of their companions was stated to have immured himself thirty-three years. We were led to conclude, from the situation of one place, and the pretended wine-bibbers of the other, that the hermits supplied the Hieronymites with corks in exchange for their bottles. Having mounted our merry burros, we trotted to an adjoining palace, to which their Majesties of Portugal pay an annual visit, when I concluded they, on such occasions, brought their furniture with them, as

the walls appeared completely bare. The floors were of brick ; the paintings in the various rooms decidedly originals ; as in one they consisted of swans, in another of magpies, a third of deer, and other animals equally uninteresting. We therefore retired at an early hour ; and, having procured some refreshments, rode on to the gardens of Don Antonio Seveigna de Crasto, at Penwaerde, formerly belonging to an old Portuguese General in the India service ; agreeably to his will his heart is interred in the garden, and a small monument erected to his memory ; the situation of the grounds is romantic. Nearer Cintra Mr. Gildemester, the Dutch Consul, was building a house, and laying out his gardens in the Dutch stile ; the contrast between art and nature was here conspicuous !

Returning, after this fatigue, to our hostess, Mrs. Dazy, we were surprized to find a company of the natives assembled around an Egyptian conjuror, or female itinerant fortune-teller, who in this place passed for a sorceress ; we were of course, on our entrance, admitted to the best seats, and were highly amused with the legerdemain tricks of the performer. The astonishment of the spectators was excessive ; they frequently crossed themselves during the performance, and there were some who even hinted at the Inquisition, or the poor old lady being a fine subject for an *Auto-da-Fé* ; her fears were, however, dispelled, by seeing the effects of English liberality, which serving as a hint to the other observers, a collection

was made for her benefit, and she made good her retreat in peace accordingly.

The next morning, after discharging our landlady's bill, amounting to 12,000 rees, or about three guineas and a half, we proceeded on our cavalry to the royal palace of Caluz, then fitting up with great magnificence for the reception of the august bride and bridegroom, whose marriage was here to be celebrated. The building has a noble appearance; the furniture is elegant; the audience saloon floored with marble, and ornamented with large pier glasses. The gardens are extensive and pleasant; here are variety of orange trees, a labyrinth, several fountains, and a water-fall. The paintings in the palace are remarkable; in one room the history of Don Quixote is represented in eighteen compartments; in another are various pieces whimsically representing young children, some ornament excepted, in *puris naturalibus*; one has a bag to his hair, and a sword girt about his loins, with a cane in his hand; he gallants a female companion, who wears a muff and tippet, and a pair of high-heeled shoes, her hair is powdered, she is decorated with a necklace and ear-rings, but is in other respects naked. All these ludicrous pieces are intended only as ornamental, and as such enliven the apartments.

Having seen every thing worthy of notice, we proceeded on our return to Lisbon, which we reached after two

of the most sultry hours ride I ever experienced, and rejoined my friend Noring, in whose company we regaled ourselves with some delicious fruit ; oranges just plucked from the trees, and ices of various kinds, a refreshing treat to Captain De Visme, and myself, after such a fatiguing, though uncommonly pleasant excursion !

I was much disgusted at a practice common in the streets of Lisbon : numbers of people are seen sitting in the sun with their heads in each others laps, alternately having their “*re-tinue* abridged.” This want of cleanliness, however, is only to be imputed to the lower class of people, who seem devoured by vermin.

During my stay at Lisbon, the procession of Corpus Christi, from the patriarchal church, took place ; the crowd was too great to admit of my entering the church, I was therefore obliged to remain four hours in the sun on a balcony, to witness a vast number of friars carrying silver candlesticks, wax tapers, and crosses, the figure of St. Michael, magnificently arrayed in armour, tied erect on a horse, &c. When the procession passed, the guards, stationed to keep off the populace, each soldier dropped on his knees, and uncovered his head, a ceremony far from adding to the military appearance of the scene.

The Portugeze nobility is divided into three classes ; of these, the ecuyer on horseback before a carriage denotes the

first ; his riding on one side, the second ; and his following it the third rank.

Among the best literary productions in Portugal may be reckoned the *Lusiad*, or discovery of India by Camoens ; Mickle observes, “ in contradistinction to the *Iliad* and *Æneid*, the *Paradise lost* has been called the epic poem of religion, in the same manner may the *Lusiad* be named the epic poem of commerce, the happy completion of the most important designs of Henry, Duke of Visco, Prince of Portugal, to whom Europe owes both Gama and Columbus ; both the eastern and the western worlds constitutes the subject of that celebrated epic poem. When Camoens wrote his *Lusiad*, Portugal was at the zenith of its power and splendor, the glorious successes which had attended the arms of the Portuguese in Africa, had gained them the highest military reputation ; their fleets covered the ocean, their dominions and settlements extended along the western and eastern sides of the vast African continent. From the Red-Sea to China and Japan, they were sole masters of the riches of the East ; and in America, the fertile and extensive regions of Brazil completed their empire. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at, that the imagination of Camoens was warmed with the views of his country’s greatness, and that he talks of it’s power and grandeur in a strain, which must appear as mere hyperbole to those whose ideas of Portugal are drawn from it’s present dimi-



“ nished state. After the defeat of Don Sebastian, at Alca-  
 “ zar, which was the first step of the declension of the Por-  
 “ tugueze grandeur, his uncle, Cardinal Enricus, ascended  
 “ the throne, but he dying after a reign of two years, Phi-  
 “ lip II. of Spain, made himself master of the kingdom of  
 “ Portugal, which remained under the Spanish yoke for  
 “ about sixty years. During this period, the Dutch pos-  
 “ sessed themselves of the best Portuguese settlements in the  
 “ East-Indies, in Africa and America ; and thus a sudden  
 “ evening interrupted the grandeur of the Portuguese : So  
 “ just is the observation of Goldsmith,”

“ That trade’s proud empire hastes to swift decay,  
 “ As ocean sweeps the labour’d mole away ;  
 “ While self-dependent power can time defy,  
 “ As rocks resist the billows and the sky.”

The Tagus is navigable but a little way above Lisbon, oc-  
 casioned by its running between inaccessible rocks, and it’s  
 current being broken by many rapid cataracts. A company  
 of Dutchmen, in the reign of Charles II. offered to trace  
 roads over the rocks, and to make dykes and sluices to facili-  
 tate the passage of boats from Lisbon to Madrid, as they pro-  
 posed to render the river Mancanares, which empties itself  
 into the Tagus, also navigable. They required the revenue,  
 which was to amount from the taxes, to be levied on goods  
 thus conveyed by water. Several councils were accordingly  
 called in Madrid and Lisbon ; the conclusion of their delibe-

rations, according to Colmanares, was this, “ If God had  
 “ been willing to have those two rivers navigable, he did not  
 “ want the assistance of men to render them so ; because he  
 “ was able to produce that great effect by a single fiat ; now,  
 “ as he has not done it, it follows, that he did not think  
 “ proper to do it ; so that it would be contradicting his Pro-  
 “ vidence to endeavour to rectify what he appears to have  
 “ left imperfect, for reasons best known to himself.” Thus  
 vanished a useful project in consequence of this bigotted  
 determination.

In perusing the History of Portugal, it is with considerable interest we dwell on the memoirs of Inez de Castro. This unfortunate Lady was the daughter of a Castilian gentleman, who had taken refuge in the court of Portugal. Her beauty and accomplishments attracted the regard of Don Pedro, the king’s eldest son, a prince of a brave and noble disposition ; it is asserted she was privately married to the prince ; his conjugal fidelity was not less remarkable than the ardour of his passion. Afraid, however, of his father’s resentment, the severity of whose temper he knew, his intercourse with Donna Inez passed at the court as an intrigue of gallantry.

On the accession of Don Pedro, the Cruel, to the throne of Castile, many of the disgusted nobility were kindly received by Don Pedro, through the interest of his beloved Inez. The favor shewn to these Castilians, gave great unea-

siness to the politicians ; a thousand evils were foreseen from the Prince's attachment to his Castilian mistress, even the murder of his children by his deceased spouse, the princess Constantia, was surmised ; and the enemies of Donna Inez, finding the King willing to listen, omitted no opportunity to increase his resentment against the unfortunate lady. The prince was about his twenty-eighth year, when his amour with his beloved Inez commenced ; to give the character of Alphonso IV. will throw light on the inhuman transaction that was the politics of these times. He was an undutiful son, an unnatural brother, and a cruel father : a great and unfortunate warrior, diligent in the execution of the laws, and a machavilian politician, that good might be obtained by villainous means was his favorite maxim. When the enemies of Inez had persuaded him that her death was necessary to the welfare of the state, he took a journey to Coimbra, that he might see the lady, when the prince, his son, was absent on a hunting party. Donna Inez, with her children, threw herself at his feet. The king was moved with the distress of the beautiful suppliant, when his three counsellors, Alvaro Gonzalez, Diego Lopez Pacheco, and Pedro Coello, reproaching him for his disregard to the state, he relapsed to his former resolution. She was dragged from his presence, and brutally murdered by the hands of his three counsellors, who immediately returned to the king with their daggers reeking with the innocent blood of the princess his daughter-in-law. Alonzo, it is said, avowed the horrid assassination, as if he had done nothing, for

which he ought to be ashamed. When the prince was informed of the death of his beloved Inez, he was transported into the most violent fury. He took arms against his father. The country, between the rivers Minho and Doura, was laid desolate ; but, by the interposition of the queen, and the archbishop of Braga, the prince relented, and the further horrors of a civil war were prevented. Don Alonzo was not only reconciled to his son, but laboured by every means to oblige him, and to efface from his memory the injury and insult he had received. The prince, however, still continued to discover the strongest marks of affection and grief. When he succeeded to the crown, one of his first acts was a treaty with the king of Castile, whereby each monarch engaged to give up such malcontents as should take refuge in each other's dominions.

In consequence of this, Coello and Gonsalez, who, on the death of Alonzo, had fled to Castile, were sent prisoners to Don Pedro. Pecheco, the third murderer, made his escape. The other two were put to death with the most exquisite tortures, and most justly merited, if exquisite torture is in any instance to be allowed. After this, the king, Don Pedro, summoned an assembly of the states at Cantanedes. Here, in the presence of the Pope's nuncio, he solemnly swore on the holy Gospels, that having obtained a dispensation from Rome, he had secretly, at Braganza, espoused the lady Inez de Castro, in the presence of the bishop of Guarda, and of his



master of the wardrobe, both of whom confirmed the truth of the oath. The Pope's bull, containing the dispensation, was published ; the body of Inez was lifted from the grave, placed on a magnificent throne, and with the proper regalia, crowned queen of Portugal. The nobility did homage to her skeleton, and kissed the bones of her hand. The corpse was then interred in the royal monastery of Alcobaça, with a pomp before unknown in Portugal, and with all the honors due to a queen. Her monument is still extant, where her statue is adorned with the diadem, and the royal robe. This, with the legitimation of her children, and the care he took of all who had been in her service, consoled him in some degree, and rendered him more conversable than he had hitherto been ; but the cloud which the death of his Inez brought over the natural cheerfulness of his temper was never dispersed. ”

The discovery of India by Vasco de Gama, in 1497, will, in all ages, eternize the name of the Portuguese nation ; it is remarkable that Columbus made the voyage the year before, which discovered the mouth of the river Oronoko, in America. When Gama left the Tagus, and attempted seas before unknown, although the full tide of popular clamour was against him, yet his departure from his native country was particularly impressive ; about four miles from Lisbon there is a chapel on the sea side, to this, the day before their departure, it is related that Gama conducted the companions of his expedition ; he was to encounter an ocean untried, and dreaded



as unnavigable ; and he knew the force of the ties of religion on minds which were not inclined to dispute its authority. The whole night was spent in the chapel in prayers for success, and in the rights of their devotion.

On the next day, when the adventurers marched to the fleet, the shore of Belem presented one of the most solemn and affecting scenes, perhaps, recorded in history. The beach was covered with the inhabitants of Lisbon, a numerous procession of priests, in their robes, sung anthems, and offered up invocations to heaven ; every one beheld the adventurers as brave innocent men going to a dreadful execution, as rushing upon certain death ; and the vast multitude caught the fire of devotion, and joined aloud in the prayers for success. The relations, friends, and acquaintances of the voyagers wept ; all were affected ; the sigh was general ; Gama himself shed some manly tears on parting with his friends ; but he hurried over the tender scene, and hastened on board with all the alacrity of hope. Immediately he gave his sails to the wind, and so much affected were the many thousands who beheld his departure, that they remained unmoveable on the shore, till the fleet, under full sail, vanished from their sight.

In thirteen months he landed in Indostan, and laid the foundation of that commerce which has since been productive of such riches to Europe.

Tasso, the decided rival of Camoens, never did his judgement more credit, or his generosity more honour than when he addressed the following elegant sonnet to the hero of the *Lusiad* :

Vasco, le cui felici, arditi antenne  
In contro al sol, che ne riporta il giorno  
Spiegar le vele, e far colà ritorno,  
Dove egli par che di cadere accenne :

Non più di te per aspro mar sostenne  
Quel, che fece al Ciclope oltraggio, e scorno :  
Ne chi turbò l'Arpie nel suo soggiorno,  
Ne dié più bel soggetto a colte penne.

Et hor quella del colto, e buon' Luigi,  
Tant' oltre stende il glorioso volo  
Che i tuoi spalmati legni andar men lunge.  
Ond' a quelli, a cui s'alza il nostro polo,  
Et a chi ferma in contra i suoi vestigi,  
Per lui del corso tuo la fama aggiunge.

Vasco, whose bold and happy bowsprit bore  
Against the rising morn ; and, homeward fraught,  
Whose sails came westward with the day, and brought  
The wealth of India to thy native shore :

Ne'er did the Greek such length of seas explore :  
The Greek, who sorrow to the Cyclop wrought,  
And he, who, Victor, with the harpies fought,  
Never such pomp of naval honours wore.

Great as thou art, and peerless in renown,  
 Yet thou to Camoens ow'st thy noblest fame ;  
 Farther than thou didst sail, his deathless song  
 Shall bear the dazzling splendor of thy name ;  
 And under many a sky thy actions crown,  
 While time and fame together glide along.

Portugal, situated in the same genial climate with Spain, abounds, like the latter, in excellent natural productions ; it is well watered, a great part of it bounded by the ocean, and it is possessed of very rich provinces beyond the seas. It is, however, not proportionably powerful ; its inhabitants are indigent, and the balance of trade is against it. The necessaries of life, and particularly corn, is obliged to be imported from other countries ; in point of population it has rather the advantage of Spain. As no manufactures of any importance are in a thriving state, the Portuguese are supplied by the industry of other nations, chiefly the English, with almost every article of dress, and with most other articles of use and convenience. It seems that the effort of government to encourage industry has hitherto been ineffectual.

The late minister of state, M. De Pombal, found it impracticable to raise a glass manufactory into consequence, notwithstanding he laid out eighty thousand crusades upon this scheme, and doubled the duties on foreign glass, in order to encourage the manufacture. Thus to support a trade which is, upon the whole, much against Portugal, this kingdom

draws its resources from Brazil : Since the discovery of these mines, about one hundred millions sterling have been imported into this country, that is, within the last sixty years, exclusive of articles of merchandize.

The state of religion exactly resembles that of Spain ; the intolerant bigotry of the established Roman Catholic religion is no less prejudicial to the Portuguese than to the Spanish nation. There are several tribunals of inquisition, viz. at Lisbon, Coimbra, Evora, and Goa in the East-Indies. It is calculated, that the number of ecclesiastical persons, upon the whole, amounts to two hundred thousand, of which thirty thousand are monks and nuns. The three spiritual orders of knighthood in Portugal, are those of Avis, Santiago, and Christ, the last is by far the most opulent.

We now prepared for our departure, having staid as long as our time permitted at Lisbon, though I willingly would have protracted my residence at a place where I began to have several valuable connexions, and experienced much civility. Having paid our different visits *de Congé*, procured passports, provided ourselves with pistols above fifteen inches in length, agreeable to the established law, and made an agreement for a Calasine, with two mules, to convey us to Madrid, for twelve moidores, the articles of which were drawn up by a procurator, signed, sealed, and mutually exchanged with the proprietor of the carriage, who was to be of the

party, we crossed the Tagus, and landed at Aldea Galega, a most wretched place, whence our journey and difficulties commenced. There being a royal order issued for all carriages, mules, and horses without exception, to repair to Villa Viciosa, in consequence of the late nuptials and procession, great manœuvring was necessary to prevent the seizure of our vehicle and sturdy mules. Several tents were pitched, and carriages in waiting for the royal party ; we, however, evaded meeting the illustrious couple, by not commencing our journey till late in the evening, although the bells tied about the necks of the mules gave a tolerable warning of our occasional approach. It became necessary to provide ourselves with dried provisions, such as fish, biscuits, ham, tongues, pease, beans, &c. as the inns, or ventas, on the road, are in general intolerable, having but scanty fare for travellers, eggs and chickens being the sole produce of their larder, which, if accepted, are forthwith pursued with sticks and stones, knocked on the head, picked, boiled, and brought to table in less than half an hour ; strong teeth, patience, and a voracious appetite, are, on these occasions, necessary qualifications.

After five days travelling through parts of a sandy and woody country, we reached Elvas, having passed Bemcatel, where we were shewn into an apartment inhabited promiscuously by men, women, children, dogs, cats, mules, and their drivers ; the floor covered with straw infested by in-



insects, and other noxious animals, in abundance. Preferring any other quarters to these, where the rights of liberty and equality, although in a monarchical country, were so completely established, we enquired if there were any superior accommodation in the village; and after some difficulty, were recommended to the house of a friar, who resided in much domestic felicity with two female relations, whose culinary abilities, and other agrémens, tended to render his declining years far from a vale of sorrow. The friar received and entertained us with much hospitality; our supper was frugal, and a bottle of wine from the adjacent vineyard finished the repast. My philosophic friend, Noring, being engaged in a most profound theological dispute with the learned divine, contributed, with the lateness of the hour, to close my eyes. A mattress, that had been spread on the floor, was subsequently occupied, after the cautious friar had turned the key upon his visitants; and in the morning, exchanging some few of our reals for his benedictions, we continued our route to Villa Viciosa, the palace where the royal family had assembled; a fair was established before the palace gates, and much merriment and rejoicing seemed to be in preparation.

The mule-driver here complained that Corinella, one of the mules, was much indisposed, which we attributed to the incessant beating bestowed on her meager ribs by the liberal hand of this Caleseiro. Fearful, however, of being detained by some of the courtiers, who might perchance have been in

want of a stray vehicle, and who, by virtue of the licensed embargo, were duly entitled to seize every carriage on the high road, we persuaded Tomaso to “ keep moving,” with which he at length complied, so that we expected to reach Elvas in the evening. After continued exertions, the obscurity of the night came on, and with it an irresistible impulse to sleep, owing to the fatigues of a hot and tedious journey, the leaden-pinioned god stole over our senses, and in a short time we were in the arms of Morpheus. We had not, however, long enjoyed our refreshing slumber, when we were alarmed by the baying of animals near the carriage, which we soon discovered to be a troop of shepherd’s dogs, who, unaccustomed to so strange an appearance on this lonesome moor, had collected around us. We were no less surprised on perceiving the carriage without motion, and called lustily on Tomaso to explain the mystery ; but Tomaso answered not, for he was very quietly taking his siesta in a snug corner of a sheep-cot, at a sufficient distance to be out of the recall of his deserted employers, having left his mules to batten on the rosemary and wild thyme scattered over the heath ; at length with Aurora came the mule-driver ; and after bestowing on him a few hearty maledictions for the situation, in which he left us exposed to the hideous melody of yelping curs, and in apprehension for our personal safety, we proceeded on our journey to Elvas.

This town is fortified, being the boundary of Portugal.

A shallow river divides it and Spain ; the first town in which is Badajoz, the capital of Estramadura, equally fortified, but not so populous. A gentleman at Elvas, with whom we had dined the preceding day, and who had provided a vast variety of fish stewed, boiled, roasted, grilled, and otherwise dressed, (it being *jour maigre*) to solace an abstemious party, and, at the same time, keep a strict observance of the fast, had given us a letter of introduction to his friend, Don Antonio de Cantalaria, whom he represented to us as the Chief Magistrate of the place, and a man of singular consequence ; on our arrival at Badajoz, we therefore went in immediate search of this enlightened character ; but found him, alas ! in dismal occupation, and by no means prepared to honor his friend's recommendation. He was perambulating the streets ; in one hand a lantern of substantial horn, the other held a box, to which was attached a clamorous bell ; and his mind wholly occupied in requesting the stray passengers to drop some few reals into his box for the honor of the Holy Ghost. On presenting our letter, the illustrious bellman held out his box, and was some time before he could be made to understand the motive of our thus disturbing his pious avocation, which, however, at last perceiving, he desired our visit might be adjourned to the following day, which we easily granted ; and dropping some small pieces into his collecting box, we left Don Antonio to augment the treasure of the Holy Ghost, and repaired to the venta, where a better reception awaited our arrival.

The inns, termed *posadas*, or *ventas*, in Spain, are much superior to those in Portugal; but, without previously supplying the host with *dinero*, or money, to go to market and purchase provisions, the fare would be but indifferent; a charge is afterwards made for cooking, trouble, and the use of the cama, or room, and mattress.

Merida is an ancient town, formerly Emerita Augusta, the capital of Lusitania, and built by Augustus; it is, however, now nearly deserted. There are still the remains of some ancient architecture in the large square; likewise a statue erected on a column near the town, on the pedestal of which are graven, the words "Concordia Augusti." The inscription on the other side is defaced; Dutens says, "Je n'y ai pu déchiffrer autre chose, sinon que c'est dans le seizième siècle, que ces morceaux ont été réunis et placés comme ils sont a present."

The entrance to the town is across a bridge consisting of sixty-one arches; the river Guadiana, now runs through eight only. In passing Miajadas, a small village, near which are still existing the remains of an old Moorish fort, we found all the villagers assembled (it being Sunday evening), diverting themselves various ways, by playing cards, shooting swallows, or other birds, and dancing fandangos, accompanied by a pandero, or drum, and guitar. The fandango is danced by the parties throwing every part of the body into various pos-



tures, or positions, frequently not the most decent ; keeping time with the feet, and playing all the while with the castanets ; when these instruments are wanting, they snap their fingers and thumbs, the dancers approach, turn, retire, and approach again ; when these are tired, and in a profuse perspiration, their place is immediately supplied by another couple, and so on, without intermission, for a length of time ; I afterwards saw this dance to greater perfection on the stage, accompanied by the music of the whole orchestra.

As the country hereabouts is uncultivated, and abounds in wood, numbers of doves are to be met with, they being partial to olive trees, and, in consequence, frequent them much. I shot several of these birds, and found them excellent eating. There were likewise several *sequennas*, or storks, that occasionally may be seen, and are said not to be uncommon ; these birds build their nests on the churches, and are held sacred by the Spaniards ; woe be to the heretic who should shoot a sequenna ! The fig, mulberry, and cork-trees, are here very plentiful, but orange-trees are scarce.

We stopped at Truxillo to lay in a fresh stock of provisions ; this is a small place, the approach to which is remarkable, not only for the vast number of monumental crosses it exhibits, denoting assassinations, but for giving birth to Pizarro, the conqueror of Peru. It is surprising the Spaniards have never erected a monument to the memory of this de-



stroyer of the human race ; probably, they think thus to perpetuate his name would disgrace the nation ; in bloody characters, however, will long the recollection of his tyranny be indelibly engraven on the hearts of the Peruvians, while a Las Casas, whose humane efforts tended to alleviate their maddening sorrows, will, to the latest posterity, be remembered with gratitude. The roads hence began to be very hilly, which increased as we advanced ; we were cautioned to be on our guard in the mountains, as they were stated to be much infested by banditti.

At Jarayzejo, Dutens, in his description of the country, remarks—“ Chemin passable durant trois lieues, a une lieu  
 “ de Jarayzejo on met pied a terre, on detale les mules, des  
 “ boeufs descendent les voitures par un chemin roide et ra-  
 “ boteux, on passe la riviere del Monte sur un pont de neufs  
 “ arches assez beau, mais etroit, et les boeufs laissent les  
 “ voitures au haut de la montagne. Au sortir de Jarayzejo  
 “ il nous fallut après une et demi lieu mettre pied a terre,  
 “ nous montions, nous descendions, nous étions tantot au  
 “ dessus, tantot au dessous des nuages, nous eprouvions une  
 “ bruine sensible lorsque nous étions dans le nuage meme ;  
 “ c'étoit une Echappée de la Sierra de Guadeloupe (chaine  
 “ de montagnes) ; cette traverse fut de plus d'une lieu.”—  
 Since the time when the above author travelled this road it has been much improved, and oxen are no longer necessary.

In the valley lies the small village of La Casas del Puerto, where we stopped, and took some refreshment. An accident had nearly occurred in descending this mountain; one of our mules, poor Corinella, fell near a steep declivity, which seemed to threaten the destruction of the carriage; I instantly leaped out, but found the animal was under the wheel, and thus prevented the threatened overturn. The view on either side of this eminence was extensive, and from afar was to be seen the summits of the Sierra la Placenzia mountains, whose tops seemed covered with eternal snow; their distance in appearance was trifling, but, on inquiry, we found them to be near forty miles off; the height of some of these mountains exceeds four thousand feet.

We had now reached Naval Moral, the first town in New Castile, where we took in some skins of wine, which, on the the road, proved agreeably refreshing. As it is unusual to travel with wine-glasses, our muleteer soon taught us the method of drinking from a leathern bag with a horn spout, without touching it with our lips; the distance the muleteers thus pour wine into their mouths at first appears surprising, it is, however, cleanly, and, at the same time, cools the liquid. The water is in general preserved in small red jars, which are covered, and frequently replenished, as otherwise the flies, musquitos, and other insects, would have access to them. The land carriages, which convey articles of merchandize, provisions, &c. to the interior, are all drawn by

oxen, chiefly of a white colour, of which we frequently met fifty in a string. Cheese is made from goat's milk, and hog's lard used instead of butter. The numerous droves of black hogs, in the country, is intolerable.

Our appearance, as foreigners, at the posada, or venta, of Oropesa, attracted so much the attention of the hostess and her daughters, Mariguita and Cathalina, that the latter insisted on waiting on us themselves, to which we made no objection, as some degree of beauty, though concealed by external ornament, was visible in both ; it did not require much entreaty to persuade these damsels rather to sit down and partake of our fare than burthen themselves with domestic duties ; this did not, however, prevent their frequently running to the kitchen to procure *los guisados*, or ragouts, and fresh dainties, most deeply impregnated with the all powerful lamp oil, and *cebollas*, or onions, in abundance, which somewhat tainted the breath of the fair visitors, to our no small annoyance ; when a few glasses of the village wine had familiarized our ideas, Cathalina, indeed began to be quite jocose, and her spirits somewhat exhilarated ; she either no longer reflected she was near heretics, or else, conceiving the repetition of a few *Ave Maria purissima's* would eventually do away any act of indecorum, we were, by nods and winks, and similar tokens of kindness, given to understand, that further advances would not be vigorously resisted ; so that it became a matter of some uncertainty how far the tempter, in an evil

hour, might have succeeded, had not the Dame Grondilla, our hostess, with shrill tones, which made the naked walls re-echo, repeatedly summoned her daughters to her assistance, to quell a violent insurrection of the animals in the kitchen, where pigs fraternize with mules, and dogs and drivers alternately sleep upon the barren hearth. Grondilla, whose saffron-coloured cheek, and bleary-eye, with straggling locks like thin grey moss upon the withered oak, had long ceased to be any thing but an antidote to her sex, might, in fact, have suspected that the immaculate purity of her daughters was in some degree of danger from their long absence ; and like an experienced general sounded a retreat, to effect which, without offending our delicacy, she possibly excited a commotion among the inhabitants of the outer apartment, and thus brought off her daughters in security ; and, indeed, by the charges in the bill the ensuing morning, it was evident that we had occasioned some uneasiness to her perturbed spirits, as besides the et ceteras of oil and garlic, *los guisados*, and *los huevos estrallados*, or poached eggs, which were forgotten to be brought, we were charged somewhat roundly for *el trabajo*, the trouble, and rioting on *la fiesta de todos los Santos*, or the day of All Saints.

Talavera de Regna is a manufacturing town of silk, gold and silver stuffs, wherein Frenchmen are chiefly employed ; the director was lately imprisoned eighteen months, on a suspicion of exporting some of the manufactured goods to Portugal.

In the Venta, at this place, the following grant of ecclesiastical indulgence was hung up in a frame for general information : “ Los señores Arzobispos y Obispos de Espanna han  
 “ concedido dos mil quatrocientos y sésenta dias de indul-  
 “ gencia a los que devotamento prononcién estas palabras :

“ *Ave Maria purissima !*”

“ Para que a poca costas, invocando tan dulce nombre  
 “ ganen tanto bien para provecho de sus Almos, y a major  
 “ honra y gloria de tan soberano regna y madra nicestra y  
 “ asimismos a los que oy indolas digan con igual devocion :

“ *Sin pecado concebida—Ave Maria purissima !*

“ *Sin pecado concebida.*”

“ The Archbishops and Bishops of Spain have granted  
 “ 2460 days of indulgence to all who devoutly pronounce the  
 “ following words :

“ *Hail immaculate Mary !*”

“ As it costs but little to invoke so sweet a name, thereby  
 “ gaining so much benefit for their souls ; and to the greater  
 “ honor and glory of the Sovereign Queen and Mother, the  
 “ same indulgence is granted to those, who with equal de-  
 “ votion shall say :

“ *Without sin conceiving, hail pure Mary !*

“ *Who conceived without sin.*”



The chairs or stools were, at this Venta, made of cork, which here grows in great abundance ; the Spanish chairs and tables are in general so remarkably low, that a tall man finds his legs a great inconvenience ; the custom may probably have originated in compassion to the domestic quadrupeds, as I frequently have lost a portion of my dinner, either from the wary attack of a cat, or the voracious gripe of the house-dog.

We passed through del Alvereché, al Bravo, and remained the night at Santo Olalla, where we were regaled with a *quieso de puerco*, or pork, cheese, a sallad dripping with oil, and some fried onions ; an enormous rabbit roasted was equally tendered us, but having some reason to suspect that this animal was one of the cats, which were in great abundance in this village, we begged leave to reject the dainty. A picture that graced the apartment, attracted our attention ; it represented the Virgin Mary surrounded by crutches, arms, legs, rib-bones, and other parts of the human body ; on enquiry, we found our landlord's family had met with various accidents and casualties by falls from mules, in broils at the neighbouring towns, and other incidental occurrences, in which his sons, brothers, and cousins, to the third generation, had occasionally broken their bones, but by the miraculous interposition of the Virgin, they had all recovered. This representation on canvas was, therefore, intended as a token of pious gratitude to the grand protectress of so worthy a fa-

mily. The mules with the bells about their necks, which are never taken off, seemed to pass a disturbed night in the stable underneath our bed-room, and indeed so completely did their unceasing noise keep my imagination alive as to the subject of this interesting painting, that I was glad to hear Tomaso announce the hour of departure, by his usual salutation of “*Vamos Cavelleros.*” The motive for using or adorning the Spanish mules with bells, which are marked with a crucifix, is, that the devil cannot come within hearing of the consecrated peal; thus, in like manner, are the wheels of carriages, drawn by oxen in Portugal, seldom or ever greased, as the infernal spirits are said to hate all discordant sounds.

On our road through Maqueda, del Gallo, and Retamosa, we passed one or two good houses, which were represented to belong to an Hidalgo, or *Hijo di algo*, the son of somebody, as a man of obscure family is pretty generally thought to be the son of nobody at all. At Casarubios, we were obliged to exchange Corinella, one of our mules, for another, which Tomaso christened Capitana; and whose youth and stubborn flanks could better support the frequent applications of renewed hedge-stakes; a cross having been cut on the back of Capitana, we perceived Tomaso generally avoided striking that part, except when he became highly irritated, when, being blinded by passion, all distinctions ceased, and St. Michael and three hundred devils were invoked to fly

away with the mules and carriage into purgatory. Thus, between the infliction of many stripes, which occasioned our animals at last to wear the appearance of zebras, and occasional caresses which Tomaso, towards the close of day, lavished on them, we gradually approached Casarubios, Alamo, Arroyo Molinos, Mortoles, Alcorcon, and finally Madrid.

Before I enter upon a description of Madrid, I shall briefly pass my remarks on the Spanish character and customs in general. The women are remarkable for the delicacy of their form, and the peculiar softness and brilliancy of their eyes; but these charms are not what render them so irresistible to men, and what makes the Spaniard proud to say, “ In Spain, we do not kill ourselves but die for love.” It is the intonation of their voice, which is so fascinating and dulcet, that I once heard it remarked, “ there was more “ melody in the voice of a Spanish woman, than in the song “ of an Italian.”

From the casual intercourse a traveller has with the natives of a country, it is, perhaps, unfair to form an opinion of the national character. That of the Spaniard has generally been esteemed vindictive and revengeful; were I, *préjugé a part*, to mention the traits that struck me the most forcibly, as worthy to be called the *national character*, they would be honor and probity.

Every publication at Madrid, that borders on irreligion, indecency, or that is licentiously gay, is forthwith burnt—this, doubtless, makes condemned books become more scarce, and consequently much sought after.

Coffee-houses are numerous. The Spaniards are passionately fond of coffee and chocolate, which they prepare better than in any other country. The latter is indeed excellent, and known all over the world; the poorest peasant in Spain would be but ill-satisfied without his dish of rich chocolate. How much more wholesome than our English beverage of tea! Table d'Hôte's are not known—*Tant pis!* At a table d'Hôte a stranger becomes acquainted with the national character and manners of the people, restraint ceases, and formality is banished. The French and Germans consider their table d'Hôtes, as half the pleasure of their lives.

The Spanish horses are much esteemed, and have these distinguishing qualities, the colour is in general black or chesnut, an ardent or fiery eye, high courage tempered by gentleness. The Andalusian horses are preferred for the cavalry, state, or the manége. The town of Cordova produces many excellent horses, of these the King has a set. The barb race is peculiar to this province, and is preserved by a society of gentlemen, called Maestranza. The use of chimnies is almost unknown in Madrid—braziers are preferred, on which a kind of frankincense is occasionally strewed, which



gives an excellent odour. Some time since, a very pretty actress complained to the Duke of Alba, that she was very poor, lived in a cold apartment, and was frozen to death. The Duke sent her a brazier full of piastres!—These traits of gallantry or humanity are not uncommon in Spain—how, in fact, could one refuse a brazier, or any thing else, to a pretty actress, who had no money, and was cold?—I had this anecdote from the Marquis De Langle.

Friday is an ominous day in Spain ; a vessel will hardly quit a port, or a captain put to sea on that day—all accidents happen, or are attributed to a luckless Friday ; and yet this day has been remarkably fortunate to others. Henry the Fourth, it is said, preferred Friday to any other day in the week. It was on that day he, for the first time, saw the beautiful Marchioness of Verneuil, of all his mistresses the one he preferred next to Gabrielle d'Estrées, whom he never could forget, of whom he talked an hundred times a day (as related by St. d'Evremond), whose portrait was always in his hand, and it is said, at his lips, when he was poignarded by the assassin Ravailac.

Compliments are more remarkable here, than elsewhere. A Spaniard always says to you, “ *Dios guarde a Usted,*” God protect you ; or, “ *Beso las manos,*” I kiss your hands ; or, “ *Viva Usted muchos annos,*” “ *Mil annos,*” May you live a thousand years. It is related of a Spaniard, who inherited



property bequeathed him by his uncle, that on his hearing the will read, he exclaimed, his eyes streaming with tears at each sentence, “ *Mio Tio, viva Usted mil annos,*” my uncle, may you live a thousand years!—His dear uncle had been buried the preceding evening!

Although I had various letters of introduction in this capital, some of which were of essential service to me, I cannot avoid mentioning the reception I met with from a banker; on being shewn into an apartment, where I waited a few minutes before I could deliver my credentials, my attention was attracted by a sentence written in characters of gold on the wall, the interpretation of which implied, “ that nothing “ was more ennuyant to men of business, than the visits of “ those who had little to do.” This hint was too palpable to be mistaken, I threw my letter and card on the table, and retired, as Don Pedro was entering the room.

There are, perhaps, few places where titles confer so little honor as in Spain, the frequency of them lessens their importance; and in addressing a stranger, you can seldom err by entitling him Marquis, Count, or Cavallero. The greatest distinction of ancient nobility lies in the multiplicity of syllables annexed to the family name; this is sometimes assumed even by persons of inferior birth; I met with one of this description, whose name was simply Velasquez; his father having realized some money, as an honest silk-weaver, in Murcia,

which, at his death, being bequeathed to Velasquez, the latter took the title of Don, and signed himself Antonio Fernando Philipe Henriquez Barameda Gomes de Velasquez, Cavallero of the Order d'Alcantara.

If we observe the manner in which a Spaniard gives us his attention, from the custom of keeping his mouth open, we shall be apt to give credit to the assertion of a Danish physician, who maintained, that people inclined to be deaf, receive sound from the vibration round the teeth; yet the size of their ears, which is uncommon, seems sufficient to answer the purpose for which nature intended them; I have seen those that would not go into my glove!

The Amphitheatre for the Bull-fights, erected in 1749, is built of wood; the inner circle, or area, of this Amphitheatre, is one hundred and sixty feet in diameter. There are two rows of covered boxes, one hundred and ten in each row; the other seats are without any covering. The price of admission is regulated by the seats being exposed to the sun, or under the covering in the shade. The Amphitheatre, when I was present at an exhibition of this kind, was extremely crowded; the upper boxes were filled with persons of respectability of both sexes, the lower seats with those of an inferior class; the *coup d'œil*, on account of its novelty, was pleasing. It is astonishing to see with what *sang froid*, or rather satisfaction, the women witness these bloody scenes. Twelve bulls were

slaughtered on this day, the process of which was as follows : Two men on horseback were to encounter the bull ; these were called “ *picadores* ;” besides these, were twelve men on foot, termed “ *chulos*,” and two “ *matadores*,” or slayers. There are several horses kept in readiness, in an adjacent stable, to supply the place of those that may be killed or maimed, which frequently happens. The saddles have a high peak before and behind, without which, it would be impossible for the rider to keep his seat, as the horses are with difficulty made to face the bull ; sometimes they tremble with terror, rear, kick up, and are ungovernable ; they are then obliged to have a bandage tied over their eyes, more particularly if they have been wounded in any former attacks. The horsemen wear an impenetrable, though supple, kind of breeches and boots, something like those of the French postillions, to prevent their being gored by the bull ; a strong spur is affixed to the heel of the boot ; their dress consists of a jacket, and short cloak, a broad-brimmed round hat tied under their chins ; their left hand manages the reins, and in their right they hold a lance, about ten feet long, pointed with iron, though not sufficiently sharp materially to injure the animal ; the intention of the horsemen being chiefly to shew their dexterity in turning the bull in his attacks, by striking the lance in the back of his neck, which gives him a sudden check, or by twisting his head so as to ward off the blow. The footmen wear light jackets, with loose cloaks of various colors, and ribbons at their knees, and on their feet ;

each man has bandarillas, or small darts with barbed points ; the darts are ornamented with cut paper ; there are baskets full of these darts behind the balustrades, as the men frequently use half a dozen a-piece to each bull. When the arena is cleared, and every thing ready for the attack, a horseman on each side of the door, and the banderilleros, or chulos, distributed about, a trumpet is sounded to let the bull out of the stable where he is kept, and on his entrance the door is immediately closed. The bulls are distinguished by small knots of ribbon fixed to their shoulders, the different colors of which shew where they were bred, and are known by the advertisements. The bull on his entrance, frightened by the clamor and applause of the populace, makes immediately at the first man he sees ; if a footman, he pursues him to the ballustrades, which the man leaps over, and thus escapes ; if at a horseman, who is to await his approach, he is received at the point of the lance, and with dexterity turned from his object ; in case, however, the picadore misses his aim, the bull thrusts his horns instantly into the chest or sides of the horse, and frequently overturns both man and beast, the former making his retreat as well as he can ; the attention of the bull is in such case immediately diverted by an attack from the footmen, who sting him with their darts, and while he furiously pursues them, the horse is carried off, and instantly replaced by another ; being wounded by the darts, he at length becomes outrageous, tearing up the ground with his feet, and foaming with vengeance, or lashing his sides



with his tail, he attacks the different objects alternately. The Torreadors continue to throw their barbed darts at him, and when pursued leap over the rails, where they are safe ; in this manner he is tormented until he can hardly stand through loss of blood. The trumpet then sounds, and the matador appears with the *moleta*, or scarlet cloak, extended on a short stick in his left hand, and in his right hand a two-edged sword, the blade of which is flat, four inches broad, and a yard long ; he approaches the bull, holds out the cloak, the color of which enrages the animal ; in the agonies of despair he rushes towards him, when the matador plunges the sword into the cerebellum, or spine, behind the beast's horns, which instantly extends him lifeless on the ground. If the matador misses his aim he is in the utmost danger, as the bull exerts all his remaining strength with inconceivable fury. The animal when dead is immediately dragged out of the area by three horses on full gallop. A respite of ten minutes is then given to the combatants, and another victim demanded. If the bull on his entrance cannot be excited to an attack, which occasionally happens, the populace impatiently call for the *perros*, or dogs, which, on being admitted, instantly seize the animal by the ears, or nose, and after a few of the *perros* have been tossed into the air by the enraged bull, who has then to defend himself against a new enemy, he is pinioned to the ground, and dispatched by the matador. In case the slayer misses his aim at the first stroke, the spectators no longer view him in the light of an able and experienced matador, but by evident



marks of dissatisfaction, shew him that he is regarded as no better than a clumsy butcher ; these reproaches cause him to redouble his efforts, and the populace begin to tremble for his imprudent attacks and consequent safety, 'till, by a wary and sure thrust, he lays the animal at his feet. The Amphitheatre then resounds with acclamations, and the matador is applauded to the skies. Parties are frequently formed relative to the merits of different matadors, and, on these occasions, debates run high. There are no names more renowned for valor and agility than those of Costilleras, and Romero, cotemporary combatants, who frequently left undecided the palm of victory.

It is difficult to conceive that the chariot-races, in the Olympic games, should furnish matter sufficiently interesting to induce Pindar to write those sublime odes which, by immortalizing the victors, attracted and enchanted the attention of Greece. The combats of the bulls, although infinitely inferior, become equally objects of enthusiastic admiration to a Spaniard, who is not less interested in scenes of this description than a Grecian at the Olympic games, or an Englishman at a horse race.

Formerly the bull-fights were held in the Plaza-major, or great square ; the King and Royal Family then honored them with their presence, attended by a numerous guard, who, with long pikes and halberds, defended the interior

circle. This was, however, attended at times with danger ; the scene of action was therefore changed, and the present Amphitheatre erected.

The city of Madrid is situated in the centre of a large sandy plain, and is said to contain three hundred thousand inhabitants ; the town is environed by mountains covered with snow, during the greatest part of the year ; it has neither walls nor fortifications ; the only remarkable gate is that of Alcala. The Lombard traveller, Father Caimo, tells us, that 50,000 sheep, and 12,000 oxen, are annually consumed here, to which his editor (M. Bourgoanne) has added a ludicrous estimate of the onions and leeks devoured, which he says amounts to 970000000000000000000000045.

The water, with which the inhabitants are supplied, is brought by carriers, on the backs of asses, in large earthen vases, and then publicly sold, the venders crying out continually, “ *frisco agua, agua al hora frisco !*” The river Mançaneres runs on the side of the town ; in summer it is almost dry, but in winter is much swollen by the melting of the snow ; over this river are two stone bridges.

The prison for persons of quality is one of the handsomest edifices in Madrid. The king’s palace is a remarkably fine building, and equal to any in Europe, being built with white stone, on the most elevated extremity of the town ; the

paintings therein are of great value, and particularly described in Don Antonio Ponz's history of Spain, consisting of twelve volumes ; most of the pictures are by Mengs ; one of the most striking, at Madrid, is in the Duke of Alba's palace, by Correggio : it represents Venus and Mercury teaching Cupid to read, and is called the school of love ; it is of inestimable value.

I took an opportunity of going to the Old Palace, Buen Retiro, but found it in a very deserted state, most of the furniture and valuables having been removed to the king's present residence. The Calla de Alcalà is the principal street in Madrid, sufficiently broad to admit of twenty carriages abreast, and of considerable length. The other streets are now as regular and clean, as they formerly were notoriously the reverse ; so that at present there is no reason to complain of the disagreeable smells thereof, nor should one find all the perfumes of Arabia necessary to defend oneself from them. By the vigilance of the modern police, for which it is indebted to the Count D'Aranda, it is rendered one of the cleanest cities in Europe. In the heat of the day, the linen blinds, that are suspended over the balconies from every house, have a singular appearance. During my stay in this city there was, in honor of the Infanta's marriage, an illumination, which surpassed any thing of the kind I ever witnessed ; innumerable torches were placed on all the balconies ; and on the walls, which were decorated with tapestry, wax

lights and mirrors ; the great square or Plaza-major, one thousand five hundred and thirty-six feet in circuit, built around with one hundred and thirty-six houses, five stories high, ornamented with balconies, supported by pillars, thus forming a continued piazza, exhibited a brilliancy hardly possible to be conceived. During this rejoicing, which lasted three days, the inhabitants seemed to vie with each other in the splendor of their external appearance, and the Prado was in the evening more than usually crowded ; between the hours of seven and nine, this place is in general much resorted to. The ladies in their carriages are drawn by two, four, or six mules or horses, and as they drive merely a foot's pace, there is no woman of any beauty or distinction, who has not her *cortegos* or gallants standing on one or both of the steps, which hang down on each side of the carriage. The general and enlivening discourse, occasioned by this mode of flirtation, ceases for a few minutes precisely as the clocks strike eight ; a guard, by means of trumpets, gives the signal for an universal halt ; each person takes off his hat, and privately repeats his *Ave Maria purissima*, which finished, the carriage wheels recommence their progressive motion, the pedestrians continue their walk, and the universal buz of the busy world announces the thoughts of celestial objects to have been the affair only of a moment.

Whenever the weather is fine, and refreshing breezes induce the inhabitants, after a sultry day, to enjoy the cool of



the evening, the Prado is much attended. I frequently repaired to this shady spot, where nature seemed to be refreshed ; and, in returning, often heard the sounds of many a musical instrument issuing from the neighbouring balconies, and dwelling upon the air, 'till Night had thrown her sable mantle over Madrid and its environs. The sacred edifices in this city have nothing remarkable in their architecture ; those of St. Pasqual, St. Isabella, and the Carmelites, contain highly valuable collections of pictures, which may be seen with admiration, even after the paintings of the Escorial and the new Palace. The church of St. Isidro, which heretofore belonged to the Jesuits, has a portal which has escaped the contagion of the age in which it was built.

There is another church much more modern, which, on account of its mass, has a venerable appearance, but which true taste may justly disavow ; it is that of St. Salesas, or the Visitation, founded by Ferdinand the Sixth, and the Queen Barbara his wife. The convent of St. Francis has already been some years building, and it is conjectured it will become one of the finest pieces of architecture in the capital. Besides a variety of charitable foundations, there are here three confraternities, the revenues of which are appropriated to the succour of the wretched ; and an institution similar to the *Mont de Piété* at Paris, the principal object of which is to advance money to the necessitous.



The siesta, or sleep after dinner, is so usual in Spain, that between the hours of one and three, the streets and shops are absolutely deserted ; every one is extended on his couch, the light being previously excluded from the apartment ; this custom exists from time immemorial, and is asserted to be handed down from the Moors and Saracens. The heat of the weather has, however, a general influence on the body, and no one will go abroad in the raging sun, let his business be ever so urgent ; the Spanish faculty, at this period of the day, recommend sleep, as a preservative of health, and during the meridian, from the king to the beggar, every eye is closed.

There are two theatres, de la Cruz, and du Principe ; the partizans of the one house are called “ *polacos*,” or polonies ; those of the other, “ *chorizos*,” or sausages. The etymology of these words is of little consequence, but it excites an interest in the different parties, and a spirit of emulation among the actors. The Spanish theatre, with respect to its authors, and the chastity of its pieces, is much behind hand ; many are indifferent, and others, low and vulgar ; a buffoon or gracioso is generally the chief, sometimes the sole, performer ; his insipid attempts to excite laughter, are beneath contempt, and yet, by the auditors in the pit, he is not only endured, but applauded. Between the acts of a serious performance, a “ *Saynetè*,” or ludicrous piece of one act is represented, in order, by variety, to keep up attention.

Fandangos and Sequedillas are frequently introduced; the latter is danced by four couple, nearly the same as cotillons; but from the various movements, and the occasional introduction of attitudes from the fandango, they become, if possible, more interesting, and are not surpassed even by the fascinating dance of the Walz in Switzerland. Balls and masquerades, prohibited in the reign of Philip the Fifth, were subsequently revived by the Count d'Aranda, who, as manager of the department of the police, was of opinion that such amusements might be permitted in the capital without detriment to the manners of the inhabitants. Since his retreat from administration, however, these gaities have again fallen into disrepute, to the no small regret of the Spaniards, who have a peculiar taste for dancing.

The *Autos sacramentales*, where saints, angels, and other celestial personages were the chief performers, are now universally proscribed; Calderon, the author, on these occasions, exhibited the effects of an extravagant imagination. A French writer observes that the chief pieces performed were “*Los Zelos de San Josef*,” the Jealousy of Joseph; “*La Princesa Ramera*,” the Courtizan Princess; “*Virgen y Martyr*,” the Virgin and Martyr, &c. &c. which in an age of pure manners might possibly have had a good effect, but at present could only be considered as a scandalous attack upon religion; the latest proscriptions, he remarks, have been “*Cain de Catalunna*,” or the Quarrel of the Brothers,

where the youngest is painted in the colors of and described in expressions from, the Bible, tracing the death of Abel; likewise the Preaching Devil, in which his Satanic majesty is represented as being condemned to assume the dress and functions of a Franciscan friar, performing miracles, and preaching charity, tormenting the monks by his severity, and, when least expected, frightening them by apparitions, thereby giving rise to scenes as ludicrous as they were absurd.

The public amusements are thus reduced to the theatres and bull-fights; and the deprivation of other spectacles is one probable cause of the exterior gravity in the manners of a Spaniard; they appear, however, still attached to a game called “ *e juego de la barra,*” which consists in throwing with a nervous arm a massy bar to a considerable distance. This appears but a feeble relic of the games, which, by the public exhibition of strength and address, kept the ancients in a continual state of activity.

The amusements of the chase are nearly abolished; none but the royal family and courtiers seeming to care for this diversion. Charles the third, his present majesty, however, is devoted to this sport. After his levees are over, and repast finished at noon, he quits the capital, attended by the prince of Asturias, and does not return 'till night.

The *refrescos*, in Madrid, are occasional routs given by

persons of distinction, chiefly in celebration of a birth-day, marriage, or christening; they then become of importance; a general invitation is sent to the principal inhabitants. On their arrival, the ladies are shewn into a separate apartment from the gentlemen, until the whole company is assembled, when they are ushered into a saloon, where the mistress of the house is seated under a canopy, which, agreeably to ancient custom, is called *l'Estrado*, and above which is generally suspended an image of the Virgin Mary. Conversation thus becomes general, while the attendants hand about large glasses of water, into which small square cakes of sugar are thrown and dissolved; they are of a spongy substance, and called "*azucar esponjado*." Chocolate, the favorite beverage of the Spaniards, is likewise introduced, together with confectionary, bonbons, and biscuits of various sorts. Of this, a French author observes,

" Et tous ces sucres en pate ou bien liquides

" Dont estomacs devots furent toujours avides."

The profusion, with which these sweetmeats are distributed, is astonishing. It is not sufficient to devour them with unparalleled eagerness, but the company fill their hats, handkerchiefs, and pockets, and even the servants are laden with them. This avidity strikes a stranger with surprise, who, for the first time, is admitted to these kind of feasts, where intoxicating liquids are alone excluded. Every body complains of the expence of these refrescos, but no one will be



the first to correct the follies of fashionable extravagance. Dancing or gaming terminates these routs, but suppers are seldom visible ; the frugal Spaniard avoids an entertainment of this description. Their dishes are exclusively invented by the worst cooks in Europe ; every thing is seasoned with pepper, pimento, tomates or saffron, and oil, which colors and infects all their dishes. It is therefore not surprising, that not more than one of the Spanish culinary preparations should be copied by foreigners ; this is by them called “ *olla podrida*,” and is a kind of salmagundi, consisting of all descriptions of meat roasted and stewed together.

In other respects, the manners and customs of France have had a considerable influence in this country, and indeed from the number of Frenchmen inhabiting Madrid, as shopkeepers, and in other capacities, it is not surprising that French fashions should have been imperceptibly introduced, and gradually gained ground. Veils are now worn by women of the middling or inferior class only ; those of rank seldom use them, unless in their morning walks, or in an undress ; they seem to prefer the *mantilla*, a kind of muslin shawl, covering both the head and shoulders, and serving the various purposes of hood, cloak, and veil ; they are of a very light texture. The manufactories of Lyons, and the fashions of Paris, supply the capital with articles of luxury or taste ; the heavy cumbrous carriage is partly banished, and the lighter vehicles of greater use and ease are imported to Spain from England and France.



Having a wish to see the monastery of Escorial, I left Madrid for a few days, and repaired to this famous structure, built by Philip the Second, in ratification of a vow made at the battle of St. Quentin. As it was dedicated to St. Lawrence, who suffered martyrdom by being broiled on a grid-iron, every part of the building partakes in some shape of the instrument of his death. Not only the construction of the building itself bears that form, but it is sculptured on the gates, painted on the windows and altars, and marked on the sacerdotal habits. Whoever wishes for an exact description of this convent, has but to refer to Colmenar, or the Abbé de Vayrac's works. The front of the building, exhibiting three hundred windows, may, in part, give an idea of this splendid edifice, where the royal family occasionally reside. The situation is uncommonly steril and bad, but 'produces a kind of bastard granite in abundance. It was decided to bring the palace to the quarry, rather than the latter to a distance more fertile and appropriate, and where a structure of such magnitude might have appeared to greater advantage. When the Court reside here, the Hieronymites, in number about two hundred, remove to the wings of the convent. It would seem as if Philip the Second had intended occasionally to retire from the world, and at the foot of the altar to dedicate his thoughts to things of greater importance than sublunary grandeur.

In the church are two mausoleums of Philip the Second,

and Charles the Fifth, pompous, but heavy. Beneath these is the royal sepulchre, where the remains of the kings and princes of Spain are deposited. There is a fine collection of paintings in the palace, well worthy the notice of the connoisseur, but too numerous to be here described. I cannot, however, avoid mentioning one, which struck me with peculiar admiration. It is the famous and extraordinary picture, by Raphael, entitled the “*Madonna del Pez*,” or our lady of the fish. It represents the Virgin, the infant Jesus, and St. Jerome in the habit of a cardinal, reading the Bible, while the angel Raphael is conducting to the feet of this divine group, the young Tobias, who, with a timid air, is in the act of presenting a fish. This picture cannot fail to attract the attention and admiration of all who see it.

The library is less remarkable for its numerous collection of books, than for the Arabian and Grecian manuscripts it contains. It is said there are several thousand relics in high preservation here. The Spanish account of the Escorial, printed in folio in 1764, contains so curious a description of these articles of *immense* value, that I cannot refrain giving a literal extract of the invaluable curiosities.

“ We will first begin (says the author) with the relics  
 “ of our Saviour, who, as he gave himself to us, left us  
 “ some of his precious jewels, which are incomparable and  
 “ divine.

“ A sacred hair of his most holy head or beard, is preserved here with the utmost veneration in a precious vase, and opportunity can never offer us a better hair to obtain glory by. Several pieces of his most holy cross, all admirably garnished with gold, silver, and jewels, especially that which is adored on Good-Friday.

“ Thirteen thorns out of his crown, which pierce the soul with their points, when we consider them, as in the delicate temples of that most loving King of Glory.

“ Some pieces of the column to which he was bound, and of the manger in which he was born to die for us, which invite hearts to break in pieces through compassion and gratitude.

“ All these are placed in very rich vases ; but it is not much, that kings should signalize themselves in bestowing riches on him who left such precious relics to them ; even the whole prodigious edifice of the Escorial is too small for the estimation and reverence due to them.

“ In the second place are the relics of his most holy mother, which gladden the hearts of those who seriously consider their incomparable value.

“ Three or four pieces of the habit which adorned that

“ most pure and virginal body, in which was formed that of  
 “ Jesus Christ our Lord, her son, are placed in one case.  
 “ Also a piece of the handkerchief with which she wiped her  
 “ eyes at the foot of the cross, when those tears, as precious  
 “ as the gems of Aurora joining with the rubies of the western  
 “ sun, incorporated themselves with the treasure of our  
 “ redemption.

“ Besides these, we possess a hair, which may be sus-  
 “ pected to be that which, flowing down her neck, enamoured  
 “ her spouse.

“ The vase, which contains these relics, is of chrystal,  
 “ with a golden cover and ornaments ; two kneeling angels  
 “ support it, and denote the veneration due to these remains  
 “ of their queen and our lady, who is elevated above all the  
 “ evangelical choirs of heaven.

“ Eleven entire bodies of saints, among which is that of  
 “ a very little saint, who was one of the innocent children  
 “ murdered by order of Herod.

“ One hundred and three heads, above twelve hundred  
 “ arms and legs ; the shoulder-blade of St. Lawrence in a  
 “ silver case, which is of such ancient workmanship, as suf-  
 “ ficiently demonstrates the bone to be his ; we may safely  
 “ leave to these arms the dispatch of the most arduous ne-

“ gociations of our salvation, which ought to be always pre-  
 “ sent with us ; many of these arms and legs belonged to the  
 “ squadrons of saints, who combated under the banners of  
 “ St. Maurice and St. Ursula.

“ We possess also a thigh of the glorious martyr St.  
 “ Lawrence ; it is entire, but the hair is singed ; the holes  
 “ which were made in it by the prongs, which turned him  
 “ on the gridiron, are very visible. One of this saint’s feet,  
 “ the toes are entire, though contracted ; between two of  
 “ them is a small cinder, which, in the eye of Piety, shines  
 “ like a carbuncle.

“ A silver statue of St. Lawrence, which weighs eighteen  
 “ arrobas (of twenty-five pounds each), ornamented with  
 “ gold to the weight of eighteen pounds. He holds in his  
 “ hand one of the bars of the gridiron on which he was broiled.  
 “ The smaller relics are innumerable.

“ In order to protect the edifice from lightning, there  
 “ are several relics, especially some of St. Lawrence, its pa-  
 “ tron, in metal cases, inserted in the balls and crosses,  
 “ which are on the tops of the towers ; so that if the ancients  
 “ for the same effect placed laurels on the summits of their  
 “ towers and other edifices, which beautified and protected  
 “ them, because they thought that lightning would never  
 “ strike those plants, how much better is this defended by  
 “ such superior laurels.”—TWISS’S TRAVELS.



Near the convent are two small elegant buildings, intended for the use of the Prince of Asturias, and his royal brother, the Infant Don Gabriel, during their short residence at the Escorial. The country round this structure is composed of rocks and mountains ; the road to Madrid, though good, is one of the most steril and melancholy, perhaps, in Europe. One should hardly be led to believe, that, in such a spot, the revenue of these monks amounts, as stated, to 700,000 livres, or about £30,000 sterling.

On returning to the capital, we again crossed the Menzaneres, by the bridge de Segovia, which, together with that of Toledo, was built by Philip the Second, but with so much ostentation, and of such unnecessary dimensions, that, of these magnificent bridges, it has been observed, “ they wanted “ nothing but a river.” The environs of Madrid contains several royal seats, among which are El Buen Retiro, Casa del Campo, Florida, Le Pardo, Sarsuela, and St. Ildefonso ; another royal palace greatly admired, particularly for its delicious gardens and surprizing water-works, is Aranguez, situated on the Tagus, about thirty miles south of Madrid.

We now began to prepare for our departure ; and on the 9th of July, having engaged with a muleteer to convey us in fourteen days for sixty pezos duros through Saragossa to Barcelona, we quitted Madrid, and accordingly entered on our second journey. The road to Alcala is stony and uneven,

the country agreeable, fertile, and cultivated. At Guadalajara there is a royal manufactory ; one league hence is the village of Val de Noches, the birth place of Fernand Cortez ; near Algora we passed the mountains of Arragon, which are in some places very steep ; of these eminences, it is asserted, that the highest exceeds by a mile those of the Pyrenees. Between Used and Daroca the prospects are unbounded ; this latter town is situated in a charming valley, watered and fertilized by the river Xitoca, and surrounded by high rocks. Stopping at this place to take some refreshment, our curiosity was attracted, during the preparation for dinner, by an orator in the court-yard, who had assembled a croud of auditors around him, to hear the recital of some passages from Don Quixotte, relative to the adventures of the immaculate Knight of the woeful countenance. With an accurate memory, and powerful declamation, he was giving an account of that part where the hero perceives and attacks a funeral ! He thus proceeded in his oration :—“ At a distance was seen a vast  
 “ number of lights that seemed like moving stars approach-  
 “ ing them. Sancho was confounded at the sight, the mean-  
 “ ing of which even Don Quixotte could not comprehend ;  
 “ the one checked his ass, the other pulled in his horse’s  
 “ bridle, and both halted to gaze attentively at the appari-  
 “ tion of the lights, which seemed to increase the nearer  
 “ they came. The Squire began to quake like quicksilver,  
 “ and the hair bristled up on Don Quixote’s head ; never-  
 “ theless, recollecting himself a little, without doubt, Sancho,

“ said he, this must be a vast and perilous adventure, in  
“ which I shall be obliged to exert my whole strength and  
“ prowess. Phantoms or not phantoms, said the Knight, I  
“ will not suffer them to touch a thread of thy cloaths ; if  
“ they made merry at thy expence before, it was owing to  
“ my incapacity to climb over the yard wall ; but at present  
“ we are in an open field, where I can manage my sword as  
“ I please—But, if they should benumb and bewitch you, as  
“ they did in the morning, said the Squire, what benefit  
“ shall I receive from being in the open field ? Be that as it  
“ will, replied Don Quixote, I beseech thee, Sancho, be of  
“ good courage, and thou shalt soon know, by experience,  
“ how much I am master of that virtue. Sancho accordingly  
“ promised to do his best with God’s assistance. Then they  
“ both stept on one side of the road, and began to gaze again  
“ with great attention. While they were thus endeavouring  
“ to discern the meaning of the lights, they perceived a great  
“ number of persons in white, which dreadful vision entirely  
“ extinguished the courage of Sancho Pancha, whose teeth  
“ began to chatter, as if he had been in the cold fit of an  
“ ague ; and this agitation and chattering increased when  
“ they saw them more distinctly ; for first and foremost ap-  
“ peared about twenty persons on horseback, all of them  
“ cloathed in white, with each a lighted flambeau in his hand,  
“ muttering in a low and plaintive tone. Behind them came  
“ a litter covered with black, followed by six mounted cava-  
“ liers in deep mourning, that trailed at the very heels of the

“ mules, which were easily distinguished from horses, by the  
 “ slowness of their pace. This strange vision, at such an  
 “ hour, and in such a desert place, was surely sufficient to  
 “ smite the heart of Sancho with fear, and even make an  
 “ impression upon his master ; and this would have been the  
 “ case, had he been any other than Don Quixote ; as for the  
 “ Squire, his whole stock of resolution went to wreck. It  
 “ was not so with his master, whose imagination clearly re-  
 “ presented to him, that this exactly was an adventure of the  
 “ same kind with those he had read in books of chivalry, that  
 “ the close litter was a bier, in which was carried some dead  
 “ or wounded Knight, the revenge of whose wrongs was re-  
 “ served for him alone ; wherefore, without canvassing the  
 “ matter any further, he set his lance in the rest, fixed him-  
 “ self in his seat, and with the most genteel and gallant de-  
 “ portment, placing himself in the middle of the road through  
 “ which they were indispensibly to pass, he raised his voice,  
 “ and called to them, as they approached—Halt, Knights,  
 “ whosoever ye are, and give an account of yourselves ;  
 “ Whence come ye ? Whither go ye ? And what are you car-  
 “ rying off in that bier ? For, in all appearance, you have  
 “ either done or are doing an injury to some person ; and it  
 “ is necessary and convenient that I should know it, in order  
 “ to chastise you for what you are now doing, or revenge the  
 “ wrong you have already done.—We are at present in a  
 “ hurry, (replied one of the phantoms in white) ; the inn we  
 “ intend to lodge at is far off, and we cannot give such a te-



“dious account as you desire.—So saying, he spurred on his mule, while Don Quixote, mightily incensed at this reply, laid hold of his bridle, saying—Stand, and answer the questions I have asked with more civility, otherwise I will give battle to you all.”

The orator had thus far proceeded, when, on a sudden, five stray mules, pursued by their drivers with sticks and staves, entered full gallop into the midst of the crowd. In an instant all was confusion; the orator became speechless, and was literally struck dumb; he was hurled from his eminence unfortunately into a cistern of water, which stood in the centre of the yard, on the side of which he had previously been perched. Women and children, who, a few minutes before, had, with extended jaws and vacant countenances, lost all their faculties in silent astonishment at the achievements of the Spanish hero, now scuttled into holes and corners in search of shelter; the men, who had felt their courage animated by the valorous deeds of the chivalric Don to feats at least as daring, shrunk from a contest with the wayward mules, whose heels had been successfully applied to their opponents whilst stopping up the gang-way to their stable. This impediment removed by the dispersion of the multitude, peace was restored, although not until the orator (to our great amusement) was released from his watery situation, where he had received a sound ducking.



The inhabitants of this part of Castile, are industrious, and provisions very reasonable. The corn was cut down, but instead of threshing it, as in other countries, the peasants still adopt the ancient method of treading it out by cattle, to effect which, they drive on the corn, whilst lying on the ground, an open kind of sledge, with two mules, in a continued circle. We shortly after arrived at Saragossa, the capital of the kingdom of Arragon, situated on the borders of the Ebro, in a plain surrounded by mountains, and ornamented with vineyards and other plantations. This place is the residence of a Viceroy. There are still the remains of a tower, built by the Moors, called *Torre nuovo*, one hundred and forty feet in height. There is likewise a house of charity, where the poor are fed and cloathed, on condition of their combing and cleaning wool. This useful institution was founded by the Marquis d'Agerhe, Don Martin Goicocchea, and Don Ramonda Pignatelli Canonica Mora.

If we were to judge by the manners of the inhabitants, their religious appearance, folded arms, and the emptiness of the warehouses, we should not suppose the trade of this city particularly flourishing. It is said the Dutch once offered to render the Ebro navigable; the tardy Spaniards, however, debated and delayed their decision till the patience of the projectors was exhausted; and the plan has never been carried into execution, greatly to the detriment of commerce. The theatre, some time since, was consumed from the effect

of lightning; several feeble efforts were afterwards made to rebuild it; no sooner, however, was the work commenced, than the crafty priesthood alarmed the inhabitants by signs in the heavens, prognosticating fresh storms; our Lady of the Pillar issued piercing shrieks, the bodies of the saints were said to emerge from the tombs, and the affrighted populace, terrified by the efforts of superstition, and headed by Monks and Priests, dispersed the workmen, *vi et armis*. The Palace of the Inquisition stands in the centre of the town; its lofty walls, flanked by projecting towers, wear a terrific aspect. The Archbishop of Saragossa is the chief of this institution, which, one day, will crumble into dust, and “leave not a wreck behind.”

Our Lady of the Pillar is the grand patroness of this city; her miracles are innumerable: the symbols of her cures are, by various tokens, announced in the chapel dedicated to this saint—the blind, the lame, the deaf, the dumb, alternately besiege her altar, and offer up their vows, in expectation of immediate relief. During the month of October, this Madona is particularly worshipped; the processions, benedictions, and masses, are then endless; the variety of the processions have the most grotesque appearance, women in masks, men on horseback, children naked, or habited like angels, monks in their cowls, and the representation of the divine presence bringing up the rear, cannot but make the whole bear too near a resemblance to a masquerade, to avoid

raising a smile on the cheek of an indifferent spectator. The treasure of this virgin is reported to be immense ; her jewels, and ornaments of gold and silver, are valued not by thousands, but by millions.

The fruits at this season were luxuriant in the extreme ; figs and grapes in their highest perfection, which, together with Granatche wine, something similar in taste to that from the Cape, affords the traveller a grateful repast. Hence to Fraga, which is eighteen leagues, nothing particularly interesting occurs ; at the latter place, there is a good venta, with this inscription over the door :—

<i>Vamos entrando</i>	- - -	Let us go in,
<i>Vamos bibiendo</i>	- - -	Let us drink,
<i>Vamos pagando</i>	- - -	Let us pay,
<i>Vamos saliendo</i>	- - -	Let us go out.

We remained at this venta for the night, and having dressed our provisions, and with difficulty obtained permission from the landlady to exclude the usual accompaniments of lamp-oil, we made a tolerable repast. The retinue of fleas and musquitos which, however, awaited our arrival in separate straw mattresses, shortly evinced an equal degree of appetite ; and when the muleteer awoke us in the morning, we had reason to doubt whether, in the following lines of Gay, the flea had not less arrogance than we at first ascribed to him :—

“ Not of th’ importance you suppose,  
 “ Replies a Flea upon his nose ;

- “ Be humble, learn thyself to scan,  
 “ Know, Pride was never made for man.  
 “ ’Tis vanity that swells thy mind;  
 “ What, heaven and earth for thee design’d!  
 “ For thee, made only for our need,  
 “ That more important Fleas might feed.”

We saw about this time a number of grasshoppers or locusts, which move in swarms, and in some years are so fatal to vegetation, as to destroy the cultivation of an entire province. They are headed by a particular one of the species, and thus not unaptly compared to an army. In such a case a premium is given for extirpating these pernicious animals.

At Alcares we entered the province of Catalogne; here nature assumes the gayest aspect; the country wears the appearance of the highest cultivation, the roads are excellent, and the inns superior to any in Spain. The natives of this province, the population, and independent spirit, are subjects too notorious to be dwelt on. History abounds with events relative to the peculiar character of the Catalans, who, on many occasions, have signalized themselves. We arrived at Barcelona, the capital of this province, on the 23d of July, having, since our departure from Madrid, traversed ninety-six leagues. We now discharged our mulcteer, and took up our abode at one of the best inns for a fortnight. This city carries on an extensive commerce. The citadel is strong and well fortified. It stands on an eminence, which



commands a fine view of the sea. There are several good houses and public edifices. The climate is healthy, the atmosphere, in summer, serene, the country fertile, and provisions cheap. *Tinta de rota*, or tent wine, so deservedly celebrated all over Europe for its rich flavor, and excellent qualities, is the produce of the luxuriant vineyards about Barcelona. The Malvasia grape, likewise, grows about a day's journey hence. A promenade in the centre of the town, called the Rambla, has a very pleasing effect, and is much frequented. The general trade with all parts of Europe enlivens the city, forming a striking contrast with the heavy magnificence of Madrid. We now once more met our countrymen, and the sounds of different languages reverberated in our ears. The inhabitants carrying on their occupations in the streets before their doors, has a singular and striking effect, and there being but few carriages, they are seldom molested.

The cannon-foundery, which is on an extensive scale, attracted our attention, as did likewise the theatre, where there are some tolerably good performers. It is supposed, that among the inhabitants, consisting of about 140,000, there are at least 10,000 French artizans.

The harbour is but indifferent; ships of the line being, by a sand bank, prevented from entering it. Barcelona was originally founded by Hamilcar Barcas, and from him called

Barcino ; the old town may still be distinctly traced in the centre of the city. It was reduced by the Romans, and continued subject to them till the kingdom was over-run by the Goths and Vandals, and afterwards by the Saracens and Moors. In the beginning of the ninth century, this city was in the hands of the Moors, but being besieged by Lewis, King of Aquitaine, was, after a long resistance, taken possession of by him. It was afterwards united to the crown of Arragon, by the marriage of Don Raymond V. Count of Barcelona, with the daughter of Don Ramiro, the monk, King of Arragon. In Queen Anne's time, it was taken by the allies under the Earl of Peterborough, but being afterwards shamefully denied assistance by the English ministry, was obliged to submit to Philip II. by whom the whole province was deprived of its ancient privileges. At this city, Ferdinand and Isabella received Columbus, on his return from America, and hence this celebrated navigator sailed on his second voyage in 1493.

Having seen whatever was remarkable in this city, we took our departure, and hired another carriage to convey us to Marseilles, for which we agreed to pay a calesseiro, fifty dollars. The road has of late been greatly improved, agreeably to the plan of that celebrated minister, Count Florida Blanca, who has taken every opportunity of ameliorating the internal regulations of his country. It is now carried on by the sea-side to Canetta ; and where the sands prevent a

continuance of the direct road, it passes over steep rocks, from which the view of the Mediterranean is grand and extensive. At Canetta, the road running inland betwixt several high mountains, called "*Sur de la paille*," leads to Girona, a large town strongly fortified, and surrounded with agreeable and shady walks. At Jonquiere, the last town in Catalogne, we passed, in a ferry, the river Tet, and afterwards ascended the Pyrenean mountains, a scene, the wild grandeur of which we could not sufficiently admire, closed occasionally on all sides by steeps, whose tops peeping over each other, faded from the eyes in misty hues, while the promontories below were dark with woods, that stretched along the narrow vallies.

Having now taken a farewell of the Spanish territories, we were, on entering France, stopped at Bellegarde by the officers of the customs, who examined our passports and baggage. Two pillars, on which are engraven the arms of France and Spain, together with a chain which crosses the road, here proclaim the boundaries of the two kingdoms on the summit of the Pyrenees. The views among these mountains are beautiful; the fortress of Bellegarde on the most eminent, effectually commands this pass, which is, however, more remarkable for its strength, than any external ornament. The road, which is excellent, has been made at a considerable expence. We here entered the rich and highly cultivated province of Rousillon, and soon arrived at Perpignan, a large

town well fortified, situated three leagues from the sea. A Gothic cathedral, and a church with an iron steeple, are objects of curiosity. There are, in the vicinity of the town, several agreeable promenades, which, in this warm climate, is an indispensable recreation after the fatigues and labors of the day. Hence we proceeded to Fiteaux, the first town in Languedoc, where we were obliged to submit to the strict examination of an impertinent Custom-house officer, who, understanding by our passports that we had just quitted Spain, examined our baggage narrowly, in hopes of finding some chocolate, snuff, or tobacco ; nay, to such extremities did he carry his insolent researches, that he suspected even the barrels of our pistols might contain some of these prohibited articles. Irritated at his meanness, I seized one in each hand, confessed they *were* charged with combustibles, and clapping one close by each of his ears, fired them into the air, and in stunning him with the suddenness of the shock, put an end, by his fears, to the mercenary rascal's curiosity.

Narbonne, our next stage, is situated in an abundant plain, two miles from the sea, whose refreshing breezes cool the air, heated by a meridian sun. There are still discernable, many vestiges of Roman edifices. This place is remarkable for its honey, which is delicate in its flavor, and beautifully white ; it is sold by the apothecaries at fifteen pence a pound ; a considerable quantity of it is imported into England. Near Beziers is the course of the Languedoc canal,



pierced through a mountain of one hundred and twenty toises; and in the vicinity are the *Montagnes noires*, the barren appearance of which forms a striking but hideous contrast to the fertile view below. Passing through Bezenas, we arrived at Montpellier. Here the purity of the air, the softness of the climate, the goodness of provisions, and the affability of the inhabitants, invite many an invalid to seek a restoration of health, without which, indeed, the gayest scenes would lose their power to charm.

In the south of France, nature has been prodigal of her bounties. From la Place de Peyrou, the views are so boundless and attractive, that the spectator is rivetted to the spot. On one side distantly appear the mountains of Cevennes, on the confines of Provence, where the Alps begin to rear their lofty heads, seeming to touch the clouds; on the other, an extensive valley at the foot of Rousillon. The towering Pyrenees, crowned with pine or fir, the rocks and mingled woods, “ dimly descried in distance,” bring but imperfectly their images to the wavering sight. At a distance, the wide ocean glittering in the sun beams, pours forth streams of effulgent light. Under the influence of such enchantment, it was not surprising that we rested a few days, in order to contemplate the objects around us, and finding excellent accommodation at a newly established hotel, I took advantage of this suspense, and made occasional excursions into the surrounding country.

Wandering a few miles from Montpellier, upon a ramble of this description, and following the track of a road, winding along the feet of mountains through a pastoral valley, where shepherds were driving their flocks to feed upon the distant hills, I strayed farther on this romantic spot than I originally intended, and did not discover my situation 'till the setting sun announced the approach of evening. Ignorant of the distance from the town, I alighted, tied my horse to a tree, and sought some cottage or hamlet, where information could be gained. No track or road, however, appeared to guide me, 'till at a distance a bridge was visible, that seemed to unite two crags of rocks, between which a current glided with considerable rapidity, until it fell down a steep, which formed a cataract throwing up its white spray into the air, and from the still reflected beams of the sun, displayed a thousand variegated colors. On the side of this steep stood a small but neat cottage, overshadowed with pines; two children were playing on the ground near the door, and had not observed me 'till I stood close to them; on asking to whom the cottage belonged, they seemed astonished, stared, and then with precipitancy ran into the house, calling on "*Maman! Maman!*" Following them, I perceived an elegant female seated at a table, in the attitude of reading; apologizing for my abrupt entrance, I informed her of my situation, and trusted to her goodness to instruct me by what means I should be likely to regain the path I had quitted. With the utmost sweetness of countenance, and a politeness that evinced a knowledge of

the world, she hesitated not to give me the necessary information; and on learning I was travelling through Montpellier, on my road to Italy, and had been tempted by the beauty of the surrounding country to lose myself in this sequestered spot, she requested me to take some refreshment, of which, from fatigue, I, in truth, stood much in need, and therefore very readily accepted. I was rising to depart, when her husband entered from his evening walk; his surprize and perplexity was not small, on seeing me—The lady, to whose hospitality I had been so much indebted, explained the circumstances of my visit, and confidence being somewhat inspired, I was tempted to prolong my stay by the courtesy of the little blooming Jeannette, who had quitted her mother's side, to prattle on my knee. I felt some curiosity to have explained the mystery of finding persons so superior in their manners, and elegant in their persons, occupying this retired spot, which apparently afforded scarcely the necessaries of life; this was not, however, a moment for enquiry,—but my impatience to learn some particulars of my host, was gratified beyond my expectation, by his ingenuous declaration of some circumstances relative to his situation. I thereby understood that he was a Neapolitan nobleman, who, in consequence of having fatally wounded a brother officer in a duel, some months back, had been under the necessity of leaving Italy, and had in retirement sought that security, which in his own country was denied him. The evening being far advanced, I was anxious to depart, and intimating my desire, he very

kindly accompanied me, till, by a nearer way, we reached that part of the road which had misled me, and here we parted. Whether it was the courtesy, intelligence, and candor of the husband, the unaffected loveliness of the wife, or the magic of this peculiarly romantic situation, that interested me, I know not ; but certain it is, I felt, at parting, a regret, which, from the shortness of our acquaintance, I hardly dared to confess to myself.

Quitting Montpellier, we passed on our road to Nismes through Lunel, a place, renowned for its excellent wine, which resembles Frontignac. On our arrival at Nismes, we halted to admire the remains of Roman grandeur, for which this town is remarkable ; the great antiquity of the place is admitted by various writers ; there needs, indeed, no other proof than the vestiges it contains. Among the most conspicuous, is ranked the Amphitheatre, supposed to have been capable of containing 18,000 spectators. There were originally thirty-six rows of seats ; its exterior height is sixty-four feet ; four large doors, and eight stair-cases, admitted the multitude. On the frieze of one of the arcades, in basso relievo, is the representation of Remus and Romulus, suckled by a wolf, and two gladiators in the act of fighting. The temple of Diana, of the composite order, is a noble edifice, as is likewise the Tour Magne, supposed to have been an ancient mausoleum, to which may be added a public fountain, lately embellished. But the most beautiful and best



preserved monument of antiquity, is the *Maison quarrée*, a temple of the Corinthian order, of exquisite taste, erected in the year 754, by the inhabitants of Nismes, in honor of Caius and Lucius, sons of Agrippa.

This building is at present converted into a church, and occupied by the monks of the order of St. Augustine. The town of Nismes carries on a considerable trade with its manufactures. At a small distance are two famous bridges, Du Gard and St. Esprit; the former of which was a Roman aqueduct, joining two high mountains; it is about 150 feet high, and upon the top 800 feet long, but not more than 500 at the bottom, near the water's edge; the lowest tier has six arches, the middle, eleven, and the upper one, thirty-five, of the Tuscan order, and being constructed of large stones, combines with an air of greatness much simplicity.

We now proceeded to Beaueaire, which held at this period an annual fair, to which numbers of Spaniards resort from a considerable distance to purchase articles of French manufacture. The fair lasts eight days. The female part of the lower classes begin here to assume a clean and decent appearance; the paysannes ride on asses, and wear a white kerchief tied on their heads, instead of the Spanish net, to the sight of which we had hitherto been accustomed. The language is a mixture of Spanish, French, and Italian, a kind of patois, arising from the proximity of the three king-

doms. We crossed the Rhone on a floating bridge of boats, landed at Tarascon, and proceeded to St. Remis, this being a shorter road than through Avignon. We thus missed an opportunity of paying a tribute of respect or admiration at the tomb of Laura, the divine mistress of Petrarch. About St. Remis are also several remains of antiquity, particularly two monuments erected to perpetuate the memory of the defeat of the Cimbres and Teutons, by Caius Marius and Quintus Catullus, ninety-nine years before the Christian æra. On the road hence are numerous oil-mills for extracting the juice of olives, which is here a considerable branch of trade. This brought us through Aix to Marseilles, the next town of importance, where we purposed remaining a short time.

Marseilles, surrounded by mountains, is in summer extremely warm. In the centre of the town is a promenade between two rows of trees, called *la Cours*, at the upper end of which we alighted at the hotel de Bourbon et de York, where we found excellent accommodation, elegant apartments, and an established table d'hôte, frequented by all the gay and dissipated young men of Marseilles. The old and new town differ widely in their appearance; the former is inhabited by shopkeepers and the lower classes; the latter, by le beau monde.

The port, which is well situated for the extensive com-

merce of the city, is defended at its approach by two forts, la Citadelle and St. Jean, exclusive of those on the surrounding eminences to protect the entrance to the harbour, of which, Chateau d'if and Chateau de notre Dame de la garde are the chief; of the latter, Bachaumont, in his charming and entertaining travels with de la Chapelle, says—

“ Tout le monde sait que Marseille  
 “ Est riche, illustre, et sans pareille ;  
 “ Pour son Terroir et pour son port ;  
 “ Mais il vous faut parler du fort,  
 “ Qui sans doute est une merveille ;  
 “ C'est notre dame de la garde,  
 “ Gouvernement commode et beau,  
 “ A qui suffit pour toute garde  
 “ Un Suisse avec sa hallebarde  
 “ Peinte sur la porte du Chateau.”

Here are several churches worthy of observation. Most persons make a little pilgrimage to a cavern called St. Beaume, where it is said St. Magdalen finished her days, after a residence of seven years. We witnessed a grand procession of 340 French and other mariners, who, having been redeemed by *les religieux* from slavery in the galleys at Algiers, had lately landed, and were now to be marched to Paris. Of course, such an opportunity of publicly exhibiting the benefactions and good acts of the church, was not to be omitted. The procession commenced at noon, and lasted several hours. The redeemed personages were led two and two by boys,

dressed as angels in light gowns, with moveable wings on their shoulders. Sacred music preceded, and followed the procession. It was closed by a number of monks in the habit of their respective orders.—The French theatre is large, and well fitted up; Madame Pontueil, the celebrated actress, was engaged for the season, and charmed every one by her abilities and vocal powers.

As a number of Englishmen frequent Marseilles, it is not surprizing I should soon have become acquainted with my countrymen, who, in fact, are to be found in every city of Europe. Among the number, I particularly distinguished two, who, by their extravagance and dissipation, had established characters of some notoriety. We frequented the Cours—the theatre; public concerts—*les Caffés, et les coteries* every evening. It might be said, the performers on the stage were almost at our disposal; by means of presents, *des petits soupers*, and sundry promises, we were admitted to the green room, private rehearsals, and at public performances, into particular, select boxes.

Licentiousness seems to reign in a very high degree at Marseilles. The moment the occupations of the morning are over, every one flocks to the Cours, and dissipation is at its height. There are more women of a certain description here, than in any town of France, Paris excepted. Not to be seduced by the witchery of these syrens, requires all the for-



bearance of a Scipio, or stoicism of a Cato. Collected from all nations, they seem to understand most languages. That of the eyes they speak with wonderful effect. A foreigner in a short time thinks himself in the island of Calypso ; nor is it hardly in the power of a modern Mentor to withdraw him from scenes of such fascination.

During my stay in this city, the art of deception was practised with considerable effect on a Mr. ———, an Englishman. He had squandered vast sums of money on a very beautiful *fille de joye*, who, it was afterwards discovered, was the *chere amie* of a French Marquis, in habits of great intimacy with Mr. ———, whom he had occasionally eased of a few louis d'ors at the billiard-table, from the good-natured and laudable motive of instructing and initiating him into the various mysteries of the game. Mr. ——— wishing his incomparable mistress to accompany him to Paris, proposed the tour to her, which was forthwith accepted and arranged. An elegant carriage was accordingly purchased, and, together with all necessary paraphernalia, presented to the lady, who seemed occupied solely with the pleasures of the trip, in company with the generous and charming young Englishman. A day was fixed for their departure; the morning arrived—Mr. ——— flew with eager haste on the wings of Love to the apartments of his idol and companion, who had promised to be ready at an early hour, and await his arrival; when, to his utter astonishment, disappointment,

and eternal chagrin, he learnt, that *la belle Françoise* had, in the dead of the night, decamped for Italy with Mr. Le Marquis in the *chaise de poste* with all her jewels, presents, and baggage ; leaving nought behind but some few undischarged bills, and a *billet doux* of condolence on her toilet, addressed to the forlorn, disconsolate, and deserted Mr. ———.

The luxuries of Marseilles are without bounds ; a serene sky, warmth of climate tempered by cool breezes from the Mediterranean, agreeable promenades, easy access to society, articles of consumption imported from the four quarters of the globe, wines of a delicious quality, in profusion (*that* from the island of Cyprus, as reasonable as it is abundant), refreshing ices, and cool beverages, at the splendid *caffés* in the evening, where there are established coteries of both sexes, make this place a most desirable abode.

Strolling into the coffee-room of *les quatre nations* one day at the hour of dinner, I could not avoid remarking the manners of different people, and the effect of various languages on the ear of a stranger. Several persons were assembled, either at dinner, reading the newspapers, taking ices, or ordering whatever suited their palate. A little full-dressed, hungry, meagre Frenchman, *bossu, avec des jambes longues et un nez crochue*, with his napkin tucked under his chin, and devouring a sallad with impatient gestures, was, at every mouthful, vociferating, “ *Garçon ! Garçon !* ”—The lat-

ter arriving out of breath, with big drops of symptomatic heat emitting from his brows. “ *Quoi diable, garçon est ce donc*  
 “ *comme ça, qu’on fait des attentions ici? Il y a plus d’un quart*  
 “ *d’heure que j’ai appelé et personne ne vient! appelez vous cela*  
 “ *etre bien servie? Qu’avez vous donc pour diner? Donnez moi la*  
 “ *carte sur le champ—Et bien, Monsieur, la voilà—Ah! voyons*  
 “ *un peu!*”—Taking a magnifying eye-glass out of his pocket, which, by the reflection of the candles, seemed to set the bill of fare on fire.

Bouilli a la sauce.

De ros-bif a l’Anglois.

Cabillau a la sauce blanche.

Demi canard roti, ou aux navets.

Quarrè demouton en chevreuil ou a la reine.

Poitrine de mouton pannée grillée.

Fricandeau a l’ozeille, ou a la Dauphine.

Des Epinards au jus.

Omelette aux pommes.

Poudin au ris.

Oeufs au miroir.

Maccaroni, &c. &c.

A blustering German Baron, six feet high, surrounded by dishes, none of which seemed to please or satisfy him, was muttering to himself, “ *Was Teufel! donner wetter! hat er mir*  
 “ *gegeben? dis kan ich bey meiner seele nicht essen—What the*  
 devil, thunder and lightning, has he given me! By my soul  
 “ *this is not eatable.*”—*Carçon! jien ici tonc—Et bien me voilà,*  
 “ *Monsieur, que vous plait il? Ke tiable kes que ça qu’on m’apport?*

“ *Me prend on per en pete savage ke je pis manger ceci ou cela in-çi*  
 “ *ke tous vos otre tiables te plats, he? Mais, Monsieur,* (said the  
 “ waiter, with an humble and submissive tone of voice) *je*  
 “ *vous assure quetout est bon dans notre maison, et—Et quoi tonc*  
 “ *Monsieur Hans Wurst! foila des raisonnements toujours tes to-*  
 “ *mestiques quant on temande kek chose, c’est les Carçons de nous*  
 “ *faïres tes tisputes, tes kerelles!—donner blicksum allez foo au*  
 “ *tiable, et dit a ton maitre qu’il fient ici.—’Tiable! der verfluchter*  
 “ *kerl meint dass man hier mit alles zufrieden seyn muss—The*  
 “ cursed rascal conceives that one must here be satisfied with  
 “ every thing.”—At this moment, an English naval officer  
 entered the room, who, going to a table, was recognized by an  
 old acquaintance, his countryman. “ Ah, George, my worthy,  
 “ who the D—I would have thought of seeing you in France?  
 “ How are you?—Why, Bedford, G—d dam’me, where do  
 “ you come from? (replied the other), I thought you were  
 “ safely lodged in Old England among the loungers in Bond-  
 “ street, by G—d!—No, I’m on my travels with my tutor.”  
 “ Are you? well I’m d—d glad to see you, by G—d! Let’s  
 “ sit down and crack a bottle of Burgundy together. Here,  
 “ you waiter, garçon, scaramouch, what’s your name, lay  
 “ the cloth, and bring a bill of fare, d’ye hear?—*Monsieur,*  
 “ (said the waiter, staring), *me no understand Inglish.—You*  
 “ dont, hey! Why then, G—d dam’me, tell your master to  
 “ send us a fellow that does. (Another waiter arriving). Here  
 “ you son of a land lubber, bring in something decent to eat.  
 “ None of your black broths, cursed fricasée of frogs, or



“ half-starved rabbits ragoued up into a kickshaw ; some beef  
 “ dam’me, plain roast is good enough for me, by G—d !”  
 “ *Oui, Monsieur, vous aurez le ros-bif tout de suite.*” This interesting conversation, and volley of expletives, was checked by a large Newfoundland dog, who, in following the officer up the room, had stopped on the way, tempted by the sight and smell of a delicate *gigot de mouton*, which was visible from the corner of a table occupied by a spruce Abbé and Italian opera dancer, *bien poudrè*, and dressed for the ballet of the evening, who were warmly disputing whether a *gigot de mouton fait a la merveille avec sauce piquante*, was, or was not preferable to *maccaroni a la parmesan*. In the heat of controversy, the *gigot* was nearly edged off the table by the arm of the impetuous Abbé ; when impatient Cæsar thinking a donation was intended for him, snapped at the knuckle of the *gigot*, and with an irresistible pull brought down dish, mutton, haricot, cloth, and plates, on the extended leg of Signor Scamperino, and ran growling with the *gigot* in his mouth under his master’s chair. Up started the Abbé in a rage, vociferating—  
 “ *Oh Merbleu ! sacristie ! quel voleur ! Oh ! mon gigot—Voilà un*  
 “ *infame chien—je voudrois qu’il t’etrangle villain !*”—“ *A il mio*  
 “ *gamba, (cried the Italian, rubbing his leg), e rotta, e non*  
 “ *piu ballare—cospetto di Bacco ! corpo di Christo ! maledetto sia*  
 “ *il dog Inglese che ho fatto ! A me ! son disfortunato e rovinato !*”  
 —Oh my leg ! its broken, and I shall no longer be able to dance—O Bacchus ! body of Christ ! curses alight on the English dog who did the act—Oh Lord ! I’m undone ! I’m ruined !

These exclamations, the clattering of the broken dishes, and the coolness of the dog gnawing the gigot under the table, attracting the attention of the company, created a general laugh at the distress of the Signor and his friend, the passionate Abbé, the latter crying out furiously “ *pour son chapeau, ses gands, sa canne, le compte, tout etant en desordre ou perdu,*” in the confusion of a crowded room, where *la joli Maitresse* at the bar was too deeply engaged in receiving the *milles attentions* of her admirers, and delivering out *bonbons* from a *boudoir orné*, to attend to any mishap at a distance ; her surrounding galants pressing her to give them ices *a la crème, a la pistache, des marrons glacés, des verres de limonade, d’orgeat, des bavoroises, une tasse de caffè, des liqueurs de cannelle, anis, girofle, noyau de la Martinique, de M<sup>de</sup>. Amphon, des isles*, and a thousand other et ceteras, with which her *joli* cabinet was replenished. This agreeable confusion of tongues, and discordant sounds, continued till a boy entered the room, and distributed *les petites affiches*, announcing the play of the evening, (wherein *la charmante* Ponteuille was the chief performer), a piece which had had a run of several nights, but of which *tout le monde* was still anxious to be spectators. This broke up the sittings, the *amateurs* quitted their seats with alacrity, the *dilittante* hopped off in graceful attitudes, and the *cognoscenti*, after taking their *pousse caffè* with a grave and dignified air, marched *au spectacle sans deliberation*.

The amusements of Marseilles are so varied, that a partial visitor, and partaker of them, would doubtless be inclined to fix his residence in this city for a length of time, had he not greater attractions in view.

We had left a country where, notwithstanding the advantages of nature, superstition and bigotry held in fetters the progress of the arts and sciences. We were now in a gayer country, and improved climate, but still the grand object of our peregrinations was not attained ; Italy was the soil where we expected that our gratifications should be raised to the acme of perfection. We thus with less regret left the gay scene of dissipation in the back ground, and with avidity pursued a route, which led to climes more congenial to the pursuits in which we were engaged, and where intuitive knowledge was to be so blended with nature's gayest coloring, and the stupendous works of ancient magnificence, that it would have been folly indeed to have lingered long on any spot, which did not facilitate our approach to scenes of this description.

We quitted Marseilles with a view of proceeding to Nice, distant about 150 miles, whence it was our intention to embark on the Mediterranean for Italy, in order to avoid thereby a tedious journey across the Alps. Our road thus ran through Toulon, the great port of naval equipment in France, where we remained a short time for the satisfaction

of seeing the arsenal, foundry, fortifications, harbour, and ships of the line, which at this period of profound peace lay dismantled and inactive. This place is, to all appearance, impregnable, being well fortified both by nature and art.

From Toulon to Frejus the road is remarkably pleasing, through plains and valleys enriched with vines and olives. This latter town was built by the Romans, who constructed a port, which was long held by them in high estimation. It is now destroyed ; the sea having receded near half a mile from the town. There are still vestiges of an amphitheatre and aqueduct between this place and l'Estrelle. The road crosses a steep mountain, whence was visible the Island of St. Marguerite, (where state prisoners are confined), and descending rapidly to la Napoule brought us to Antibes, a neat sea-port town, well inhabited, and carrying on an extensive trade. The fortifications of this place were constructed under the direction of the famous Marshal de Vauban. In the vicinity are various gardens cultivated with much attention and care, and remarkable for the excellency of their produce.

On quitting Antibes we passed the river Var, whose current is at times so rapid as to render the exertions of twelve men necessary to support the carriages, which otherwise would be inevitably overturned. This river divides France and Piedmont ; we thus entered the King of Sardinia's dominions, and shortly after arrived at Nice. The chief part



of this town is situated on a rock. Strangers of all descriptions resort here to pass the winter, where the climate is not only more serene and mild than in any part of Italy, but of Europe. The temperature of the air is delicious, and the produce of the earth inexhaustible. Had not our time been limited, we could have wished to have prolonged our stay at this inviting spot, where nature, with a more than liberal hand, has been prodigal of her bounties.

We here hired a felucca, or large row-boat, with twelve men, to convey us to Genoa, and embarked in the finest weather imaginable, after laying in provisions sufficient for a passage of two days. The patrone, or master of the felucca, steered within view of the shore, under apprehension of being attacked and captured by Algerine corsairs, between whom and the Genocse there seems to be perpetual war. The rich views of the coast from the sea, as we proceeded, were beautifully varied, the coloring of the landscape, and the occasional white cottages sprinkled among the fertile valleys and cultured hills had the most pleasing effect. We reached Oneglia the first day, where our boatmen landed for an hour to take some refreshment ; while the declining sun appeared in the horizon gilding, with his last beams, the western clouds, that seemed to gather round as if eager to catch his parting glories. Invigorated by copious draughts of mountain wine we proceeded on our voyage ; the evening was beautifully serene, the moon shone resplendent on the rippling waves, and the paddling of the oars, to the time of which the rowers chaunted

their evening hymn to the Virgin, inspired us with unusual emotions of delight. The cool breezes of the night, tempered by the remains of a warm air, were particularly refreshing. Well might we say with Cowper—

“ Now hoist the sail, and let the streamers float

“ Upon the wanton breezes” —

The patrone amused us at times with enlivening accounts of the various passengers he had frequently conveyed to Italy, or of his exploits in his attacks and victories gained against the corsairs of Algiers. One of his sea engagements dwelling on my memory, I have committed it to paper. “ About  
 “ three years since, (said he), I was chief mate or lieutenant  
 “ on board a large Genoese armed merchantman, of 32  
 “ guns and 150 men, being deeply laden with a valuable  
 “ cargo, when, within a day’s sail of Genoa, we met four  
 “ Algerine galleys and two brigantines, who, it appeared,  
 “ had been on the look-out for us for some time, and as we  
 “ gradually approached, it being nearly a calm, they hailed  
 “ us by an immediate summons to surrender. This insolent  
 “ order, our brave commander (God bless his memory) was,  
 “ notwithstanding the number of the enemy, by no means  
 “ inclined to obey; he therefore returned an ironical answer,  
 “ on which the Algerines hoisting the bloody flag, drew up  
 “ their squadron in the form of an half moon, that they  
 “ might pour all their shot at once into us. We avoided this

“ manœuvre by means of a breeze which sprang up, and  
 “ enabled us to veer ship, whereupon the galleys ran foul  
 “ of one another. The Algerine commander then ran his  
 “ own galley along-side of us, and attempted to board, by  
 “ throwing in eighty of his men, who obtained a momentary  
 “ possession of our upper-deck, some cutting the rigging,  
 “ and others plying the hatchways with hand grenades.  
 “ Having secured ourselves, however, in our close quarters,  
 “ we began to fire at the Algerines on board from two of our  
 “ guns loaded with grape and cannister shot, by which many  
 “ of them were killed, and the rest forced to submit. The  
 “ Algerine commander, in the mean time, made several un-  
 “ successful attempts to relieve his men, as well as to sur-  
 “ round us with his other galleys, but our ship lay so deep  
 “ in the water, that every shot told, and made terrible ha-  
 “ vock among the pirates, who kept up a heavy and inces-  
 “ sant fire on us. At one time the carnage was so great,  
 “ (our brave captain, who had already received five wounds,  
 “ being likewise killed by a chain-shot, which cut off both his  
 “ thighs, and our flag-staff shot away,) that had I not in-  
 “ stantly taken the command, and nailed the colors to the  
 “ mast-head, the crew were giving way, and on the point of  
 “ surrendering; encouraged, however, by my example, and  
 “ promises of rewarding every man handsomely if we came  
 “ off conquerors, at the same time threatening to blow up  
 “ the vessel rather than surrender, the combat was renewed  
 “ with redoubled fury, a shot having taken one of the gal-

“ leys between wind and water, we saw her shortly go down  
 “ within a cable’s length of us ; another, having lost all her  
 “ masts, lay like a log upon the water ; the others seeing the  
 “ fate of their companions, and not being able to stand the  
 “ weight of our metal, began to sheer off ; upon which, I  
 “ ordered the guns to be loaded with cartouches, and gave  
 “ them such a parting volley, as killed 50 of the piratical  
 “ rascals, thus obliging the rest to retreat to Algiers in a most  
 “ pitiful plight ; we then gained our port in safety, and I re-  
 “ ceived a sufficient reward from the owners to purchase and  
 “ set up this felucca.” I commended the brave fellow for  
 his gallantry, and on this occasion was happy to see merit  
 had met with its reward.

The dawn now trembled on the eastern hills, and the  
 grey tints of morn expanding, the declining forms of the  
 mountains, and the glimmering landscapes imperceptibly  
 stole on our view. Passing Albinga and Savone, and hav-  
 ing on the passage stopped to pay our respects to the *spacious*  
 territories of the Prince of Monaco, we arrived on the after-  
 noon of the second day at Genoa, whose towers we had seen  
 from afar, and now gladly approached. On touching the  
 shores of Italy, I felt a glow of satisfaction not to be de-  
 scribed—I was then about to experience additional gratifica-  
 tions, and with the highest anticipation entered the port of  
 Genoa. This republic, which, in the evolutions of time has  
 greatly suffered, is, with respect to its territory, very incon-



siderable ; it has successively lost its dear-bought acquisitions. The city, when viewed from the sea, has a most magnificent appearance, and although the streets are in general narrow and confined, yet, among the towns of Italy, it is with justice called the “ superb.” Genoa has been the theatre of many revolutions ; submitting to various masters, whose yoke was alternately thrown off, it did not acquire any established form of government until the year 1527. Andre Doria, supported by Charles the Vth. emancipated her from slavery, and to this hero does Genoa owe her liberty, and her wisest laws. In the year 1684, Louis the XIVth bombarded the town, and the Marquis Seignelai, minister of his vengeance, executed his commission with such alacrity, that in ten days, 13,000 bombs were thrown into the place. In 1744, the republic being discontented with the treaty of Worms, formed a junction with the troops of France and Italy. This campaign proved successful to the allies, who defeated the Austrians and Piedmontese at Montesimo and Bassignano, &c. but fortune reversed her favors the ensuing campaign at the battle of Parma, which not only deprived the allies of the places they had taken, but Genoa was obliged to open her gates to the victors the 7th of September, 1746. The Austrian General exercised great tyranny over the inhabitants, and possessing insatiable avarice, ravaged the country, and confiscated every thing within his reach. This excessive oppression, however, reducing the inhabitants to despair, caused a general insurrection. Being under orders to drag their fine

park of artillery out of the city from the ramparts, and an Austrian officer striking one of the Genoese, who was harnessed to his gun, a revolt ensued. The garrison was attacked, defeated, driven out of the town, and pursued beyond the frontiers. This glorious event took place the 5th of December, 1746.

The inhabitants of Genoa are estimated at about 80,000; the trade bears now, however, only a faint resemblance of its original flourishing state—its public revenue is not great; but private individuals possess large property. The Strada Balbi, and Strada Nuova are, perhaps, two of the best inhabited streets in Europe, being composed of palaces and edifices on a magnificent scale, built of marble, which have a striking effect. The palace of the Doge is chiefly remarkable for the statues it contains of the most illustrious defenders of the republic. The palaces Brignoletti, Balbi, and Doria, possess extensive galleries of celebrated pictures, which are too numerous to be here described. We were obliged to circumscribe our curiosity within certain bounds, and therefore could only take a cursory view of these collections.

The custom of *Cavallir Servante*, or *Cicesbei*, is observed with more exactness at Genoa than in any other part of Italy. Of these adorers, the ladies have frequently five or six; whereas in Rome, Naples, &c. one only is customary. The

Cicesbei certainly have a slavish character to sustain, being obliged to run on the side of the carriages or chairs of their mistresses, in order to merit a glance of approbation from the bright eyes of their dulcineas. It is observed, that although there are rivals, or competitors, in pursuit of the same object, these gentlemen live on tolerable terms; should therefore any fracas arise, a round of hard blows must decide the dispute, as the nobility do not wear swords.

At Genoa we again hired another felucca, to take us to Leghorn, and after a very pleasing excursion on the sea, keeping, as heretofore, at no great distance from the coast, and passing Porto Venere, the gulph of Spezzia, and viewing the little republic of Lucca at a distance, we arrived on the following day, and landed at Leghorn.

*Leghorn* is built on an island formed by an artificial canal, which washes its walls, and communicates with the river Arno. The town, though now so flourishing, was originally but a paltry village. Cosmo the First, who knew the value of the situation, had the address to exchange it with the Genoese for Sarzane. It contains about 50,000 inhabitants. There are, it is said, 14,000 Jews here, who regard this place as a second land of promise; some among them are extremely rich. The trade of Leghorn is very considerable; it has, however, suffered in consequence of Genoa, Civita Vecchia, Ancona, and Naples, having been declared free ports. The Grand Duke

of Tuscany's palace, where the governor resides, the Arsenal, great Church, and Jew's Synagogue, are the most remarkable buildings. The streets wear otherwise an indifferent appearance, and have too commercial an aspect to interest the traveller, who surveys the face of a country more from motives of curiosity than gain; we therefore pursued our journey through a delightful country, and soon reached Pisa, whose deserted state still exhibits remains of ancient grandeur, and is to the reflective mind a sad monument of the instability of all human greatness. This town being only a shadow of its original eminence, the streets, from neglect, being in many places overgrown with weeds. It formerly held a distinguished rank among the free states of Italy, and several remaining ruins attest the power and splendor, to which this republic had arrived; but the Florentines conquering, and taking possession of it, in 1406, its population and commerce gradually decreased. The Arno runs through the town; one of its bridges is constructed of marble, on which the inhabitants, to this day, meet annually, and have a violent contest as to which side of the river rank and pre-eminence shall, during the following year, be given; thus, with hard blows, establishing a momentary character, which custom has rendered a point of honor too sacred easily to be abolished. The Cathedral (*il duomo*) is a vast edifice of Gothic construction. The great doors are said to have belonged originally to the Temple of Jerusalem; but this report is now no longer credited. It is, however, in other respects, chiefly remarkable



for the richness of its ornaments, and beauty of the marble. Near the cathedral is a tomb, elevated about eight feet from the ground ; the sarcophagus is finely formed, the bas relief, with which it is decorated, represents the chase of Meleager, who fell an unhappy victim to the resentment of Diana. In the proximity is an antique vase. The *torre pendente*, or falling tower, is one of the first curiosities at Pisa ; it is believed, by some, that the architect originally placed it in this position as a proof of the superiority of his art, while others assert, that the earth has given way under one part of this singularly beautiful edifice. The tower is composed of seven stories of columns, and terminated by a pyramid. Il Campo Santo is situated at a small distance. This cemetery is curious ; it is a parallelogram 400 feet by 150, an exterior gallery of sixty Gothic arcades gives a great degree of dignity to this building ; the inner part is painted *al fresco*, and various monuments are distributed around. There is one executed by Michael Angelo, of distinguished character. Another erected to the memory of Count Algarotti, is likewise worthy of observation. The earth, which forms the sepulchre, is stated to have been brought from Jerusalem in the year 1218, and of course inherits many wonderful virtues. The mineral baths of Pisa are much frequented, and have lately been rendered very commodious at a considerable expence. On quitting this town we proceeded through a fertile country; and at length arrived, on the 5th of September, at the celebrated city of Florence.

Florence, among an infinity of other small states in Italy, after having thrown off the yoke of its rulers, for a long time maintained its independence; this was the period of its extensive commerce, of its conquests, and of the chains which it forged for itself. The excessive riches and preponderating influence of several great families, insensibly involved the republic in distress. The Ricardi, Magliabechi, Pitti, Medicis, &c. had frequent wars, which were at length followed by the ruin of the republic itself. In 1530, Alexander de Medicis, more powerful, adroit, and esteemed by his countrymen, obtained the sovereignty. Charles the Fifth supported this usurpation, and gave him, and his descendants, the title of duke. Pius V. added to this title that of Grand, in favor of Cosmo the First, son and successor of Alexander. Florence is surnamed “*la bella*”. The attractions of the arts, the riches of its principal inhabitants, several magnificent palaces, and some monuments of antiquity, may justify this appellation. It likewise gave birth to Dante, Machiavel, Galileo, Lulli, Guichardin, Vespuces Americanus, and many other celebrated persons.

The gallery of the Grand Duke is of course the first object of curiosity in this city. There is a description of this extensive collection of statues, busts, paintings, &c. printed in a work of three volumes, which is a necessary companion to the curious observer at the moment of examining this celebrated gallery. I shall, therefore, only in a cursory way men-

tion such objects as are particularly attractive and striking ; it not being my intention to form a catalogue of every curiosity of art and nature, with which Italy so prodigally abounds, and which would, in my opinion, lead to a very unentertaining detail. The cabinet of idols contains a numerous collection of ancient divinities, as well Egyptian as Roman. Talismans, vases, tripods, and other articles of peculiar antiquity and merit are here in superfluity. The cabinet of Flemish pictures (in number about one hundred and fifty) is in the highest estimation, as it boasts of the best productions of the masters of this school. The cabinets of medals, and ancient armour, are worthy of particular observation, the former possesses every thing that is rich, scarce, and valuable ; the latter is the most complete of any in Europe. The tribune of an octagon form, and wherein the light is admitted from above, contains the six celebrated antique statues. This apartment cannot be entered without a peculiar degree of interest. The first object the eye with avidity searches, is the Venus de Medicis. This charming statue, which is about five feet high, is in the attitude of bending the right knee, while the body naturally inclining forwards takes somewhat from its actual height. It is impossible to imagine a more happy posture, or a more beautiful symmetry of form, every thing in this statue entitles it to admiration—it is above all praise ! The Venus victrix, Urania, or Venus celeste ; the Remouleur, a group of wrestlers, and the dancing fawn, comprize the whole.

Of the statues which ornament the streets of Florence, there are a vast number, which are held in high estimation by the lower class of people ; some of which are indeed justly admired for their exquisite workmanship.

The chapel of St. Lorenzo is a most expensive habitation for the dead. It contains the remains of all the family of Medicis. Dr. Moore observes, “ That of all the methods, “ by which the vanity of the great has distinguished them “ from the rest of mankind, this of erecting splendid receptacles for their bones excites the least envy ; the sight “ of the most superb edifice of this kind never drew a repining sigh from the bosom of one poor person ; nor do “ the unsuccessful complain, that the bodies of Fortune’s “ favorites rot under Parian marble, while their own will, “ in all probability, be allowed to moulder under a plain “ turf.”

The Palazzo Pitti is ornamented by a number of precious paintings, among which ranks foremost that of *Madonna delle Sedia*, by Raphael. The tender, spirited, and expressive countenance of the virgin is admirable ; the innocence of the child’s features beautiful. The connoisseurs dwell particularly on this picture, which is preserved from decay by a bronze and glazed frame. The principal rooms are distinguished by the names of heathen deities, as Jupiter, Apollo, Mars, Venus, and by paintings *al fresco*, chiefly by Pietro da Cortona.



As an alleviation to the eye from the perfections of art, I resorted to the beauties of nature. The hotel, wherein we lodged, was kept by an Englishman, named Meggot; it overlooked the Arno. A bridge of one arch, constructed of marble, and decorated by statues representing the four seasons, was our approach to the house. In the vicinity were the gardens of the Palazzo Pitti, where the vale of Arno, the gay hills that surround it, and other natural beauties, form an agreeable variety. The wine of Monte Pulchiano, and other refreshing liquids equally good, are abundant at Florence. The surrounding country is highly picturesque. The Vagologia, an extensive garden belonging to the Grand Duke, is open to the public. The vicinity of the Appenine mountains, and a serene sky, render an abode in this city more supportable, on account of the great heat, than any other part of Italy. Resources against *ennui* are here more varied, than elsewhere. The city possesses many amusements, and it is rare, that the opera, or some spectacle, is not open during part of the year.

During my short stay at Florence, I was somewhat surprised one morning, while at breakfast, by a visit from a young man, whom I immediately recognized to be Charles ———. Many years had elapsed since his abrupt departure from England. His history being peculiarly interesting, I shall take the liberty of here inserting it.—Engaged in commerce at an early age, and taken into the house

of his uncle, an eminent merchant in London, his prospects in life were most flattering. From his abilities, his attention, and improvement, Charles became the favorite, and was at length considered as heir to his Uncle's large possessions. A partner in the same house, who was a man of superior sense, but addicted to extravagant vices, blighted this fair prospect almost in the bud! He was married to a depraved but beautiful woman, with whom he had formerly lived on easier terms. Led on in defiance of frequent serious remonstrances from one act of expensive dissipation to another, his debts accumulated in an alarming degree, which he still hoped to discharge by means of the gaming table. Surrounded by titled black legs, and wary sharpers, he engaged on unequal terms, and increased those debts, which, in honor, he became obliged to pay without delay, or even investigation. The wife either knew not, or heeded not, the private circumstances of her husband. She saw her house filled with the best company; gave expensive entertainments, and resorted with avidity to every public amusement which had the power of chasing away reflection and care. The husband, eager to alleviate the stings of conscience arising from the neglect of a young family, plunged still deeper into riot and profusion, and paid no longer any attention to the concerns of his mercantile affairs, which had hitherto been in a very flourishing situation. His partner, an easy old man of independent property, who never quitted his arm-chair, was not made acquainted with the excesses of Mr. ——— till intelligence from their bankers arrived, stating, that not only

the funds of the house were exhausted, but that, from an unusual grant of credit, they had permitted themselves to be considerably overdrawn. The affairs of the house thus involved, the most prompt and speedy measures became necessary to save their falling credit. A consultation was held, and a proposition made, and adopted, to employ the talents of young Charles, who was a proficient in the art of drawing, in forging the names of some eminent mercantile houses on foreign bills, and thereby raise an immediate supply. Charles thus employed by the treacherous spendthrift, unknowingly committed an act, by which, agreeable to the laws of his country, his life became forfeited. He succeeded so well in the art of imitation, that a second attempt was shortly after made for raising a more considerable sum. In the act of negotiation, however, a discovery took place, which instantly obliged the parties to seek safety in flight. Not a moment was now to be lost; Charles was made acquainted with the duplicity that had been practised upon him, and being hurried into a carriage, wherein a few valuables had been hastily packed up, departed immediately with Mr. —— for Dover. They embarked in the packet, and arrived safe on the Continent. Continuing their route they proceeded to the South of France, where they took up their residence, and remained concealed, unknowing and unknown.

In the mean time, the Uncle was left alone immoveable with the gout, to support all the horrors of his situation. Bankruptcy ensued, and the consequences of an application being

made by the persons, who had been duped and were the chief sufferers, to arrest the infirm old man and his effects, became his death warrant. In a few hours he was found lifeless in his bed, not without strong suspicion of having taken poison.—The sequel of these acts of depravity and guilt was no less fatal to the beautiful but frail Mrs. ———, being, in consequence of her husband's elopement, deprived of pecuniary resources, and not inclined to follow or share his fate in a foreign country, she accepted an offer, that was shortly after made her, of living with a man of fashion. Supported by his liberality, her extravagance was again unbounded; but her reign of pleasure was short. Tired of her charms, he quitted his mistress in a few weeks, and left her without an establishment or future prospects beyond the necessities of the day. One lover succeeded another, till her abandoned conduct soon reduced her to a state of poverty, misery, and contempt; her health had likewise been considerably impaired, and without making one commendable effort to gain a livelihood by industrious means, she sunk from poverty to deeper guilt, and attempted to retrieve her fortunes by a deed as infamous as it was cruel, and from which maternal feelings should have recoiled with horror!—She had a daughter!—a beautiful girl of sixteen, in whose countenance every sweet and gentle virtue was portrayed, the bloom of health was marked on her features, and the sensibility of her mind evinced itself in her every action. Like the rose-bud she was emerging into life unprepared, and ill calculated to bear up against the rude storms



of fortune that were ready to burst over her head. Once, Julia, did I see thee! and never can I obliterate from my memory the impression of that interview; could I witness the modest grief that robbed thine eyes of their wonted lustre, the dignified serenity that sat on thy brow on this trying occasion, and not participate in thy sorrows? I could not; and such was the impression of thy injured excellence, that revolving years have not effaced thy image from my mind! This artless, exemplary girl, had been placed in a seminary, where the most elegant manners and accomplishments had become habitual to her. Far from her mother's contaminating sight, she dwelt in peace, improving daily in every virtue that could adorn her sex.—In evil hour, the foul demon, Avarice, with subtle guile, possessed the mother's soul. Divested of those allurements, which had hitherto procured the means of gratifying *her* vicious courses, she resolved to sacrifice her too lovely daughter at the same shrine of prostitution, to which she had herself been led a willing victim. The thought was no sooner entertained, than executed. She quitted the habitation of misery and contempt, and like an infernal demon, entered the abode of innocence and peace. Julia was claimed, and carried unresisting and unknowing to her mother's dwelling, where having, through the means of a common pander of vice, obtained the promise of a large sum from an abandoned reprobate, to whom her daughter was to be sacrificed, she disclosed the plan cloaked under the false garb and artificial blandishments of pleasure to her own offspring, whose

purity of mind she knew must have shuddered even at the thought of such disgrace, had she represented her purpose in its true colors. The virtuous innocent Julia shrank, as at the sight of a basilisk, from so infamous a proposal. From arguments and entreaties her mother proceeded to threats, in case a promise was not given, that the lucrative plan should be complied with; and but few days were allowed for the further consideration of it. Neither the prayers nor tears of Julia, in the mean time, made the smallest impression on the obdurate heart and debased mind of the vicious parent, whose maternal feelings had long since been dead, and who now heard, unmoved, the remonstrances and entreaties of her virtuous daughter. An impulse of filial duty prevented the suffering Julia from disclosing the horrid scheme in agitation. The debauched dotard, who, by dint of bribery, was to triumph over such virtue, saw her in this trying situation,—yet did he impatiently await to seize his prey!!—With undecided steps she flew for relief to a former friend of her father's. She mentioned not her situation such as it was—the dreadful alternative that awaited her—the brink of ruin on which she stood—No! she only solicited protection to be reinstated in her former residence, where she might at once meet happiness and retirement. This aid was readily granted, but, alas! too late to prevent the sad catastrophe that ensued. Julia returned home, but to what a home! a fiend awaited her arrival. Instead of protection, she had to encounter infamy, disgrace, dishonor, and ruin!! Here let me draw a

veil over this melancholy history ; suffice it to add, that Julia, in the hour of despair, friendless, unprotected, and left to her distracted thoughts, sought refuge in another and a better world. Her's had not been a life of pleasure, but it had been a life of peace and innocence ; could then her unsullied mind bear up against the stigma of vice, the scorn of the cruelly virtuous, of such whose hearts had never possessed half her innate modesty or worth, yet to whose slights and contumely she must have been hourly exposed ? Her soul shrank from the prospect, and urged by despair, she hurried from her mother's blasting sight, and, bereft of reason, rushed unbidden into the presence of her Maker ! Poor Julia !—and shall a deed committed in the hour when reason no longer held her empire o'er thy brain, cancel the purity of thy life unmarked almost by error ? Ah, no ! the many acts of virtue thou hast done shall plead for thee at the Throne of Mercy, and thou mayest still look down and witness the tear of sympathy I shed on thy sorrows and untimely fate. Peace to thy manes !—sweet Julia.

We took the route to Rome through Sienna, which entirely traverses the Appenines, and is in consequence very mountainous. The road is, however, good, and occasionally lined with vineyards. The method of training the vines in festoons, and other varied forms, has a pleasing effect. We alighted the first day, after experiencing some heavy showers of rain, at the Post-house at *Poggibonzi*, about twenty-six

miles from Florence. The day was near its close, the merry sound of various voices in a spacious apartment through which we had to pass, attracted our attention ; it arose from several Capuchin Friars, who were on the road to a neighbouring monastery, and being driven into this Osteria by stress of weather, were regaling their famished stomachs with what the house produced. On our entering the hall, they perceived us to be travellers, and with much good humour offered us seats at their convivial board, which we, after a momentary hesitation, accepted, and on our exchanging salutations, and informing them in general terms we were *Viaggiatore Inglese*, reserve was banished, and as the flask went round, their characters unfolded themselves. Having partaken of no mean fare, Il Padre Anselmo desired two of his brethren, who were of the band of choristers at the monastery, to amuse us with some convivial songs, with which they readily acquiesced, and executed the various airs in so masterly a stile, (being at times joined in chorus by the whole party, whose voices harmonized well together,) that we were not only agreeably surprized, but highly gratified by the novelty of the scene. The wine, which was of an excellent quality, in the mean time circulated briskly, and as the juice of the grape, in general, expands the heart, and equalizes mankind, we were soon on the footing of intimate acquaintances. Father Anselmo amused us at intervals with some excellent stories and inspiring jokes, and it was not long before we discovered that in his cups he was no *saint*, since he shewed little in-



clination to preach over his liquor. We did not therefore forget to drink to the health of the holy sisterhood of an adjoining convent ; and the “ Blue-eyed nun of St. Catherine’s ” was a toast not to be refused on an occasion of such hilarity. “ If I recollect aright, (said Father Anselmo), our host must “ have still remaining some of that exquisite *Monte Pulchiano* “ that was sent as a present to the chief of our order about “ a twelvemonth since.”—“ By St. Marc we’ll sound him ! “ (cried Domenichino), and the host was called in.—“ Pa- “ drone, (said the Father), bring me two flasks of your very “ best *vino di Monte Pulchiano* ; I wish to take them e’er sun- “ rise with me to an invalid in our hospital.” Mine host, however, who expected no compensation for this charitable demand on his select beverage, and was rather disinclined gratuitously to relieve any invalid at the expence of his best wine, hesitated, and crossing himself, declared by the Virgin his stock was all exhausted. “ Bring the required flasks, “ *Furbetto*, (repeated Father Anselmo, frowning), or abide “ the consequences of my displeasure.” Still the host demurred, pleading excuses, that the key of his cellar was unfortunately lost or mislaid ; if, however, it was indispensibly necessary for the preservation of the sick man’s soul, he would go into the village, and see if he could find an able smith, capable of picking a lock, although—— “ Produce “ the wine, (exclaimed again the Father in a louder tone, “ and with an angry look,) thou vagrant Peccatore, or *Cos- “ petto di Bacco!*—*Cospetto di Bacco!* (repeated all the friars,

“ rising).—Hold, (I cried), the key is found, and here it is! “ (holding up a sequin to our host;) How dare you, (I exclaimed,) with audacity unparalleled, dispute the authority of your Padre? Here, take *this* key, ’twill open the cellar-door, though doubly barred and bolted.” The host smiled, took the hint, and submissively retired. The event proved propitious to our wishes—the precious wine was brought, the friars applauded the efficacy of my irresistible argument, and our harmony was with double zest renewed. Now, whether it was owing to the unexpected hilarity of this jovial party, an unpropitious day, the delicacy of the viands and maccaroni which required moistening, or other causes then unknown, I cannot say, but the Poggibonzi wine, in time, became our masters; and surrounding empty matted flasks, proclaimed no easy victory gained over our torpid senses. And here—

“ Tir’d nature’s sweet restorer, balmy sleep,”

administered refreshment, and in the morn rising early, and partaking of a delicious repast, consisting of fruits of various kinds in high perfection, we continued our journey to Sienna. —This is a very ancient town, and formerly boasted numerous inhabitants at the time it was the rival of Florence; but, after several wars, became subject to her. The cathedral *il Duomo* is one of the finest Gothic edifices in Italy. The pavement of this church is in part Mosaic. It is much to be regretted that greater care is not taken for its preservation. The Piazza

del Campo is the most remarkable place at Sienna. Eleven streets form a junction at this spot ; in the centre is a fountain, decorated with small figures in marble and bronze. It is asserted that, in this town, the purest language is spoken of all Italy.

The road to Ponte Centino is less agreeable than the preceding ; frequent steep hills render travelling inconvenient. The country is nearly steril ; it is only in the neighbourhood of villages where the effects of agriculture are visible. Buon Convento is a tolerably large place, in the vicinity of which, when the snow dissolves, and torrents proceeding from heavy rains descend into the vallies, the road is difficult, and even dangerous to pass. At this time of the year we advanced without difficulty, and arrived shortly at Monte Pulchiano, celebrated for the excellency of its wine. We did not neglect to take so favorable an opportunity of giving our opinion as to its true merits, which, in fact, was not an unnecessary precaution, as the ensuing stage we had to encounter the difficulties of ascending and descending the mountain of Radicofani esteemed the highest of the Appenines. An old castle situated on the summit, and built upon a rock, intercepts the passage. On this spot the Grand Duke has a small garrison, being the boundary of his territories. The next step brought us into those of the church, where papal authority exerts its sway, and rules, with faded lustre, a diminished state. This eminence commands an extensive pros-

pect, whence is seen, surrounded by high and decaying walls, the small town of Radicofani, which, if the horses needed not some refreshment, would never for a moment arrest the progress of the traveller. When from rain, or the badness of the weather, the road is rendered nearly impassable across the mountain, buffaloes are frequently attached to the carriage, and are of essential service. In the valley beneath lies the village of Ponte Centino, whence the road became more level, as the country opened on our view. The small town of Acqua Pendente is pleasantly situated. The surrounding waters give rise to a variety of cascades and water-falls, which have the most pleasing effect. Several incrustations take place in consequence of the peculiarly hard quality of the water amongst the rocks; many petrifications are in course of time formed, and not only sold to passengers, but sent to Rome. I purchased in this petrified state, medallions of the twelve Roman Emperors, which of the kind are admirable. Passing San Lorenzo al Grotte, and the lake of Bolsene, thirty miles in circumference, we arrived at Monte Fiascone, situated in a valley. The wines of this place have a very high reputation.—We stopped at an inn rendered remarkable by a circumstance, which the landlord took care to impress on our minds. A German Count, called Johannes de Fourcris, travelled through this part of Italy some years since, and being in the habit of sending his servant, as an *avant* courier, to ascertain the quality of the best wines in the country, gave him directions, wherever he found them excellent, to



chalk *Est* upon the door of the respective inns. The servant, who appears to have had some knowledge of the juice of the grape, was so pleased with that of Monte Fiascone, that he triply obeyed the instructions he had received, and in large letters wrote “ *Est, Est, Est,*” over the entrance of this *osteria*.

On the arrival of the German Count, he was so much biassed by the opinion of his domestic, that he quitted not the tempting liquor till he had made so extraordinary a sacrifice at the shrine of Bacchus, that he absolutely expired with the cup in his hand, filled with the intoxicating beverage. During several subsequent years, it was the custom to pour two barrels of this wine over the tomb of the Count, in consequence of the directions of his German heirs. Now, however, the money is distributed in a more beneficial manner among the poor of the village. A monument is erected to the memory of this son of Bacchus in the church of San Flavius, on which this inscription is engraved—

“ *Est, Est, Est,*”

“ *Propter nimium Est Johannes de Foucris Dominus meus*

“ *mortuus est.*”

The next town of consequence is Viterbo, better built and inhabited, than any of the preceding. If enquiry be made as to the remarkable curiosities of the place, the finger of intelligence points at the cathedral, which, however, is

of so little importance, that we merely strolled into it, while preparations were making for dinner. Our accommodations at the inn of this place were, however, so intolerably bad, that one might with strict propriety quote the following lines on the occasion :—

“ In questa Casa, trovereta  
 “ Rien, qu'on peut souhaiter,  
 “ Nec Ignem, Vinum, Servos, Carnes,  
 “ Nor good chaises, or good harness.”

On quitting the town, we had again to ascend a very steep mountain, formerly called Mons Ciminus. Hence the country gradually descends to Ronciglione, which is situated near the lake Vico. It then rises to Baccano, sixteen miles from Rome, whence we were, for the first time, greeted with a view of the cupola of St. Peter's. The country is desolate hereabouts, particularly in the vicinity of the capital. Part of the road is still over the ancient Via Flaminia and Via Cassia, which, for want of repair, is in the most wretched state imaginable; the neglected fields bear a forlorn appearance, and the scarcity of inhabitants, where once industry, luxury, and abundance reigned, is an evident proof of the defective nature of papal government. “ In the midst of  
 “ these deserted fields, the ancient mistress of the world rears  
 “ her head in melancholy majesty.” Having passed the Tor di Quinto, and traversed the Tiber over the bridge Pont Molle, we at length entered through the Porta del Popolo, the once illustrious, and still interesting city of Rome.

This ancient city, founded 750 years before the birth of Christ, which reigned absolute over the known world ; this Colossus of power, of which the history of the world furnishes no other example, who united in her bosom every thing which her vast empire conceived valuable, where the temples, the palaces, and the public edifices, were so multifarious and magnificent ; this ancient city offers to our view now comparatively but a heap of cinders on the spot which was once proud of its sumptuous elegance. It no longer occupies the same space of ground, the extensive Campus Martius, which Romulus consecrated to the God of War, and Numa to the God of Peace, is covered with buildings ; and numerous gardens are established on Mounts Palatin, Celio, Esquelin, &c. Modern Rome is infinitely less peopled, and has a smaller circumference than in the flourishing days of the Republic and its Emperors ; it nevertheless may be ranked amongst the first cities of Europe from the number and beauty of its ancient and modern structures. Rome, notwithstanding the devastations and innumerable vicissitudes which it has experienced during so many centuries, still retains some impression of its former splendor. The productions of skilful artists, united to the *chef d'œuvres* of antiquity, makes it at the same time retain pre-eminence over every city in the world. The human mind desponds on observing so fertile a soil nearly uncultivated and deserted. The image of fanaticism and poverty is every where conspicuous. The actual population is now stated to amount to 160,000 souls, which, in

former periods, was said to have been so great, as in eight months to have exhausted the production of corn from Africa. Ancient Rome was surrounded by an elevated wall, flanked with several towers. The castle of St. Angelo, the Vatican Mount, that of Janicule, and all the part which separates the right branch of the Tiber, is surrounded by walls; it would require six hours to make the circumference. Sixteen gates form the entrances to the city; the three bridges of San Angelo, Ponto Sisto, and Ponto di San Bartholomeo, cross the Tiber, whose muddy waters flow silently along.—The Porto del Popolo, or gate of the people, is the best entrance into the city; three broad streets form a central point, where an obelisk is erected, which formerly decorated the Circus, and was brought from Egypt by Augustus, but in 1589 removed from its original station by Sixtus the Vth, and placed where it now stands. The Strada del Corso is the centre street. It was here I fixed my abode, near the church of St. Carlo, in a private house, where I had excellent accommodation.

My fellow-traveller and I adopted a plan which was ultimately of essential benefit to us both. The moment of our arrival, we separated, had distinct residences, and only occasionally met, as chance or engagements occurred. By this means we both improved in the Italian language, and likewise purposely avoiding much intercourse with my countrymen, I quickly experienced a facility of expression, which otherwise would not have been attained without considerable



difficulty. My mornings were generally spent in visiting the paintings and antiquities, or making occasional trips into the surrounding country, wherever my curiosity was attracted, in company with those whose acquaintance I cultivated, and attended by a Cicerone, who acted as guide, and from long experience knew every inch of ground about the Roman territory. It may not possibly here be uninteresting to remark, that in the principal cities of Italy, there are persons who, as soon as a foreigner arrives, offer themselves to conduct and explain to him whatever is most worthy his observation ; their eloquence is so striking on these occasions, that they have jestingly acquired the name of the great Latin orator, and are now known only by the title of Cicerone ; the greater part of them are poor ecclesiastics, or artists ; there are, however, among the number, several impostors, such as *valets de place*, or *gondoliers*, of whose impositions it is necessary to beware.

The first object of attraction is St. Peter's church, which, in point of size and magnificence, surpasses (in the opinion of many) the finest monuments of ancient architecture. Of all the sacred structures in the universe, St. Peter's is allowed to be the grandest and most sublime. It is the *chef-d'œuvre* of Italy, and one of the wonders of the world—all the arts have contributed to decorate it ; architecture, sculpture, painting, mosaic, silver, bronze, and other metals, seem to have exhausted their store in furnishing the materials ;

and, in the ornamental parts of this edifice, the greatest artists have, with unsparing efforts, contributed their talents. To attempt an adequate description, would infinitely exceed the limits prescribed to these sketches—recourse may be had to books, wherein an exact account is given of every minutiae of this stupendous building, and to such I refer the curious; I shall therefore only state—that this church is situated at the foot of the Vatican Mount. Pope Julius the Second laid the first stone, in 1506, and it was commenced under the direction of Bramante; during successive reigns, various architects (among whom Michael Angelo stands pre-eminent) completed the undertaking; the expence attending this edifice amounted, in 1694, to forty-seven millions of Roman crowns. The colonade which forms the approach, or arca, consists of 284 columns, and 88 pilastres, of the Doric order; in the centre stands an Egyptian obelisk, hewn out of a single block of granite, and on each side is a fountain throwing up clear streams of water to a considerable height; five doors form the entrances to the church, one of which, termed *Porto Sancto*, is opened on Jubilee days only.

In the interior of the building a large stair-case leads to a subterraneous chapel, where a part of the relics of the tutelar saint, as also of St. Paul, are reported to be deposited; before this chapel 122 wax lights, in silver lamps, are constantly burning. The statue of St. Peter in bronze, elevated on a pedestal, is placed in one part of the church, the incessant

devotions of the Catholics in saluting the foot of this Saint have completely worn away the toe and part of the foot, these daily salutations will doubtless, in time, endanger the safety of the statue itself. The length of St. Peter's, taken on the outside, is 730 feet, the breadth 520, and the height, from the pavement to the top of the cross, 450 feet. The dome is equal in size to the Pantheon, resting on four enormous pillars ; an astonishing proof of the genius of Michael Angelo !

There are various chapels, tombs, mausoleums, and other erections in the interior of the church worthy of inspection, and equally objects of admiration.

The paintings in the Vatican are too renowned to require any observation of mine. The saloon of Raphael is particularly striking. The history of Heliodore and Attila, the School of Athens, and the Suburbs of Rome on fire, are incomparable performances. In the court of Antiquities are the celebrated statues of Apollo di Belvidere, Antinous, and the groupe of Laocoon. Too much time cannot be dedicated in investigating these exquisite models of perfection. In this place they reckon 560 apartments ; the library of the Vatican is the largest, and most complete in the world, especially since that of Heidelberg was carried to Rome about an hundred years ago.

The Pantheon, built by the Consul Agrippa, in the reign

of Augustus, is the most perfect piece of architecture existing, in spite of the depredations of the Goths, Vandals, and Popes. The portico was added by Marcus Agrippa; it is supported by sixteen pillars of granite. This temple was originally dedicated to all the gods. Historians say, that Venus was decorated with a pearl estimated at 250,000 golden crowns, and that this was the pearl which Cleopatra dissolved in the cup, that she presented to Marc Anthony. There are no windows in this structure; the light being admitted from an aperture in the dome. Forty-eight columns of marble were placed in the interior of the building. Whatever was valuable, has, at different periods, been taken from this once superb structure; the body of the building, however, remains entire. Raphael has herein a monument erected to his memory. Cardinal Bembo made the following distich on the occasion:

Hic ille est Raphael, timuit, quo sospite, vinci  
Rerum magna parens; quo moriente, mori.

The Amphitheatre of Vespasian is the most striking object of admiration, notwithstanding the barbarous attacks that have been made on this immense building, to adorn various palaces, &c. with the marble cornices, and other ornaments, that have been thus rent from the Coliseum. It is said to have been able to contain eighty thousand spectators, who were, at times, witnesses of the combats of gladiators and wild beasts, that were occasionally introduced for the diversion of the Romans. In the construction of this theatre,

*A Here lies the Raphael, who, while living, made  
great Nature fear she should be surpassed; and, dying,  
etc —*



Vespasian employed 30,000 Jewish slaves, who, after the conquest of Judea, were brought captives to Rome. When successive barbarians attack such superb edifices, with a view of carrying off the spoils, we cannot wonder that the Trajan pillar should have been damaged, and even its basso relievo destroyed. Such was the destruction of the Colossus of Apollo, at Rhodes, made by Chares, which was of such enormous size, that ships in full sail could pass between its legs; its height was 126 feet, few people could span its thumb. It was overthrown by an earthquake, after standing 1360 years; and being found prostrate on the ground by the Saracens, when they became masters of the island, was sold by them to a Jew, who loaded nine hundred camels with the brass of it.

In weighing, however, the destructive effects caused by the inroads of barbarous nations, in the scale of political philosophy, with the happiness of Europe, we are not to confine our eye to the dreadful ravages of Atilla the Hun, or Alaric the Goth; these are temporary evils; civilization and improvement, in general, have followed the bloody track, and the result has been beneficial to mankind. Not far distant from the Amphitheatre, are the arches of Constantine and Trajan.

Having formed a party to visit Tivoli, which is about eighteen miles from Rome, we left the capital, and twice crossed the Teverone, formerly the Anio, a blue stream, of

a sulphureous quality, and hence called *acqua zolfà*, having the singular property of incrusting whatever it passes over; even the herbs and vegetables, which it meets with, are in time so impregnated with the bitumen, which swims on its surface, as to receive a durability, which the air renders of a solid substance, and thence gives them a most singular appearance. This bears to the imagination some resemblance of the river Styx, fabled by poets. We passed the tomb of Plautia, and arrived through a wood of olives at the small town of Tivoli, which is situated on a declining hill. The object of our excursion was to see the temple of the Sibyl Tiburtine, which is erected on a rising ground, having the town on one side, and in front a grand cascade. The temple is one of the most charming pieces of antiquity existing. Views of it have, in consequence, been taken by various painters, and more particularly by Claude Lorrainé. The form is circular, supported by a range of eighteen columns of marble of the Corinthian order, and although in a neglected state, and suffering much from the ravages of time, it is still beautiful in the extreme. The water-fall opposite to the temple is astonishingly fine, the river moving with augmented rapidity, as its channel is confined, at length rushes headlong down a lofty precipice; the noise of its fall resounds through the hills and groves of Tivoli. We likewise visited the villa Estense belonging to the Duke of Modena, more remarkable for the whimsical water-works in the gardens, than any other peculiar merit. On returning to the temple of the Sibyl, we

found our careful Cicerone had procured us an excellent repast, with some cool wines and a refreshing desert, which adding to the beauty of the situation on the point of a mountain fronting the great cascade, induced us to remain several hours on this captivating spot, and which approaching night at length obliged us to quit with regret. The elegant and graceful form of this little edifice indicates its having been built, when the arts were in the highest state of perfection.

In the vicinity of this place are the ruins of the once magnificent villa of the Emperor Adrian, where, formerly, every luxury that art and nature could produce, was collected; to the buildings and gardens of this celebrated villa, the names of the most renowned places were given, such as the Lyceum, the Tempe of Thessaly, and the Prytaneum of Athens; nay, even the Elysian fields, and infernal regions, had their appropriate stations. Highly gratified with our excursion, we returned the following day to Rome.

The house in which I resided in the street of Il Corso, was known by the name of “Il Casa abruciate,” and belonged to a man of the name of Cazales, by profession a lawyer. His two sisters lived with him, and managed the œconomy of his domestic concerns with considerable attention and regularity. The youngest Onofrio was esteemed a beauty. She was “as innocent as young, and gay as beautiful,” full of spirits and vivacity; she entertained me frequently with

the most celebrated Italian airs, and “ il Signor Inglese” never returned to his apartments from the morning excursions without experiencing a sincere welcome from the easy and unaffected manners of a modern Roman family.

The society at Rome is, during the greater part of the year, extremely dull. The evening *conversazioni* are nearly as insipid as some of our routs in England. It requires a residence of some time to have the free ingress and egress of the houses of the principal families, who generally quit the capital in the summer months in search of variety at their country seats. The *sombre* cloud of *ennui*, which is suspended over the dull and heavy ceremonies of the church, deprives strangers of almost every inducement to remain longer at Rome than the time absolutely necessary to explore the remains of ancient magnificence.

There are a number of coffee-houses in Rome, to which foreigners frequently resort with the view of taking ices or other refreshments. The privilege that beggars possess of entering the doors, interrupting the most interesting conversation, and taking no refusal until they have extorted a few *paulis*, is intolerable. The best coffee-house is on the Piazza d'Espagne, so named from the palace of the Spanish Ambassador, which, together with the College of the Propaganda, is situated on this place, the latter being the superior building. On this spot is a fountain, whence there is a flight



of wide stone steps leading to the church of Trinita di Monti, containing the celebrated picture of the descent from the cross by Daniel de Volterre. It is reported that Michael Angelo gave the first idea of this subject to Volterre, as a counterbalance to the reputation of Raphael.

Of the Capitol, which, during many centuries, was so formidable and celebrated, whence heroes issued to conquer distant nations, and to which they returned to receive the rewards of their brilliant actions, there is scarcely left a trace of the original scite.

The temple of Jupiter Capitolin, and the Tarpeian rock, had here their respective stations. A flight of steps now leads to the modern Capitol; two Egyptian sphinxes decorate their base. The triumphal route is still preserved, which led to the Forum Romanum, now called the Campo Vaccino, or *field for cows*, which here graze in unmolested freedom. The equestrian statue of M. A. Antonius, decorates the centre of this place, and two columns, one of which was found on the Via Appia, mark the distance of the first mile from Rome. An object of importance, which presents itself to the eye of a stranger, is the Egyptian obelisk, elevated on the Piazzzi di Palazzo, leading from the Coliseum to St. John of Latran. This obelisk was transported by Constantine from Egypt. The palace of Latran was the residence of the former Popes, but has been abandoned, and is

now inhabited by two hundred orphans. The church of St. John of Latran holds the first rank among the patriarchal churches. On the election of a Pope it is taken possession of with much form and solemnity. The Scala Santa, or sacred stair-case, is stated with certainty to have belonged originally to the palace of Pontius Pilate ; it is the same that Christ was obliged to ascend to the tribunal. These steps were transmitted from Jerusalem by St. Helena. It is to Sixtus the Vth that we are indebted for bringing this relic out of obscurity. It now attracts a number of fanatics, who never ascend them but on their knees. As, however, it would be difficult to descend in this position without risking a fall, which might endanger their safety, a staircase on each side has been erected to avoid the inconveniences to which they would otherwise be subject.

In visiting the tomb of Christina, Queen of Sweden, it is impossible to avoid reflecting on the instability of the human mind ; so extraordinary a circumstance of the resignation of regal pomp and honor is rarely to be met with ; history relates that Christina had a very romantic turn, though at the same time she discharged all the duties of her high station. She was crowned in 1650, when the voice of the people strongly recommended Gustavus, Count Palatine, to the honor of sharing the sovereign power by a marriage with the Queen. The states foresaw the inconveniences that would ensue, should Christina, or Gustavus, declare either

against marriage, or against a mutual alliance. Yet no arguments could induce this princess to participate her authority. —In the month of February, 1650, the Queen declared her intentions, in a formal speech to the senate. She acquainted her people with the repeated remonstrances which had been presented to her on the subject of marriage, but alledged, that there were certain nuptial duties required in the ceremony, with which she could not prevail on herself to comply. She commended the affection and prudence of her senate, but said she should take as effectual a method to secure the succession, as that which they proposed. Her cousin, Prince Charles Gustavus, possessed all the qualities that they could possibly wish in her representative ; and, if they thought him worthy of sharing her bed, they could not think him unworthy of succeeding to the crown. She concluded with exhorting the senate to join their interest with her's, to render the proposition acceptable to the states of the kingdom. After this proposition had been much agitated, Gustavus was nominated immediate successor to the Queen, and this appointment was ratified by Christina, and the states of Sweden. The title of Highness was given him, and a revenue assigned for the support of his court and dignity.

The Queen had already hinted her intention to devolve the administration on the hereditary prince. She had discovered an early passion for study, reflection, and retirement. Having experienced all that human grandeur can give,

she wished for philosophical tranquillity, and was seduced by the flattery of the learned, into notions very contrary to the natural dictates of the female heart. To be thought wise, and learned, was now her chief passion; vanity was her foible; that passion had already been gratified with respect to power and grandeur, and now it flowed into another channel. She aspired at being the sovereign of the learned, and dictating in the Lyceum as she had done in the senate.

Nothing memorable occurred in Sweden till 1654, when on the 21st of May, the Queen assembled the states at Upsal. Here, in a set speech, she recapitulated all the transactions of her reign, and the numberless instances of her care and affection for her people; and concluded with fixing on the 16th of June, as the day on which she proposed resigning her crown and sovereignty to prince Charles Gustavus. When the day arrived, which she expected with as much eagerness as other princesses have wished for their coronation, she was astonished to find that the states proposed to fix her residence in Sweden. It was her intention to be at liberty to live where she pleased, and retire to countries where the sciences had made greater progress; and where the Catholic religion, which she had lately embraced, was established. This difficulty, however, she removed, by a promise of returning, as soon as she should have confirmed her health, by a short residence at Spa. She then divested herself of all authority, resigned her crown to her cousin, and dismissed the assembly



with a pathetic oration which drew tears from all the auditors. A few days after her resignation, she quitted the kingdom, and instead of proceeding to Spa, went directly to Rome, where she principally resided for the remainder of her life. She died on the 9th of April, 1689. Such was the extraordinary manner in which Christina resigned her crown, at the age of twenty-seven years, after a reign equally glorious to her government and to Sweden. The arts flourished by the force of her example, though she cultivated them more from vanity than taste. Catholic writers have been warm in the praise of her character; and, upon the whole, she was a princess of extraordinary qualities; quick, penetrating, eloquent, and spirited; endowed with talents truly masculine, but tinged with whim, caprice, vanity, and inconstancy.

The mode of punishment for theft and murder at Rome differs in some respect from that practised in other countries, although it is more shocking in appearance than in reality. When a criminal is to be executed, he is seated on a scaffold, while the executioner, who stands behind him, strikes him on the head with a hammer of a peculiar construction, which deprives him, at once, of all sensation. When it is certain that he is completely dead, the executioner, with a large knife, cuts his throat from ear to ear. This last part of the ceremony is thought to make a stronger impression on the minds of the spectators, than the bloodless blow which deprives the criminal of life. I question much, whether the

advantages resulting from this, are sufficient to compensate for shocking the public eye with such abominable sights. Executions of this description are generally attended by persons of the society of *della miserecordia*, who, from motives of piety, think it a duty to visit criminals under sentence of death, endeavouring to bring them to a proper sense of their guilt, assist them in making the best use of the short time they have to live, and attend them to the last. They wear long gowns, which cover them from head to foot, with holes immediately before the face, through which they can see without being recognized by the spectators; some carry tin boxes, into which the multitude put money to defray the expence of masses for the soul of the malefactor; this is considered by many as the most meretorious kind of charity. It seems as if a peculiar attention was paid to the criminal, by putting him to as little bodily pain as possible on these occasions; when he is turned off, the executioner steps from the ladder, and stands with a foot upon each of his shoulders, supporting himself in that situation with his hands on the top of the gallows, the assistants, at the same time, pulling down the malefactors's legs, so that his death must be instantaneous. The executioner then slides down the body, as a sailor does a rope, and removing a cloth which covers the face, gives the body a rapid twirl, to compleat, if necessary, the dislocation of the neck; two of the persons in masks generally cut the rope, and place the body in a coffin, and the procession then proceeds to a neighbouring church, where mass is said for the

soul of the deceased. In the Strada del Corso a pillar is erected, where persons guilty of petty crimes are brought to punishment; the delinquent being drawn up by a rope affixed to his hands, which are bound together, and by means of a pulley, he is suspended some time in the air; this is called the punishment of the cord: it is, however, cruel and injudicious, as too much is left in the power of those who superintend the execution, to make it severe or not, as they are inclined; indeed I saw an instance of this myself, where a culprit, who appeared to be somewhat hardened in guilt, being rudely exalted, had both his arms dislocated, and was thus rendered a useless member of society for life.

Much has been said on the national disposition of the Italians in revenging an imaginary, or real affront, by employing secret means for the destruction of the supposed aggressor, as assassination frequently leads to detection, from the involuntary confession, or discovery of the parties concerned, a more certain and less hazardous mode has been adopted, which not only appears to preclude the possibility of discovery, but is carried into execution with more facility, and is less horrible than employing the dagger of the assassin. This is by means of poison, which has been brought to singular perfection in Italy; the renowned *aqua tofana* is said to possess the remarkable quality, agreeably to the strength of the dose administered, of destroying the person to whom it is given at any stated period, the effect may be either instant-

neous, or protracted for months, or even years, and the sufferer will linger till the period arrives at which it is intended the deadly potion should undermine and destroy the constitution of its victim. A species of poison of this description appears, from tolerably authentic accounts, to be equally known to the African negroes, to the Americans, and the inhabitants of East India. In the Encyclopædia we read of the poison tree of Java, called in the Malayan language *bohun upas*, a tree often described by naturalists; but its existence has been very generally doubted, and the descriptions given of it containing much of the marvellous, have been often treated as idle fiction; from an account of a celebrated Dutch author, M. Foersch, it would appear as if it really did exist, by which it appears, that this tree is situated in the island of Java, about twenty-seven leagues from Batavia, fourteen from Soura Charta, the Emperor's seat, and about nineteen from Tinkjoe, the residence of the Sultan of Java. It is surrounded by hills and mountains, and the adjacent country, for twelve miles round the tree, is totally barren; this author describes the country on all sides as equally barren, dreary, and partaking of the effect of the noxious effluvia. The poison procured from it is a gum, issuing from between the bark and the tree, and it is brought by malefactors who have been condemned to death, but who are allowed, by this alternative, to have a chance for their life. This author relates a circumstance which happened, in the year 1775, to about four hundred families, (sixteen hundred souls), who refused to pay



some duty to the Emperor, and who were in consequence declared rebels, and banished ; they petitioned for leave to settle in the uncultivated parts round Upas ; the consequence of which was, that in less than two months their number was reduced to about three hundred souls, who begged to be reconciled to the Emperor, and were again received under his protection. With the juice of this tree, arrows, lancets, and other offensive weapons, are poisoned ; with lancets thus poisoned, M. Foersch observes, that he saw thirteen of the Emperor's concubines executed, for infidelity to his bed, in February, 1776. They were lanced in the middle of their breasts ; in five minutes after which, they were seized with a *tremor* and *subsultus tendinum*, and in fifteen minutes they were dead. If this account be true, it may be deemed the most violent of all vegetable poisons, and even more malignant than the *aqua tofana* of the Italians, by means of which, it is certain many individuals have had a period put to their existence.

I regretted much not being at Rome during the time of the Carnival, as this is by far the most pleasant period of the year. It is on these occasions, that the street of il Corso is filled with splendid carriages, followed by a numerous retinue of servants. Every one is masked, and, as the carriages pass on, the company mutually salute each other with a discharge of small white sugar-plumbs, which strew the streets with confectionary. During the last eight days, horse-races

succeed the other amusements. The races take place in the Corso; the horses are ornamented with ribbands, and without riders start at a signal given by the Mossa. Little short spikes are hung along their sides, as spurs to urge them on. They seem conscious of the efforts they are to make, which are increased by the applause of the spectators. On their arrival at the goal, which is distant about a mile, the proprietor of the victor gains the prize. To an Englishman, who has been accustomed to the jockeyship of Newmarket, this undoubtedly appears insipid and uninteresting; but the Romans, who have no better idea of sports of this description, and consequently no motive for deviating from an established custom, seem perfectly satisfied with the races del Corso. In some parts of Italy the Spanish bull-fights are feebly imitated, a single bull being repeatedly led forth in a small amphitheatre, wherein there is a representation of a female figure suspended in the air: the animal, by means of yelping curs at his heels, and crackers at his tail, is made to attack the maukin, which he concludes to be the instigator of his torments, and at which he directs, to the diversion of the populace, his impotent rage.

During the Carnival, which lasts six weeks, the operas are much frequented. It is owing, no doubt, to the confined period of this amusement, that the inhabitants are induced constantly to attend the theatre, whenever it is open. The prohibition of female performers, however, renders these *spectacles* very

insipid. An eunuch, dressed in the attire of a woman, with artificial trills, is but a miserable substitute for the natural delicacy of a female voice. It is a wretched consideration to reflect, that the Roman empire, which was once mistress of the world, should now be considered as fit only to supply it with fiddlers and castratos; or that the See of Rome, whose papal thunders were accustomed to shake the thrones of monarchs to their base, should now, for forty days, endure the mockery of masquerades, whercin virtue seems to be trampled under foot, and vice, in variegated fantastic shapes, permitted, even within the pale of the church, to reign triumphant. Yet is Rome (though now so reduced her state), as eager and ambitious as ever to hold the sceptre of power over extended territories, nor will the line of Virgil cease to be applicable, so long as the diminished thunders of the Vatican retain the smallest force.

“ Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento.”

As my friend, Noring, and I frequently dined in company with Count S——, a young Swedish nobleman, and his *companion de voyage*, a gentleman from Germany, we agreed, whenever we met at the table d'hôte on the Piazza d'Espagna, in order not to be understood by every one, to converse in distinct languages, and thus, by selecting English, French, Danish, and German, we prevented our inquisitive or curious neighbours from participating or interrupting what they could not understand. Discoursing one day on the sub-

ject of the ceremonies of the Catholic religion, the repairs that some of the churches had undergone, and the magnificence of others, our German friend observed, that he had lately been at Hamburg, where, from curiosity, he had taken a copy of a singular bill, that had fallen in his way, relative to beautifying and repairing some of the ornaments of a Lutheran church in that city, and which he accordingly produced. It ran as follows :

*The Elders of the High Church of ———, Dr. to GABRIEL SCHMIED-EMANN, Glazier, Gilder, Carver, and Painter, at HAMBURGH.*

	<i>Ct. Marcs,</i>	
To mending the ten Commandments - - - - -	10	0
To a nose and 3 fingers to one of the Robbers on the Cross -	7	9
To scouring and brushing Pontius Pilate, and contriving a Cap out of his Pelisse - - - - -	13	0
To gilding and painting the Wings of the Angel Gabriel - -	11	4
To half a breast for Mary Magdalen - - - - -	0	9
To clearing the sky in the East, and adding sundry stars - -	24	0
To cleaning and painting the high Priest's Maid, and adding color to her cheeks - - - - -	17	0
To putting a new feather in the Cock of St. Peter - - -	0	6
To burnishing and brightening hell fire, and providing tails and horns for two devils - - - - -	27	0
To strengthening the chains of some of the damn'd - - -	6	8
To beautifying and ornamenting some of the Elders, and straining their backs on frames - - - - -	13	4
To supporting one of the Apostles - - - - -	2	6
	<hr/>	
	C <sup>t</sup> Marcs	133 14
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Received the Contents in full

GABRIEL SCHMIEDEMANN.



The reading of this bill created a considerable degree of mirth, though we did not immediately deem it advisable, or necessary, to communicate the particulars to our neighbours.

The ruins of the Temple of Peace are still extant. This was formerly one of the most magnificent structures that ornamented Rome, it was unfortunately consumed by fire during the reign of the Emperor Claudius. The heated metal from the building ran in currents on the *via sacra* in conjunction with the water, which was in vain used to extinguish the flames. Near this spot is the triumphal arch of Titus; on the two basso relievos are still visibly sculptured the hero in his car, preceded by the victors, and accompanied by the Senate and the army; in the back ground are portrayed the spoils of Jerusalem.

The palace of Borghese contains a vast number of invaluable paintings and statues. The profusion of columns of porphyre, green and yellow marble, *lumachella antiqua*, and oriental alabaster urns, almost fatigue the eye. The celebrated statue of the combating gladiator, which is supposed to represent the Athenian General Chabrias, is particularly worthy of observation; as are likewise the sleeping Hermaphrodite, and the painting of the crucifixion by Michael Angelo, which gave rise to the abominable anecdote related of that immortal artist.

The palace of Farnese possesses the statue of Hercules Farnese, modelled by Glycon, the Athenian, the merits of which are too well known to need animadversion. Yet I must agree with Dr. Moore in regard to its form and attitude, the former being too unwieldy for active exertion, and the latter exhibiting vigor exhausted. Had this celebrated statue been in the posture of attack or defence, wherein the strength of the body and muscles had been more conspicuous, it would have excited greater admiration, than in its present state of reposing inactivity. The Farnesian bull is an admirable composition, seven figures, besides the rock on which they are represented, are composed out of one block of marble; the deplorable Dirce, bound by her hair to the horns of the furious animal, is placed on a rock, while Amphion and Zetus, thirsting for vengeance, are endeavouring to precipitate her from the eminence; a woman agitated by fear, her child, and a dog, constitute the groupe. Appollonius and Tauricus have immortalized themselves by this exquisite production. This work was brought from Rhodes to Rome, and placed in Caracalla's baths.

The Monte Testaccio is formed from a vast number of broken pitchers, jars, and other articles of earthen-ware, which the inhabitants of Rome were formerly obliged to deposit out of the city, instead of choking up the Tiber with these loose fragments of their domestic utensils. The mount is now one hundred and sixty feet in height, and cells have

been contrived to contain wines of various sorts, which are publicly sold, and drunk on the spot, in a much cooler state than elsewhere.

The theatre of Pompey, which is said to have contained 35,000 spectators, has scarcely any vestiges remaining of its original magnitude. The Palazzo Pio, and Campo di Fiore, now occupy, in part, the ground on which it stood. The day on which Cæsar was assassinated, the conspirators had, in this theatre, collected together a number of gladiators. The palace of Spada is in possession of the famous antique statue of Pompey, at the foot of which Cæsar fell a victim to his ambition.

*Frascati* is a charming little village, about twelve miles from Rome, and is built near the ruins of ancient Tusculum; the situation is agreeable, on the declivity of a hill, whence there is a prospect of the country-houses of many of the modern Romans, who seem to prefer this spot to Tivoli, where the ancient Romans had their villas.

The Villa Pamfili, or Aldobrandini, called likewise Belvidere, is among the most conspicuous of these summer retreats. The gardens are very extensive, and numerous supplied with cascades and fountains. The water-works, which are singular, are brought to great perfection. Pan is made to breathe sounds upon a flute; a Centaur blows a

trumpet ; an organ is put in motion ; and other trifling notes form a combination of sounds, which if not perfectly musical to the ear, has at least all the charms of novelty. The picture of Apollo and Marsyas, by Dominichino, is among the best of the collection. The subject is far from pleasing, and creates surprize that the god of harmony should be represented as putting an unfortunate satyr to the torture, for so feebly attempting to imitate his musical powers.

An avenue of trees, of considerable length, leads to the Grotta Ferrata, distant about three miles from Frascati. A convent is built on the ruins of the Tusculan villa of Cicero, and is inhabited by some Monks of the order of St. Basil. The villas Borghese, Mondragone, Conti Ludovici, Falconiere, and others, are all situated in the vicinity of Frascati. The delightful groves of lofty trees, the perspective views, cascades, and other charming scenes, prodigally abounding on this spot, give it, beyond description, a most fascinating appearance. It is no wonder the Roman nobility prefer the pleasures of a rural life to the dull sameness of the capital.

We returned to Rome from this excursion by the way of Castel Goldonfo, a little village near the lake Albano, or Castello, where his Holiness, the Pope, has a country seat, which, however, has nothing remarkable beyond its situation. The lake of Albano is an oval piece of water of about eight



miles in circumference, and is supposed to have been originally formed from the crater of a volcano. The waters once gained so rapidly on the adjoining territory, increasing 309 feet above their ordinary level, as to menace even Rome with an inundation. The mountain, which is on the borders of the lake, was, in consequence, perforated, and a canal of considerable length made to carry off the water. This is one of the most ancient and singular works of the Romans; it took place 398 years before the Christian æra. At the mouth of this canal there is a rustic building in the form of a temple. From the terrace of a Capuchin convent, on the summit of the mountain, the view is so extensive and picturesque, as to become one of the curiosities of Albano. On the road to this latter place is a ruin, reported to be the tomb of Ascanius, the son of Æneas. It is, however, impossible to ascertain the truth of this conjecture.

Near Albano is a mausoleum, and adjoining, are the remains of three pyramids. It is imagined by some that these may have been erected as the burial-place of the Horatii and Curiatii; others assert that the mausoleum was originally destined to contain the ashes of Pompey, as sent from Egypt to his wife Cornelia, and that there were five pyramids erected in honor of so many victories gained previously to his first appointment to the consulship. Taking the whole of the landscape about Tivoli, Albano, and Frascati, into one point of view, it may be fairly classed among the most romantic

and beautiful in the world ; it has accordingly become the favorite abode of every painter who travels for improvement.

Returning one day from my usual excursions, I met, in the Strada del Corso, Onofrio Cazales (the sister of the person, part of whose house I occupied) attended by an elderly lady, her relation ; this circumstance would have had nothing in it remarkable, had I not each day observed that at the same hour, and in the same place, I was equally fortunate, (for Onofrio was reckoned among the most beautiful women in Rome) ; at my approach, she drew aside her veil, and, with a smile, that did not entirely discourage my inclination to address her, gave me the salutation of the morning—Where are your steps directed, Signora, I cried ? She made me no answer, and would have proceeded, but that I detained her, and repeating my question, entreated permission to accompany her in her walk—“ No, Signor, (she replied) the object of my errand is such, that I fear, were I to communicate it, I should, in the eyes of an Englishman, not only be deemed reprehensible, but lose all claims to that innate modesty, which, however, customs or prejudices of countries may differ, should ever be cherished in a female breast.” I lamented to her the double vexation I experienced, in being denied the pleasure of attending her, and having my curiosity raised on a subject that she seemed averse to satisfy me upon—“ Well then (said she), if you are really anxious to know the cause of my matinal excur-

“ sion, I will, to-morrow, inform you of it.”—Saying this, she waved her hand in token of leaving me, and withdrew, and I, not a little disappointed, returned home. Anxious to hear the explanation she had promised, I took occasion, on the following day, to renew the subject. “ To tell you  
 “ the truth then, Signor, (she replied), I have been selected  
 “ by an eminent painter, at present in this city, as an ob-  
 “ ject worthy of representing the Venus of Annibal Carrachi,  
 “ which he prefers copying from life, rather than from the  
 “ original painting ; this custom is not unusual in Rome, and  
 “ with the consent of my friends, and accompanied by a re-  
 “ lation, I attend this artist for a pecuniary consideration,  
 “ which is of essential service to my family.”—“ And can the  
 “ modest Onofrio really for any consideration consent to li-  
 “ cence the inquisitive regards of vulgar eyes on charms that  
 “ cannot be considered with indifference, and which must  
 “ have power to inspire even the studious artist with sensa-  
 “ tions of admiration and delight, while pourtraying them,  
 “ dangerous to the efforts of his pencil, and the steadiness of  
 “ his ideas?”—“ Undoubtedly, (returned Onofrio), the painter  
 “ I attend has not the most distant idea of violating the most  
 “ scrupulous decorum, as his character depends on the strict  
 “ observance of reserve and delicacy ; thus, you see, I am  
 “ in every respect protected—necessity and custom does away  
 “ that which might otherwise be prejudicial to my character,  
 “ and I trust, even in your eyes, I shall stand acquitted.”—  
 “ You have, at least, (said I), laid your cause before a par-

“ tial judge, and since I can attach no degree of error to any  
 “ action which is influenced by a mind devoid of evil, I would  
 “ no more condemn Onofrio for offering her beautiful form  
 “ to the unhallowed gaze of an itinerant painter, than the  
 “ uninstructed Indian, who, following only Nature’s laws,  
 “ feels that outward form can add nothing to the native mo-  
 “ desty that dwells within her breast.”

How far Onofrio may stand excused in the eyes of my fair *countrywomen*, I know not, but I will venture to affirm, there is no *Englishman* who would not, like me, have exculpated the fair Roman when she pleaded her own cause.

Volpati and Piranese are the best engravers in Rome ; their collection of views in Italy, prints of various ruins, and of the most celebrated pictures, are so numerous, as to take a considerable time for inspection ; their encouragement of the arts is notorious, and those who do not wish to be at the expence of purchasing pictures, may here, at a reasonable rate, have excellent engravings of the same subjects. Piranese’s views of Rome, his *Scolo Italico*, and engravings of the various statues, are, together with Volpati’s prints of Raphael’s works, among the best in the Vatican. I saw an inimitably fine statue of Endymion at Piranese’s, which had been lately finished, and was intended for the King of Sweden, valued at four thousand scudi or crowns. It was exhibiting, previous to its being sent to Stockholm, and was the pro-



duction of a modern sculptor, who, with a plastic chissel, equal to Praxiteles, had touched the block of marble, and it started into form.

Grandel's engravings of medals are likewise worthy of notice. I purchased a most excellent edition of Virgil, wherein the colored engravings represented, in a most finished stile, the costume of the Latins and Trojans, executed by Bartoli, one volume folio, it is reckoned a valuable publication. A stranger, however, should be remarkably careful as to the purchase of pictures, coins, antiquities, or other valuable curiosities, at Rome. It is publicly known, that an Englishman established and resident in this city, makes a common practice of imposing on his inexperienced countrymen ; by various deceptions he has, by this means, amassed a considerable property. Modern antiques, and copies of pictures, cameos, intaglios, &c. which he vouches to be originals, form a considerable proportion of his collection, and which are retailed to the unsuspecting traveller at enormous prices. It would almost appear, that this man had established a manufactory for producing ready-made medals and coins, with all the invaluable green rust of antiquity upon them.

There are in this city several public fountains, which are remarkable, particularly that on the Piazza Navone ; Bernin, the artist, has here united modern with ancient architecture. The water issues in torrents from four cavities through a per-

forated rock, four colossal statues represent the four principal rivers in the world ; the rock serves as a pedestal to an obelisk taken from the Circus of Caracalla. Ancient Rome was remarkable for the magnificence of her aqueducts ; this necessary institution is still observed. The fountain of Trevi is brought the distance of eight miles ; the marble basin, which receives the water, forms a kind of lake. There are various other fountains of less importance. Christina, Queen of Sweden, on her arrival in the metropolis, conceiving these various fountains were playing in honor of her presence, desired they might be œconomized and discontinued ; the inscription, *aquæ perennes*, was pointed out to her observation, and the wonder ceased.

Rome no longer boasts its numerous and magnificent public baths, which were daily opened for the convenience of the inhabitants of both sexes, and where three or four thousand persons might use the waters in distinct apartments. Of these buildings of public utility, the Emperors were prodigal in the construction and ornament. They were called *Thermes*, from the Greek word signifying heat. The ruins of the *Thermes* of Titus and Caracalla, display still an air of grandeur. A saloon in the *Thermes* of Diocletian still exists in its entire state, preserved from the ravages of time. The mausoleum of Adrian, on the banks of the Tiber, called *Mole Adriana*, is now no longer dedicated to the remembrance of the dead, it is converted into the Castle of St. An-

gelo, and defends the city. On enquiring the reason for substituting the present name for its original descriptive title, I was informed, that under the pontifical reign of Gregory the Great, the city being afflicted with the triple evils of plague, war, and famine, the holy Father ordered a general procession, during which he discovered a vision of the avenging Angel sheathing his sword immediately above the mausoleum, which was a signal to the people that divine vengeance had ceased. To commemorate so striking an event, he forthwith caused the urn containing the ashes of Adrian, to be taken down, and the statue of the angel to be erected in its place.

There are certain persons at Rome termed *Improvvisatori*, who are elsewhere occasionally to be met with, possessing the art of reciting extempore verses. I frequented a house, where a lady of this description amused the company for above an hour, accompanying her voice with the harp; and although the verses might be inferior to those of Tasso, yet they gained considerable applause. The subject given to her, was, Hercules debating between the choice of vice and virtue; the enthusiastic ardor of some of these composers is astonishing, and their poetical genius is certainly peculiar to the national character of the Italians.

The origin of the *Improvvisatori*, may certainly be traced to the *Troubadours*, who existed in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries; the word in itself signifies inventor, and is worthy

of the subject to which it refers, as it expresses the genius of those poets whose compositions have been recorded. The *Jongleurs*, mentioned by Petrarch, and others, were a set of men who went about singing, or reciting the compositions of the *Troubadours*, and who sometimes aspired at the rewards and honors of both professions.

The works and fame of these composers would have been buried in oblivion, had not M. de St. Pelaie, with immense labor, rescued them from utter neglect, in his *Memoirs on Ancient Chivalry*, whereby the literary history of both England and France has derived considerable benefit from the poets of those early ages ; as poetry preceded prose in all nations, a wish to perpetuate any action gave rise to a language beyond that of common life, and as there is a strong affinity between music and poetry, the words were accompanied with suitable airs, which fixed them still deeper on the memory.

It was thus to the bards that every hero looked for the celebration of his exploits, and the valor and emulation of their countrymen were, in consequence, roused by the description of heroic actions in verse.

As a further elucidation of this opinion, I shall here insert the character of one of the *Troubadours*, as given by M. de St. Pelaie, and translated into English by the author of the life of Petrarch.



“ Girard Calonson was a *Jonglour*, and *Troubadour* of  
 “ Gasgony, well skilled in letters, and who composed with  
 “ elegance. He wrote songs, moral pieces, and reflections  
 “ on the events of his age ; but he was not, says the Provençal  
 “ historian, held in the esteem he deserved, and his pieces  
 “ were ill received at the court of Provence, where he resided.  
 “ The most curious piece of this *Troubadour*’s, is a long in-  
 “ struction given to a *Jongleur* ; it contains details on the art  
 “ of the *Troubadours*, and the *Minstrels* ; the knowledge suited  
 “ to each profession, and on the music of the ancients. Some  
 “ parts of it are curious, but in others, the matter is so ob-  
 “ scure, and the text so corrupted, that it is impossible to  
 “ fathom the meaning of it.

“ Learn to do well, to speak well, to rhyme well, and  
 “ to contrive amusing games. Learn to play on the tabor,  
 “ and the cymbals, and make symphony resound. Learn to  
 “ throw and catch little apples on the points of knives ; to  
 “ imitate the songs of birds, attacks on castles, to jump  
 “ through four hoops, to play on the cittal, and the man-  
 “ dore ; to perform on the cloncorde and the guitar, for they  
 “ are delightful to all ; to string the viol with seventeen  
 “ chords, sound the bells, to play on the harp, and to com-  
 “ pose a jig, that shall enliven the sound of the psaltery.  
 “ *Jongleur*, thou shalt prepare nine instruments of ten  
 “ chords ; if thou learnest to play well on them, they will  
 “ furnish thee with ample melody.”

It appears by this, a *Jongleur* was to unite the games of what we now term juggler with the knowledge of music.

After this, follows a catalogue of romances, which the *Jongleur* was to read ; they were esteemed a sublime science.

“ If thou learnest these things, they will abundantly reward thee, and furnish all thy wants. Sound then, the lyre, and resound the bells. Learn also, how love runs and flies : learn his simplicity of appearance, and beware of his treachery. Behold how he repels justice with his sharpened darts, and his two pointed arrows ! the one is of burnished gold, dazzling the eyes of mortals, and the other of polished steel, which strikes so deep, that its wounds can never be healed. Learn the laws and decrees of love, and thou shalt be able to explain its various degrees ; thou shalt unfold its rapid entrance, its irksome life, its swift decay, the deceits which it exercises, and the destruction it occasions. When thou dost perfectly understand all this, fail not to present thyself before the young King of Arragon, for he is the prince of gallantry, and of all science. If thou distinguishest thyself among the excellent, thy gifts shall be noticed ; but if thou remainest in mediocrity, thou meritest nothing but contempt from the most gracious Prince that ever lived.”

This *Troubadour* had been rigorously treated by his mis-

tress ; he forsook her, and attached himself to another with no better success. The time of his death is not mentioned by the historian from whom I have quoted the above account.

The ancient method adopted by the Romans of burning the bodies of the deceased, to prevent corruption, and consequently infection, caused the erection of many superb tombs and monuments beyond the suburbs of the city. There are still existing slight vestiges of the tombs, to perpetuate the memory of the Scipios, Metellus, and Servilius. The monument of Cæcilia, the daughter of Metellus Creticus, and the wife of the rich Crassus, remains uninjured. It has now the appellation of Capo di Bove ; a verse from Virgil was graven in the interior.

“ *Semper honos, nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt.*”

On pronouncing these lines aloud, an artificial echo caused the voice five times to be repeated.

There are no remains of the tomb of Numa ; a small round temple, indeed, which he dedicated to the goddess Vesta, is still extant on the banks of the Tiber. The small church of St. Urbano is erected on the ruins of a temple dedicated to Bacchus. On this spot, it is said, was formerly the wood, the grotto, and the fountain of Egeria and the Muses, where Numa Pompilius pretended to search into the

oracles, the more completely to impose on a credulous and superstitious people.

The pyramid, or tomb of Cestius, owes its durability as much to its simplicity, as to the solid form of its building. The urn, which contained the ashes of the deceased, no longer exists ; on the monument appears the following inscription :

*C. Cestius L. F. Prob. epulo. Pr. Tr. Pl. VII. Vir epulonem.*

The arches of Septimius Severus and Caracalla, still remind us of the triumphal entry of the conquerors to the Capitol, on quitting the Via Appia. The temple of Concord, or rather the remains of it, erected by Furius Camillus, in commemoration of a reconciliation between the nobles and people, is adjacent to the small church of San Pietro, in Carcere, where there is a vault, said to have been originally a dungeon, in which criminals were confined ; in this prison, it is surmised, St. Peter and St. Paul were detained. The person, who shews the spot, neglects not to point out a mark in the wall, which he states to bear the impression of one side of St. Paul's face, who fell against it, when rudely hurried down the stairs by the centurion of the day. A fountain, likewise, miraculously sprang up in the dungeon, whereby St. Peter was enabled without further trouble to baptize and convert his guards. These walls also witnessed that act of filial piety which Duty warranted, and Nature taught, when



the Roman daughter sustained, with the ample store of her maternal breast, the author of her being; to commemorate which act, a statue was erected to her memory. The temple of Minerva Medica, which, in its ruined state, is situated in a garden where vegetables are cultivated, has still some interesting marks for observation. A statue of this goddess is in the Palazzo Justiniani. On going out of the Porta Salara, we came to the Campo Sceleratus, where, it is alleged, a subterraneous temple formerly existed, in which those vestals, who violated their vows of chastity, were buried alive. This brought us somewhat further on to the Ponte Salaro, across the river Teverone, celebrated as the spot where Manlius Torquatus gained a victory, most obstinately contested by the Gauls, when ravaging the Roman territory.

To attempt a description of the various monuments of antiquity in or about Rome, is not my object; volumes would not suffice to fulfil so arduous an engagement. It has been justly observed, that there are persons who have for years taken up their residence in this city, and are still not satisfied with exploring the remains of art; how little, therefore, is the stay of a few weeks adequate to such an undertaking? The most prominent vestiges of antiquity, indeed, I examined with all the thirst inspired by curiosity, or an ardent wish for local information; yet a material objection prescribed bounds to my intellectual enjoyment. We were already far advanced in the month of September; my travelling companion had his

ministerial leave of absence confined to one twelvemonth, and we were on our return from Italy to pass the Alps, previous to the setting in of winter. I had not yet visited Naples, where there was much to be seen, no time was therefore to be lost. Mr. Noring had, on a former occasion, been in Italy, and wishing to prolong his stay in Rome as much as possible, he advised my seeking a companion for the trip to the Neapolitan dominions. As this method of arranging occasional excursions is very usual, I soon came to an agreement with an Italian Abbé. We decided on quitting Rome in a hired carriage the following morning, and having settled with a *Viturino*, stipulating as usual the additional sum for *bonamano*, or drink-money, we prepared for our departure, taking therefore a farewell glass of *vino d'orviato* with my friends the preceding evening, and ordering my Cicerone to attend me, we commenced our peregrinations without consulting the augurs, or observing other Romish rites, that might be usual on such momentous occasions.

The road between Rome and Naples, as far as the Ecclesiastical dominions extend, is very stony and bad, and the face of the country so intolerably steril, that an Englishman would have every reason to regret having quitted his own country, did not the objects of his pursuits amply recompence him for these inconveniences. The Via Appia, or ancient road of the Romans, extending as far as Capua, still exists, though in so deplorable a state, that it requires strong nerves and

sound springs to overcome the difficulties of passing them. At some little distance from Rome stands the city of Albano, once the rival of the capital. There formerly existed much animosity between the inhabitants of these two cities, which, however, ceased, and the superiority of the former was acknowledged by the defeat of the Curiatii. We passed the territory of the Volsci, where Coriolanus sought the destruction of his country, and entered Marino, the next town of any magnitude. Subsequently traversing the mountain of Albano between Marino and Fayola, where the road runs on the margin of the Lake of Castel Gandolfo, thus arriving at Velettri, a place which boasts the birth of Augustus, and where a statue of bronze, executed by Bernini, is erected to the memory of Pope Urban the eighth.

Piperno, formerly Privernum, is described in the *Æneid* as the birth-place of Camilla, Queen of the Volsci, who in the heat of an action was killed by an arrow, whilst pursuing a priest of Cybele with the view of despoiling him of his rich vestments. On this road there is a view of Monte Circello, famous in fabulous history for the residence of the enchantress Circe. Homer's description of the adventures of Ulysses and his companions, present themselves here to the imagination with double force.

Terracina, formerly called Anxur, has nothing remarkable in it, a cathedral excepted, which had been originally a

temple dedicated to Jupiter. Between this place and Mola di Gaeta, we passed part of the *palude Pontine*, or the Pontine marshes, from which noxious exhalations arise, dangerous to the traveller who rests a night on this almost deserted spot. All this country was formerly cultivated; the sea now makes inroads upon the territory, and vapors infect the air, which are increased by the Sirocco winds, commencing about the middle of July, and lasting till the rainy month of October, frequently occasioning fevers, and other complaints, to the surrounding inhabitants. Successive Popes have formed plans for rescuing this territory from its desolated state, whereby not only the health of the inhabitants would be considerably benefited, but an extensive portion of land gained for the purpose of agriculture. No successful effort has, however, yet been made to carry these plans into execution. An Italian proverb says, “*Onor di bocca molto vale e poca costa.*” Great words sound well, and cost little!

Gaeta is the key to the Neapolitan dominions. It is asserted the name of this place took its rise from the nurse of Æneas, at least Virgil thus immortalizes the matron:

“ Tu quoque littoribus nostris, Æneia nutrix,  
 “ Æternam moriens famam, Caieta, dedisti.”

This, probably, is the first town of antiquity that was ever rendered conspicuous by grafting its reputation on the name of an old nurse.



From this place the country assumes a fertile appearance, and nature wears a different aspect ; the laborious peasant, with a smiling countenance, gives outward token of a mild and encouraging government. It may truly here be stiled “ *Campania felix*.” About two miles from modern Capua are still some vestiges of the former city of that name ; the ruins of a spacious Amphitheatre seem to reproach the natives for permitting the inroads and depredations of barbarians to remain unrepaired and neglected. Ancient Capua had once the audacity to propose to Rome a division of the imperial authority. This occurred after the celebrated battle of Cannæ, in the third year of the second punic war, when the Romans, under the command of the Consuls Æmilius and Varro, were defeated by Hannibal, with the loss of between 5000 and 6000 horse, and about 70,000 foot, slain or taken prisoners. Livy thinks, that, if the Carthaginian general had followed up his advantages gained on this memorable occasion, Rome itself must have yielded to the conquerors. Polybius, however, maintains a different opinion, and justifies Hannibal in his subsequent march to Capua. Immediately after this battle the Capuans resolved to treat with the Carthaginians, and accordingly delivered up the city to them, where Hannibal remained during the ensuing winter. It was hence he sent his brother, Mago, to Carthage with an account of his success, Mago reporting to the Senate, “ That their  
“ general had defeated six Consular armies, slain above  
“ 200,000 Romans, and taken more than 50,000 prisoners,

“ that Bruttium and Apulia, with a part of Samnitus and  
 “ Lucania, had revolted to the Carthaginians ; that Capua,  
 “ the chief city not only of Campania, but in the present  
 “ low estate of Rome, even of Italy, had surrendered to  
 “ Hannibal, and concluded by saying, that for so many and  
 “ so great victories, it was meet to return solemn thanks to  
 “ the immortal Gods.”

Livy and some other historians say, that both Hannibal and his soldiers were extremely softened by the effeminate life they gave themselves up to this winter at Capua, and are very particular in their description of the luxury of the Carthaginians, making Capua prove as fatal a place to them, as Cannæ had been to the Romans. It does not however appear, by their subsequent behaviour, that they had lost much of their martial ardour. The principal cause of the decline of Hannibal's affairs in Italy, after the battle of Cannæ, seems to have been his not receiving supplies from his own country ; notwithstanding which, he, in the face of many Roman armies, commanded by Marcellus and Sempronius, sent to oppose him, renewed the siege of Casilinum, which lasted a considerable time, and reduced the garrison to such extremities, that they were at last obliged to subsist on rats, and what other vermin they could find ; and pulling off even the leather that covered their shields, boiled it in soft water, and ate it ; and when Hannibal, to hinder them from gathering any weeds or roots that grew close under the wall, had

ploughed up the ground, they threw turnip-seed out upon the mould, of which, when the Carthaginian had heard, he cried out, “ What ! am I then to sit here till their turnips “ come to maturity ?” From this time, terms were granted and accepted, the place surrendered, and the Carthaginians left a garrison of seven hundred men there. When Hannibal afterwards, to attract the attention of the Romans from Capua, crossed the Anio, and pitched his camp within five miles of Rome, the inhabitants of this city sold the ground, on which his camp stood, at full price, which so provoked the Carthaginian, that he put to sale the bankers’ shops that were round the Roman forum.

Capua was subsequently hard pressed by the Romans, without a possibility of receiving any relief from Hannibal ; such, indeed, was the implacable hatred between these towns, that, previous to the surrender, Vibius Virius despairing of terms, addressed the Senate house by saying, “ Death is our “ only refuge ; I have prepared an entertainment at my “ house ; when we have finished our repast, a cup shall go “ round, that will end our days and our misfortunes together ; “ let all those who are weary of life, or despise it, or despair “ of preserving it, follow me ; funeral piles are already pre- “ pared to burn our bodies. A glorious death will gain us “ esteem from our enemies, and the perfidious Hannibal will “ lament the loss of allies, who did not thus deserve to be

“ deserted and betrayed.” Twenty-seven of the Assembly followed Virius, accepted the entertainment to which they were invited, and closed all with a cup of poison. Campania was, after the reduction of Capua, stripped of every monument of its original grandeur ; it was no longer a city, it had neither Senate, Comitia, or magistrates of its own. Rome sent a Præfect thither annually, to preserve order in the place, and hear causes ; its former slothful and effeminate inhabitants were transplanted elsewhere, and succeeded by Roman colonies of laborious and industrious husbandmen.

Naples was originally founded by the Greeks, and called Parthenope, the name given by fabulous history to one of the Syrens, who, enraged that her arts could not allure Ulysses, threw herself into the sea ; her corpse being cast ashore, was buried where Naples now stands. Its local situation is remarkably beautiful, in a country abounding with the choicest productions of man, and exhibiting the more striking and magnificent features of the great creative Power. The bay, which is about thirty miles in circumference, and twelve in diameter, has been compared to a Crater, being surrounded by hills, dales, towns, villages, and abundant plantations. Adjacent mountains protect the city from the north winds, the softness of the atmosphere, which seems to cover the Campagna Felice, is equally felt here. It is with justice entitled the native place of the Zephyrs. The



following exquisite effusion I once met with, does not unaptly express the sensations one naturally feels in breathing this mild air :

### ODE TO THE SOUTHERN BREEZE.

- “ SOFT cherub of the southern breeze,  
 “ Oh ! thou whose voice I love to hear,  
 “ When lingering through the rustling trees,  
 “ With length’ning sighs it soothes mine ear !
- “ Oh ! thou, whose fond embrace to meet,  
 “ The young spring all enamour’d flies,  
 “ And robs thee of thy kisses sweet,  
 “ And on thee pours her laughing eyes !
- “ Thou, at whose call the light fay’s start,  
 “ That silent in their hidden bower  
 “ Lie penciling, with tenderest art,  
 “ The blossom thin and infant flow’r !
- “ Soft cherub of the Southern breeze,  
 “ Oh ! if aright I tune the reed  
 “ Which thus thine ear would hope to please,  
 “ By simple lay, and humble meed ;
- “ And if aright, with anxious zeal,  
 “ My willing hands this bow’r have made,  
 “ Still let this bow’r thine influence feel,  
 “ And be its gloom thy fav’rite shade !

- “ For thee, of all the cherub train,  
   “ Alone my votive muse would woo,  
 “ Of all that skim along the main,  
   “ Or walk at dawn yon mountains blue ;
- “ Of all that slumber in the grove,  
   “ Or playful urge the Goss’mer’s flight,  
 “ Or down the vale or streamlet move,  
   “ With whimper soft and pinion light :
- “ I court thee, thro’ the glimm’ring air,  
   “ When morning springs from slumbers still,  
 “ And, waving bright his golden hair,  
   “ Stands tiptoe on yon eastern hill.
- “ I court thee, when at noon reclin’d,  
   “ I watch the murm’ring insect throng  
 “ In many an airy spiral wind,  
   “ Or silent climb the leaf along.
- “ I court thee when the flow’rets close,  
   “ And drink no more receding light,  
 “ And when calm eve to soft repose  
   “ Sinks on the bosom of the night.
- “ And when beneath the moon’s pale beam,  
   “ Alone ’mid shadowy rocks I roam,  
 “ And waking visions round me gleam,  
   “ Of beings, and of worlds to come ;
- “ Smooth glides with thee my pensive hour,  
   “ Thou warm’st to life my languid mind ;  
 “ Thou cheer’st a frame with genial pow’r,  
   “ That droops in ev’ry ruder wind.

“ Breath cherub ! breath ! once soft and warm,

“ As thine the gale of fortune blew :

“ How has the desolating storm

“ Swept all I gaz’d on from my view !

“ Unseen, unknown, I wait my doom,

“ The haunts of men indignant flee,

“ Hold to my help a listless gloom,

“ And joy but in the muse and thee.”

The inhabitants, depending too much on the fertility of the soil, give themselves but little trouble in cultivating the necessaries of life ; this, at times, occasions a scarcity, which is the origin of insurrections.

Naples, when viewed from the bay, wears the form of an extensive amphitheatre, gradually descending to the sea. The prospect from the town is, beyond description, rich. At a distance appear Mount Vesuvius, a source at once of pleasure and awful sublimity ! the town of Portici, and the promontories of Misenum and Minerva, terminated by the islands Caprea, Procida, and Ischia. On another side are Pausilippo, the mountain on which Virgil’s tomb is erected, and fertile fields leading to Puzzuoli, and the coast of Baia. The castle of St. Elmo, which appears equally conspicuous, adds grandeur to this striking *coup d’œil*, the mind being thus never wearied nor disgusted by uniformity or insipidity. There is probably no city in Europe, which unites so many interesting objects, or phenomena of nature, as the environs

of Naples ; the philosopher, the naturalist, the man of taste, or the artist, distinctly find abundant employment in their several researches. I shall briefly trace what came within my scope of observation, without enlarging on such as have already been ably touched upon by writers, who heretofore have dwelt with more accuracy on these interesting subjects.

On making an excursion from Naples to Baia, or Cumæ, it is necessary to pass through the mountain Pausilippo, which has been completely excavated, to form a subterraneous passage of twenty feet in breadth, between thirty and forty in height, and two thousand three hundred and sixteen feet in length ; light being admitted at each end, but so sparingly from an aperture pierced through the centre, that one should mistake this thoroughfare for an avenue leading to the regions of eternal night, were it not usual, on traversing it, to carry flambeaux, which, however, burn but dimly, from the dust raised by the wheels of carriages. An inscription at the entrance of the grotto, indicates, that the Viceroy Peter de Toledo enlarged and rendered it more commodious, than it heretofore had been. About the end of the month of October, the effect of the setting sun darting his lengthened rays through the passage, is said to be singularly brilliant. At the summit of the mountain stands the tomb of Virgil, the path to which is through a vineyard ; it is shaded on all sides by shrubs and bushes, and overhung by an ancient bay-tree. This immortal poet died at Brindes, in Calabria ; the body



was brought to Naples, where he had passed many winters. —The blooming laurel on Virgil's tomb has given rise to much controversy, many travellers having asserted their having seen it; others denying the fact of its having, for centuries, afforded so many branches to the curious visitors, or even of its existence; the truth is, that the laurel which is frequently planted, is as repeatedly plucked away; for a few carlins the Cicerone permits this robbery, and the impositions, vulgarly called in this country, *astuzia*, is practised on the next credulous traveller.

Quitting the mountain of Pausilippo, we proceeded on the way to Puzzuoli. There are on the road various baths, which were repaired, at a considerable expence, by the Vice-roy Don P. A. D'Arragon, on the recommendation of his chief physician, Vincenzo Crisconio. The perspiring caves of St. Germano, near the lake of Di Agnano, are reckoned of essential service to persons afflicted with the gout, rheumatism, or sciatic complaints, the vapors arising from the sulphureous quality of the earth are of a very penetrating nature, and the caves are so heated thereby, that it is not possible to remain long in them. The water passing through this earth becomes equally impregnated with sulphureous matter, and many persons from Naples, especially of the lower class, afflicted with rheumatic pains, resort to these hot baths, as a grand specific for their complaints.

Near the Lago di Agnano, about half a mile in diameter, is the Grotto de Cane, so called, from the circumstance of experiments being frequently tried upon dogs in this cave, wherein exhalations arise which are destructive to life. When the head of a dog is held to the earth for a few minutes, he becomes convulsed, and would shortly expire, were he not brought into the open air, which restores him. Formerly, it was conceived that the immersing of animals in the adjoining lake, had alone the virtue of reviving suspended animation. It has since, however, by experience, been clearly proved, that common air has the same effect. Charles the VIIIth, King of France, at the conquest of Naples, tried the experiment on an ass, which was driven into the cave, and shortly expired. Don Pietro di Toledo, the acting Viceroy in 1694, still more cruel, ordered two slaves to be taken into the grotto, whose immediate death was the natural consequence of his barbarity. A lighted torch will be extinguished on holding it over the earth, the vapors from which, I have before observed, are alike fatal to whatever has life.

About a mile from Puzzuoli, are the Solfatara mountains, surrounding a plain nearly a mile in circumference. Several sulphureous passages here give vent to smoke, which issues from these caverns of the earth. A combination of allum and vitriolic matter, causes the territory to be in a constant state of agitation, from the remains of an exhausted volcano. Small huts in the vicinity of the plain, denote the

habitation of some labourers, who collect fossil salt, &c. Genuine sal ammoniac is equally obtained here in abundance. The annual produce from Solfatara, is supposed to be three hundred quintals of sulphur, sixty quintals of rock allum, two of sal ammoniac, and one of verdegrease. On traversing the plain, it appears that the earth, beneath the surface, is completely excavated. A stone, thrown down with violence, returns a hollow sound, which leaves an impression on the mind by no means unattended with fear for one's personal safety. The white steril smoking appearance of these mountains, where vegetation ceases, induced Strabo to call them " Forum Vulcanium," and Pliny, " Campi Phlegræi," on which poetical fiction has dwelt with considerable effect; no earthly abode could, with more propriety, have been selected by Vulcan for forging the thunderbolts of Jupiter, had he chosen to have taken up his abode here, instead of the Liparean islands near Sicily.

The town of Puzzuoli is about eight miles distant from Naples, it is said to have been built by a colony of Emigrés from the island of Samos, and was called ~~Dicarchia~~. When Hannibal ravaged Italy, the senate of Rome fearing he would take this place by assault, sent, for its defence, a detachment of soldiers, under the command of Q. Fabius, whence it took the name of Puteoli. The environs of this town had formerly many attractions; Sylla, having abdicated the Dictatorship, retired to this place, and in the last moments of his life, not

*Dicarchia*

forgetful of his former power, caused a magistrate to be strangled for disobeying his orders. A proof how inexorable mortals are, when accustomed to supreme authority !

The ruins of Cicero's villa, at Baiæ, are of considerable extent ; the greatest part is now, alas ! immersed in water.

In the luxuries of Pozzuoli, many of the Romans sought a retreat, where, during winter, they enjoyed their “ *otium cum dignitate*.” Scipio Africanus dwelt at Laternum, now Torre di Patria. The extensive gardens of Lucullus, at Misena, are no more ; but of the palace of the Cæsars, there are still some vestiges. When Nero came here by sea, brothels were erected on the shores, and he was welcomed by courtezans. It was in this palace that the monster invited his mother to a feast of reconciliation ; when, after overwhelming her with caresses, he conducted her to the bark, from which it was destined she should find a watery grave. By a miracle she escaped ; but it was only to experience a more cruel destiny at Baoli.

The cathedral of Pozzuoli retains marks of antiquity. This was originally a temple, dedicated by the Emperor Adrian to Antionus. It is not a few benedictions, or a little holy water, that can wash away the impurity of such dedications. A pedestal remains, on which there was formerly a statue of Tiberius, erected in honor of that Emperor's re-building, in



Asia, thirteen cities, which had been overthrown by an earthquake.

The convulsions of nature, which destroyed Puzzuoli, proved equally fatal to Baia. The palaces of Marius, Augustus, Pompey, Anthony, Nero, Adrian, Domitian, Sylla, Lucullus, and others, have entirely disappeared, and scarcely left a wreck behind. This is a lesson, from which human nature turns with disgust at its own nothingness ; it shews the insignificance of our highest boasts, and the little confidence to be placed in the weak attempts of mortals, who would transmit to posterity lasting proofs of superior power or genius.

In the vicinity of this place are the ruins of the ancient city of Cumæ, renowned for its liberty, and well-regulated laws. It was here that Tarquin the Superb, when driven from Rome, sought a sanctuary, and died in retirement. This place too afforded shelter to the discomfited Romans subsequently to the disastrous battle of Cannæ.

At no great distance appears the lake of Avernus, and the grotto of the Sybil, whence issued the famous oracles ; and somewhat further, the Torre di Patria, or tomb of Scipio Africanus, on which is graven “ *Ingrata patriæ, neque ossa mea habebis.*”

The Elysian fields, now a plain of no considerable magnitude, lead to Acheron, or the Sea of Death, “ *il mare morto*,” a stagnate piece of water, whose noxious exhalations are of so morbidic a nature, as to be stiled by Virgil “ *tenebrosa palus*.” Hence the country is little cultivated; and exclusive of various scattered remains of former structures, the eye meets no objects, save a few remnants, spared by the destructive hand of time to point out a territory once renowned and peopled by the conquerors of the world.

Beyond Baia, we were shewn the spot on which had been erected the temple of Hercules, named Baulo, so called from the stable where the bulls had been kept, which he is said to have brought from Spain. Nor is it less celebrated on account of Agrippina, the mother of Nero, having here been put to death by her unnatural son. Well might she exclaim to the centurion, who carried the orders into effect—“ Strike, “ strike this breast, for it gave birth to Nero.” Her remains were subsequently transported to Rome by Caius Caligula, and deposited in the sepulchre of Augustus.

From the promontory of Miseno, a name derived from Miseno the companion of Æneas, who died here, are visible the islands of Nisida, Procida (where the King of Naples preserves game, particularly pheasants), Eschia, and Caprea, the latter, notorious for the occasional residence of Tiberius, whose palaces, baths, and other prodigal monuments of lux-

ury and debauchery, were, after his death, held in such abhorrence, that the Romans sent a regiment of pioneers to destroy the works that had embellished his retreat. The remains of these edifices are therefore scarcely visible, and hardly of sufficient importance to induce any one to make an excursion to the island.

“ Les monumens de la vie privée des douze Césars, d’après  
 “ une suite de pierres et médailles gravées sous leur règne,”  
 affords numerous and incontestable instances of the extreme depravity and obscenity which reigned at this period, it is therein stated—“ dès que Tibère se fut caché dans l’isle de  
 “ Caprée, il se livra à des infamies sans exemple : il avoit  
 “ orné tous ses appartemens d’une infinité de tableaux et de  
 “ statues obscènes, pour que chacun eût devant ses yeux  
 “ l’image de quelque posture ou de quelque attitude lascive,  
 “ sa bibliothèque étoit remplie de livres erotiques et voluptueux,  
 “ et les ouvrages d’Elephantis de Milet, d’Hermogène de  
 “ Tarse, et de Philenis y tenoient le premier rang. *Tunc*  
 “ *primum ignota ante vocabula reperta sunt Sellariorum et Spintri-*  
 “ *arum, ex fœditate loci, ac multiplici patientiâ.*”

TACIT. LOC. CIT.

Amongst the many medals that have been handed down to posterity, with the view of perpetuating the actions of great men, I, by chance, met with one, as remarkable for its antiquity, as the subject which gave rise to it:—It repre-

sented Clodius, who, disguised in female attire, had penetrated into the temple of Venus Urania, at the moment when the misterious rites of the goddess were about to be celebrated.—It is well known, that the ceremonies usual on these occasions were observed with such peculiar strictness by the Romans, that matrons alone were permitted to officiate, and no male being, of any description, was permitted to pass the threshold of the temple, nay, even the statues and pictures were scrupulously veiled.—Clodius, whose illicit passion for Pompeia rendered him regardless of these laws, and even personal safety, in the habit of a matron entered the temple, and being admitted by one of Pompeia's attendants, passed on unperceived, till being interrogated, his voice betrayed him, and he was recognized by Aurelia, the mother-in-law of Pompeia. The matrons astonished at the audacity and sacriligious profanation of their chaste ceremonies, instantly threw a veil over the statue of the goddess, and, with imprecations, chased him from the temple, accusing him publicly of the design of penetrating into the mysteries of their sacred sacrifices. The clamor was so general against Clodius, that it would have been impossible for him to have escaped condign punishment, had not every expedient been used to bribe his judges; and it is even reported, that so strenuous were some of his friends in the cause, that they scrupled not to sacrifice the persons of their wives and daughters to ensure his safety. Pompey, and even Cesar, interested themselves in his behalf, the latter declaring he had no knowledge of the transaction,



although he shortly after repudiated his wife; and being questioned by his friends as to his motives for this conduct, replied, “ Cæsar’s wife should not be suspected.”

The opera house of San Carlo at Naples is, without exception, the most splendid, well-attended, and striking theatre in Europe. It is magnificently decorated; six tiers of boxes, the fronts of which being ornamented with looking-glass, reflect the light with double lustre. On certain occasions, the whole interior part of the house is illuminated; it is then that the presence of the royal family, with all the nobility of the court, the agility of the dancers, the harmony and fulness of the orchestra, together with the vocal sounds produced by some of the first singers in Italy, combine to ravish the soul to a degree of ecstasy, which no other place can effect. An Italian lady, in whose box I was seated, demanded of me, whether I had ever before witnessed so striking a display of beauty and magnificence? “ Your country-  
 “ women, Signora, (I replied), do indeed possess charms,  
 “ which Nature has bestowed upon them with a liberal hand;  
 “ and were it not that I came from an island whose fair inhabitants may, in point of beauty, accomplishments, and  
 “ elegance, dispute the palm of victory with the universe, I  
 “ should now wish to be rivetted to the spot where I have  
 “ the enviable happiness of being placed.”—“ Your sentiments please me, (cried the charming Italian), but notwithstanding the perfections of your countrywomen, I ad-

“ wise you to beware of your heart in this metropolis. Our  
 “ manners are here less restrained ; custom has established a  
 “ freedom, which is peculiar to the natives, and particularly  
 “ the Neapolitans. Reserve is banished by the inhabitants  
 “ of a warm soil ; we leave confined ideas, lukewarm recep-  
 “ tions, and frigid civility, to the regions of a northern clime.  
 “ Attend my *Conversazione*, frequent the Corso, become the  
 “ *cavalliero* of a woman of fashion, and you will no longer  
 “ think of recrossing the Alps in search of amusements,  
 “ which fall infinitely short of what with facility are here  
 “ obtainable—An author of your own nation says—

“ Beauty alone is but of little worth,  
 “ But when the soul and body of a piece  
 “ Both shine alike ; then they obtain a price  
 “ And are a fit reward for gallant actions.”

The entrance of some distinguished visitors into the box prevented my receiving further instructions from my fair monitor, and cards being introduced as a necessary *divertissement* between the acts, I had not an opportunity of gaining any further instruction in the alluring science of dissipation.

The Corso, in the evening, is the great scene of splendor and attraction. The situation is admirable ; bordered by the sea-shore, it receives the cool breezes from the ocean, which, at this time of the year, are peculiarly pleasant and invigorating. The gayest carriages line the promenade, preceded

by running footmen dressed in the gaudiest liveries. The ladies within, glitter in all the display of jewels and other decorations. Even the horses partake of these embellishments, their manes and tails being ornamented with a profusion of variegated ribbons. “ Observe, (said a Russian Major, “ Riminskoi, with whom I was driving on the Corso), this “ fascinating scene ! What country can produce a combina- “ tion of circumstances capable of exciting such exquisite “ sensations ? Is it the climate, the situation, the attraction “ of female beauty, or the *tout ensemble*, that unites us at “ this instant more closely to each other ? It wears the garb “ of enchantment, and the soul seems separated from the “ body, when the spell is broken !”

The effect of various lights on the vision, is here, by moonlight, peculiarly striking. Viewing the different objects that present themselves from the Corso, at a distance, in gloomy magnificence, appears Mount Vesuvius, vomiting forth clouds of black smoke, which, in spiral columns, seem to reach the heavens—small explosions of fire, by illuminating the air, occasionally disperse the gloom that hovers over the mountain. On another side is visible the light-house on the Mole, which directs the wary mariner to the bay of Naples. The scattered illumination of the town is next conspicuous ; while the resplendent moon, with broad blue light, playing on the undulating waves, forms a contrast which is rarely to be equalled. The absence of the lunar beams is

happily described in a few lines, elegantly written by a gentleman of Norwich, of great poetical talent, thus addressing the inconstant orb, whose protection he invokes in favor of a beloved wife :—

“ Cynthia, thou truant from our northern skies,  
 “ In vain I gaze, and long to see thee rise ;  
 “ Thy curved horns tipp’d with the silvery gleam,  
 “ Where art thou wand’ring with thy lamp of night ?  
 “ And why in such a dark and dreary night  
 “ Turn’st from my lovely Jane thy guardian beam ?

“ Where’er her chariot wheels pursue their way,  
 “ Around her should thy trembling radiance play,  
 “ Bright’ning the winding lane and forest wide ;  
 “ Inconstant orb ! thy absence chills my soul,  
 “ While night in deepest shade involves the pole,  
 “ And thousand dangers ambush at her side.

“ Cynthia ! why waste thy light on Afric’s plain,  
 “ Or hang thy bright lamp o’er the foaming main ?  
 “ In vain thou seek’st for charms like her’s, I love ;  
 “ If beauty, virtue, Cynthia, be thy care,  
 “ Or plighted vows, or Hymen’s bands be dear,  
 “ Shine, Cynthia, and my anxious fears remove !”---

Having formed a party to ascend Mount Vesuvius, we quitted Naples in the evening, and proceeded, in our carriages, to Portici. Here we alighted, and having procured guides and mules, we advanced to the foot of the mountain. The night was remarkably dark, at which time it is that the



volcano occasionally shews itself to the greatest advantage. We had been forewarned of the fatigue of ascending, and recommended not to proceed with too much alacrity or self-confidence. A young Frenchman, however, heedless of the admonition, started with vivacity, and was soon at a distance. The guides now put on their girdles, by laying hold of which, we separately found great assistance. The ascent was attended with much more toil, than I had formed any conception of; the cinders, ashes, and other drossy materials, giving way at every step, so that the foot, by continually gliding, gained only one-third by the progressive motion; large stones pointed out by the guides serve occasionally as resting places to those who undertake the ascent, and by means of torches, these spots are rendered visible. Having proceeded some way in our attempt, we perceived the Frenchman exhausted, and out of breath, crying out at times vociferously, “ *pour son guide* ;” as, however, he disdained accepting the proffered assistance at the commencement of his journey, he now called in vain, and as we could not spare him any of our aid, he was under the necessity of descending more rapidly than he had advanced, and, in his retrograde motion, we soon lost sight of him.

By slow degrees, and with considerable fatigue, we, at length, reached the summit, where, being on the verge of the crater, we were informed we might rest. Here, then, we made a stand, in expectation that our curiosity (which was

raised to the highest pitch) would shortly be gratified. The only visible object, however, was a quantity of burning lava on the opposite side of the mountain, slowly descending into the plain below. A calm of a considerable length had now taken place, and our torches served only to render “darkness visible.” The smoke, which issued from the volcano, would have been insufferable, had we not been placed with due attention on the side from which the wind directed its course. In this state of suspense we remained near half an hour, almost despairing of an explosion, and were on the point of quitting our station, when, at a distance, we heard a noise resembling thunder rolling through the mountain, which preceded a volume of thick black smoke issuing from the crater with extreme velocity, and which, in an instant, was followed by a burst of flame, and a shower of cinders, ashes, and red-hot stones, which were thrown to a considerable height. The effect was awfully impressive and magnificent beyond conception; the whole adjacent country being alternately presented to our eager view, illumined by streams of radiant light—then suddenly lost in the deepest shades of obscurity.

These explosions were succeeded by fresh calms, the mouth of the volcano occasionally emitting quantities of smoke or flame, which terminated in hollow rumbling sounds, and lasted during our whole stay on the eminence. At times,

the eruptions are so violent, as to make it dangerous for any person to approach the mountain ; previously, however, to any violent explosion, there are sufficient warnings with which the guides are conversant ; and at such periods it is necessary to keep at a considerable distance. The neighbouring inhabitants are not displeased with a moderate eructation every year, experience having taught them that few shocks of earthquakes need then be apprehended, and if any should happen, they would be slight. The eruption in 1767 has been admirably described by Sir William Hamilton. Another took place in 1770, which began on the 29th July, and lasted till the 15th of August following, causing considerable devastation. A description of this, with plates, is given by D. Gaetano de Bottis, Professor of Natural History to the Royal University, which, for its accuracy, is entitled to considerable merit.

The hill of dross and ashes, which we had climbed with so much difficulty, we now descended with rapidity, sliding twenty or thirty yards at each step. When arrived at the foot of the mountain, we passed a rough valley, and found our mules waiting for us at the hermitage, where we had ordered them to be conducted. It was here we regaled ourselves with large libations of the far-famed *Lachrima Christi*, which proved doubly gratifying from our being previously half choked with the sulphureous particles of dust and smoke, and experienced the justice of an observation made by an

Italian poet, and mentioned by a pleasing writer, that the effect of this wine forms a strong contrast with its name.

“ Chi fu, di Contadini il piú indiscreto,  
 “ Che à sbigottir la gente,  
 “ Diede nome dolente  
 “ Al vin, che sopra ogn’ altro il cuor fá lieto ?  
 “ Lachrima dunque appellarassi un’ riso  
 “ Parto di Nobilissima vindema.”

“ What inconsiderate fellow, to terrify people, could first  
 “ give the name of tears to that wine, which, above all  
 “ others, renders the heart glad, and excites cheerfulness ?”

The genuine *Lachryma Christi* is usually preserved for the King’s cellar, although great quantities are disposed of in an adulterated state.

The situation of Naples, between Mount Vesuvius and Solfaterra, appears extremely critical, as, according to all probability, there is a communication between the one and the other ; for, at times, when partial eruptions take place in the former, the latter is equally convulsed ; and when a calm succeeds, they are mutually at rest. This chain of communication would lead one to suspect, that the city is situated on a territory replete with danger, but to this the inhabitants pay little attention. It was at the foot of Vesuvius, that Spartacus armed his slaves against the Roman Senate, and in his military harangues, doubtless neglected



not to compare his wrongs with the pent-up lava, which, in overflowing, was to cause desolation all around.

It may not be uninteresting here to state the elevation of certain parts of the globe taken from the level of the sea.

	<i>Toises.</i>
Lake of Geneva - - - - -	188
Summit of Mount Vesuvius - - - - -	300
Mount Cenis - - - - -	1000
Canigou, the highest of the Pyrenees	1441
Mount Blanc - - - - -	2391
The table at the Cape of Good Hope - -	542
Pic de Ricco, in the island of Madeira - -	795
Summit of Teneriffe - - - - -	1904
Catopaxi, in the province of Quito -	3126
Chimboraco, the highest of the Cordilleras	3220

*Note.* 825 toises are equal to an English mile; a toise is  $76\frac{3}{4}$  inches.

An inconvenience common to all Italy, is the swarms of lizards, great numbers of which, especially of the green kind, are every where to be met with; having, however, been somewhat accustomed to these animals at Lisbon, I found them rather troublesome than injurious, by their creeping up and down the walls, and, if a door or window were left open, making their way into the chambers. A much greater nuisance is the tarantula, a kind of spider, so called from the city of Tarento, where they are more common and venomous

than in other parts. There are certain beggars who induce people to bestow alms from their surprising imitation of a *tarantula patient*; it is certain, that many who pretend to be stung by these reptiles, are impostors; those who have really suffered from the sting of this animal, become languid, dejected, and melancholy, and lose their appetite. The usual specific, in this case, is music, which, by animating the persons to violent motion, or inducing them to dance, causes copious evacuations of the morbid matter by perspiration, and the patients are recovered from otherwise certain death.

The propensity of the Neapolitans to law-suits is notorious: being naturally of a sanguine and fiery disposition, the gentlemen of the long robe find ample employment in settling their controversies, as when a *cavalier* has nothing else to divert his attention, it is said, he will shut himself up in his closet, and investigate and tumble over his papers, in order to see if he can start a suit, and plague any of his neighbours. Discoursing one day with a Neapolitan on this subject, I observed, that, even among savages, and the most unenlightened, a predilection for legal contest might be said to exist, although carried on by various modes, agreeably to the custom or habits of the country. I recollect a gentleman, who, some time since, was governor at one of the British settlements on the coast of Africa, reciting an instance of a negro woman who lodged a complaint before him of a neighbour, whose ancestor had destroyed a pig

of one of her forefathers, and requested a time might be appointed for taking her case into consideration ; agreeably to the custom of the place, a court was held the next day, and the plaintiff and defendant summoned to the bar. It would appear difficult to prove an act of seemingly so little importance, and which had been transacted at so distant a period, more particularly as the natives of this part of the world have no species of record whatever but their memory, which, from constant exercise, is so wonderfully accurate and retentive, that trifles of apparently the least importance are handed down from father to son without the smallest error or deviation ; there were, therefore, in court, many witnesses, some of them very aged men, the oldest of whom asserted, that it had been currently reported at the period specified, that the pig in question had, from the hastiness of the accused's ancestor's temper, been unfortunately killed in the streets of the neighbouring negro town ; this fact being ascertained, it remained only for the woman to lay her damages, which she began to state, by having recourse to a measure of barley, and, in opening her pleadings, laid one barley-corn on the table, before her. “ This, (said she) we will suppose to be the pig, killed by the forefather of that miserable wretch, who now stands trembling in your presence ; had this pig not suffered a premature and violent death, being a female, she would, in the course of a short time, most probably have produced a litter of ten young ones, six of which, for the sake of argument, we will suppose to be

“ sows, and four boars ; allowing for casualties, two of the  
 “ sows might have died, but the remaining four would  
 “ equally have produced ten pigs each, in all forty ; deduct-  
 “ ing the same proportion from these, the next general lit-  
 “ ter would have accumulated the number to one hundred  
 “ and sixty ; this number multiplied by four, at once in-  
 “ creases my herd to six hundred and forty, which, accord-  
 “ ing to all human probability, and the care and partiality  
 “ the descendants of my grandfather were known to shew  
 “ and entertain for this useful and domestic animal, would  
 “ have shortly swelled my store to two thousand five hundred  
 “ and sixty ; here, I see my fortune made, as my stock at  
 “ once would have amounted, in a short time, to ten thou-  
 “ sand two hundred and ——” —“ Hold ! (cried the Judge to  
 the woman, who had already heaped up piles of barley-  
 corns, and was again thrusting her hand into the measure),  
 “ how will the defendant, this miserable wretch, as you term  
 “ him, the descendant of the stated aggressor, be able to in-  
 “ demnify you for the immense loss you say you have sus-  
 “ tained, if your calculation continues to increase in the pro-  
 “ portion you seem willing it should do ?” —“ True, (replied  
 “ the negro woman), in the heat of my imagination I forgot  
 “ his poverty ; I will therefore be satisfied, if he assigns over  
 “ to me his own person, that of his wife, his children, fa-  
 “ ther, mother, brother, sister, aunts, uncles, cousins, and  
 “ the whole of his relatives, to be my slaves, and those  
 “ of my descendants, for ever.” —“ A pretty moderate re-



“ quest! (observed the Judge), but as the relatives of this  
 “ man might not chuse to let his act be binding upon them,  
 “ and coercive measures might create an insurrection in the  
 “ colony, I should advise a moderate compromise.” The  
 old lady perceiving she could not gain possession of the whole  
 family of her victim, after much deliberation, agreed to be  
 contented with the person of the defendant, his children, ten  
 measures of barley, and the tooth of an elephant, in lieu of  
 the immense herd of swine, which, agreeably to her state-  
 ment, might otherwise have been handed down to her from  
 her ancestors.

It is now about seventeen hundred years since the cities  
 of Herculaneum and Pompeia were destroyed, in consequence  
 of the proximity in which they stood to Mount Vesuvius.  
 It was with peculiar enthusiasm that I visited these places.  
 The former was a town of much greater eminence than the  
 latter, but the difficulty of clearing away the rubbish, in which  
 Herculaneum is enveloped, renders it much less interesting  
 than Pompeia, exclusive of which the fertility of the territory  
 has invited the neighbouring inhabitants to build upon the  
 soil, and on the ruins of this ancient city, now called Portici,  
 the village of Revina, and other dwellings, appear. The first  
 discovery of any consequence in Herculaneum was the theatre,  
 situated in the northern part of the city. To judge by the  
 beauty of the statues, paintings, and other works of taste,  
 which have been dug out of that ancient edifice, the fine arts

must have been then carried to very great perfection. Such statues, fragments of ornaments, paintings, and other curious remnants, as may be discovered in this subterraneous search, are immediately removed to the King's museum at Portici, where an immense collection is formed of all the antiquities that have been thus rescued from oblivion. The Duke d'Elbeuf was the first and fortunate discoverer of Herculaneum, in consequence of accidentally causing a well to be dug in his garden at Portici, in 1736.

Pompeia, which was traced about thirty years ago, and buried, not more than twelve feet under the surface of the earth, has been rendered more easy of access, though the slow progress of removing the ashes and cinders has hitherto tended to render only one or two streets, and a few detached buildings, visible. The principal street is paved with flat stones, on which the marks of carriage wheels are clearly perceptible. The houses are low, the stucco on the walls is hard as marble, and in various parts ornamented with beautiful paintings, which, by throwing water on them, shew their original beauty. The destruction of this city must have been very sudden, if an opinion may be formed from the number of human bones and skeletons that have been discovered in the houses; a melancholy proof, that the inhabitants had, for the most part, not time to escape from the rapid shower which overwhelmed this ill-fated city. In the military prison, the remains of seven persons, in chains, were found in one apart-

ment. Near the gate of the city, a number of skulls and bones were collected. Some of these unfortunate persons, therefore, must have directed their flight to this part, where they doubtless met instant destruction. Among their remains, small boxes containing coins, rings, and other female ornaments, were found, which have been since conveyed to Portici. The guide, who shewed these scattered remnants of mortality, pointed out to my observation, in one of the apartments, a female skull, in high preservation, with all the teeth perfect and in regular order ; from the form and beauty of which, the person, to whom it once belonged, could scarcely have reached the age of twenty. As a memento of my visit, I could not refrain, on this occasion, from extracting one of the teeth, which is still as white and polished as ivory. The precautions that are taken to prevent any article being carried hence are particularly strict. Guards are stationed not only to enforce these orders, but to prohibit the workmen, who are employed in this subterraneous undertaking from purloining whatever they may chance to discover.

At the end of one of the streets is a temple of the goddess Isis, who, in conjunction with Osiris, were the two principal deities of the Egyptians, and upon which the whole superstition of that people rested ; this temple, though small, is of an agreeable form ; the roof is fallen in from the weight it had to sustain ; a marble staircase, and two altars, render this a novel spectacle. The windows in some of the houses

are but small, by reason that the antients, who made no use of glass, admitted light through thin leaves of alabaster, or other transparent substances. It is easy to discover the residence of artisans from those of other persons; one house, from the external sign sculptured in relievo over the door, leaves no doubt on the mind as to what purpose *that* was dedicated.

At some little distance from the gates of the city, there are several tombs ranged in perfect order; on the road to Portici, a country house has been discovered, whence a large collection has been made of various articles of value. The paintings in fresco, viewed on the walls here, communicate to the beholder a greater degree of interest, than when seen in the royal museum. The cellars contain several jars, or earthen vessels, which formerly held wine; and here again, a number of disjointed skeletons prove, that the miserable proprietors, with their domestics, in vain endeavoured to find shelter from the fiery shower, which destroyed the town. In one apartment, the body of a man was found with an axe in his hand; from a cavity in the wall, it is likely he had expired in the attempt to extricate himself from a premature grave.

The Royal Museum at Portici, contains every thing that has been dug out of the ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeia. There is a work carrying on, by order of government, giving a detail of all these curiosities; it already amounts to six



volumes in folio, and is daily increasing. Two superb equestrian statues, of Parian marble, first strike the eye with admiration ; they were erected in honour of Nonius Balbus, father and son, successively Proconsuls at Hereulaneum. The vast collection of statues, urns, vases, tripods, culinary utensils, bronze, busts, &c. that have been, at different periods, dug out of the earth, are almost beyond calculation. Of the statues, a drunken Faun, a Mereury, and a mutilated colossal statue of Jupiter, are among the best. The basso relievos, in marble, are of excellent workmanship. The saloons containing these productions are paved with antique mosaic, brought from Herculaneum, one of the floors representing flowers in a frame, of the purest marble from Africa and Sicily, boasts a display of superior taste. The utensils used for sacrifices, or household-purposes, are of infinite variety, chiefly of bronze, and sufficiently denote the luxury of the ancient times. The number of lamps of every description, in the elegant forming of which, imagination seems to have been exhausted, the chirurgical and musical instruments, and those for agriculture, or other purposes, are endless. In one of the apartments there are a number of manuscripts, upon which great pains have been, and still continue to be bestowed, to render them legible. Infinite care is, however, necessary in unfolding the sheets to preserve the writing, which is in a great state of decay. Such manuscripts as have hitherto been unrolled, are in the Greek language ; they are written only on one side, but from their blackness, are not easily de-

cyphered. The greater part of them, which has been carried into Spain, have not hitherto led to any new discoveries in the literary world. The man of letters would doubtless give the whole cabinet of curiosities for what yet remains unexplained, or lost, in Tacitus, Livy, or Diodorus.

The paintings in stucco, which are now hung up in frames, shew the great degree of perfection to which the ancients had arrived. The chief, are those representing Theseus's victory over the Minotaur, a satyr embracing a nymph, Apollo and the Muses with their attributes, the Centaur Chiron teaching Apollo to play on the lute, and several Bacchantes, and fauns.

The lovers of the fine arts must regret that the situation, in which this collection is placed, may, in a sudden revolution of nature, one day possibly experience a destiny equally fatal to those cities, which the unsparing volcano destroyed in so short a space of time. Portici lies on the borders of the ocean, and exposed to any violent eruption of the mount happening in that direction. On the road to Pompeia, an inscription on a pillar warns the neighbouring inhabitants of the danger of their situation : “ *Posterì, posterì, vestra res agitur, &c.*” with a caution to fly rather than await the event.

“ *Mora nulla, fuge.*”

It is, however, in vain, that mortals are admonished of their fate. Horace says :

Audax omnia perpeti  
Gens humana ruit per vetitum nefas.

Besides Herculaneum and Pompeia, there are two smaller towns, Pesti and Stabia, which experienced the same untimely fate, being, however, of less consequence, no great attention is paid them.

Having gratified my curiosity, as far as the limits of time permitted, I returned through the Grotto di Pausilippo to Naples, and in the evening had the honor of being admitted to the *Concerto degli amici*, and was much gratified by the performance. The royal family were present, and of course the best selected compositions were executed in a style of peculiar excellence. The audience, consisting of the chief Neapolitan nobility, with some foreigners of distinction, who were admitted, on being previously introduced, afforded a pleasing *coup d'œil* to a stranger.

The splendor and magnificence of the Neapolitans are universally known. In a country, where with little exertion Nature supplies every want, where taxes are not burthensome, provisions reasonable, and the price of labor moderate, it does not require an extraordinary income to partake of all the luxuries of life ; shewy equipages, a numerous retinue of

servants, and a well-furnished hotel, are here matters of course to every one possessing what in England would be called a moderate competency, and yet, amidst the display of this luxurious superfluity, even the Lazzaroni do not repine at their inferior station ; between 30 and 40,000 of this race of people sleep every night in the street under porticos, piazzas, or any other shelter, that may protect them. Delighting to bask in the sun during the day, in supine inactivity, and indolent in the extreme, they gain a livelihood by occasionally carrying burthens, fishing, or whatever may present itself, sufficient to support life ; the convents supply the deficiency in case they have not wherewithal otherwise to exist. Turbulent in their humors, though they are occasionally to be dreaded as a body, yet, individually, they are at times driven over by carriages in the streets without pity or remorse.

The mob at Naples has, nevertheless, at various times shewn its power, to the great terror of the existing government ; as an instance of which, it may not prove uninteresting to relate the revolt in 1647, thus described in the history of this capital.

Naples continued to be governed by its own kings till the beginning of the sixth century, when the Kings of France and Spain contended for the sovereignty of this country. Frederic, at that time King of Naples, resigned the sove-



reignty to Louis XII. on being created Duke of Anjou, and receiving an annual pension of thirty thousand ducats. But, in 1504, the French were entirely defeated by the Spaniards, and obliged to evacuate the kingdom ; and the following year Louis renounced all pretensions to the crown, which, from that time, hath remained almost constantly in the hands of the Spaniards.

The government of the Spaniards proved no less oppressive to the Neapolitans than that of others had been. The Kings of Spain set no bounds to their exactions, and of consequence the people were loaded with all manner of taxes ; even the most indispensable necessities of life not being exempted. In 1647, a new tax was laid on fruit, which the people looked upon as the most grievous oppression ; the chief part of their subsistence, during the summer months, being fruit, which in the kingdom of Naples is very plentiful and delicious.

The edict for collecting the new duty was no sooner published, than the people began to murmur in a tumultuous manner ; and when the Viceroy came abroad, they surrounded his coach, bawling out to have their grievances redressed. They were encouraged, in their sedition, by the news that the citizens of Palermo had actually revolted, on account of the imposition of new duties. The Viceroy, therefore, apprehensive of greater disorders, began to think of taking off the

tax, but those who farmed the tax having bribed some of his favorites, he was, by their means, persuaded not to abolish it. The indignation of the people, who had suspected his intention, was now greatly increased, especially as they were privately excited by several malcontents. The farmers of the revenue, and all those concerned in raising the taxes, had incurred the hatred and detestation of the people, particularly of Tommaso Aniello, commonly called *Massaniello of Amalfi*, a fisherman, whose wife having been discovered in smuggling a small quantity of meal, was imprisoned, and condemned to pay a fine of an hundred ducats.

“ Massaniello, a few years before, had come to Naples from Amalfi, where his father had been a fisherman. At this time he was about twenty-four years of age, and the father of four children. He was of a middling stature, and an agreeable aspect ; was distinguished for his boldness, activity, and integrity ; and had a great influence with his companions, by whom he was beloved and esteemed. And as he was obliged even to sell his furniture to pay the heavy fine, he had conceived an implacable hatred against the farmers of the taxes, and was also moved with compassion for the miserable state of the city and kingdom. He therefore formed a design with some of his companions, to raise a tumult in the market-place on the festival day of the Carmelites, usually celebrated about the middle of July, when between five and six hundred youths entertain the people by a mock-fight ;

one half of them in the character of Turks, defending a wooden castle, which is attacked and stormed by the other half in the character of Christians. Massaniello being appointed captain of one of these parties, and one Pione, who was privy to his design, commanding the other, for several weeks before the festival, they were very diligent in reviewing and training their followers, who were armed with sticks and reeds ; but a small and unforeseen accident tempted them to begin their enterprize without waiting for the festival.

“ On the 7th of July, a dispute happening in the market-place betwixt the tax-gatherers and some gardeners of Pozzuolo, who had brought some figs into the city, whether the buyer or seller should pay the duty ; after the tumult, which had continued several hours, Massaniello, who was present with his company, excited the mob to pillage the office built in the market for receiving the duty, and to drive away the officers with stones. The elect of the people, who by deciding against the gardeners had increased the tumult, ran to the palace, and informed the Viceroy, who most imprudently neglected all means of putting a stop to the commotion. Massaniello, in the mean time, being joined by great numbers of people, ordered his young troop to set fire to all the offices for the taxes through the city ; which command being executed with dispatch, he then conducted them directly to the palace, where the Viceroy, instead of ordering his Spanish and German guards to disperse them, encouraged their in-

solence by timidly granting their demands. As they rushed into the palace in a furious manner, he escaped by a private door, and endeavored to save himself in Castel del Ovo ; but being overtaken by the rioters in the streets, he was trampled upon by them, and pulled by the hair and whiskers. However, by throwing some handfuls of gold among them, he again escaped, and took sanctuary in a convent of Minims, where being joined by the Archbishop of Naples, Cardinal Filomatini, and several nobles, by their advice he signed a billet, by which he abolished all taxes on provisions. As a means to quell the tumult, he likewise desired the Cardinal to offer Massaniello a pension of two thousand four hundred crowns, who generously rejected the bribe ; and declared, that if the Viceroy would keep his word, he would find them obedient subjects.

“ It was now expected that the tumult would cease ; but Massaniello, upon his return to the market-place, being joined by several malcontents, among whom were Genuino, and one Peronne, who had formerly been a captain of the Sbirri, he was advised by them to order the houses of those concerned in raising the tax, to be burned, which were, accordingly, in a few days, reduced to ashes, with all their rich furniture. Massaniello being now absolute master of the whole city, and being joined by great numbers of people of desperate fortunes, he required the Viceroy, who had retired to the Castel Nuovo, to abolish all the taxes, and to deliver



up the writ of exemption granted by Charles V. This new demand greatly embarrassed the Viceroy ; but to appease the people, he drew up a false deed in letters of gold, and sent it to them by their favorite, the Duke of Matalone, who had before been in confinement. The fraud, however, being discovered, the Duke was pulled from his horse, and maltreated by the mob, and at length committed as a prisoner to Peronne. This accident, to the great joy of the Viceroy, enraged the people against the nobility, several of whom they killed, burnt the houses of others, and threatened to extirpate them all. Massaniello, in the mean time, tattered and half naked, commanded his followers, who were now well-armed, and reckoned about 100,000 men, with a most absolute sway. He eat and slept little, gave his orders with great precision and judgment, appeared full of moderation, without ambition and interested views. But the Duke of Matalone having procured his liberty, by bribing Peronne, the Viceroy imitated his example, and secretly corrupted Genuino to betray his Chief. A conspiracy was accordingly formed against Massaniello by Matalone and Peronne ; the Duke, who was equally exasperated against the Viceroy, proposing that after his death his brother D. Joseph should head the rebels.

“ Massaniello, in the mean time, by means of the cardinal Archbishop, was negotiating a general peace and accommodation ; but while both parties were assembled in the con-

vent of the Carmelites, the banditti, hired by Matalone, made an unsuccessful attempt upon Massaniello's life; his followers immediately killed one hundred and fifty of them. Peronne and D. Joseph, being discovered to be concerned in the conspiracy, were likewise put to death, and the Duke, with great difficulty, escaped. Massaniello, by this conspiracy, was rendered more suspicious and severe; he began to abuse his power, by putting several persons to death upon slight pretences; and, to force the Viceroy to an accommodation, he cut off all communication with the castles, which were unprovided with provision and ammunition. The Viceroy likewise being afraid lest the French should take advantage of the commotion, earnestly desired to agree to a treaty, which was accordingly concluded on the fifth day of the insurrection, by the mediation of the Archbishop. By the treaty it was stipulated, that all duties imposed since the time of Charles V. should be abolished; that the writ of exemption granted by that Emperor, should be delivered to the people; that, for the future, no new taxes should be imposed; that the vote of the elect of the people should be equal to the votes of the nobility; that an act of oblivion should be granted for all that was past; and that the people should continue in arms under Massaniello, till the ratification of the treaty by the King.

“ By this treaty, no less than ten thousand persons, who fattened upon the blood of the public, were ruined.—

The people, when it was solemnly published, manifested an extreme joy, believing they had now recovered all their ancient rights and privileges. Massiniello, at the desire of the Viceroy, went to the palace to visit him, accompanied by the Archbishop, who was obliged to threaten him with excommunication, before he would consent to lay aside his rags, and assume a magnificent dress. He was received by the Duke with the greatest demonstrations of respect and friendship, while the Duchess entertained his wife, and presented her with a robe of cloth of silver, and some jewels. The Viceroy, to preserve some shadow of authority, appointed him captain-general; and, at his departure, made him a present of a golden chain of great value, which, with great difficulty, he was prevailed upon to accept, but yielded, at length, to the entreaties of the Cardinal. Next day, in consequence of the commission granted him by the Viceroy, he began to exercise all the functions of sovereign authority; and having caused a scaffold to be erected in one of the public streets, and several gibbets, he judged all crimes, whether civil or military, in the last resort, and ordered the guilty to be immediately put to death, which was the punishment he assigned to all offences. Though he neglected all forms of law, and even frequently judged by physiognomy, yet he is said not to have overlooked any criminal, or punished any innocent person.

“ His grandeur and prosperity was of very short conti-

nuance ; for his mind becoming distracted and delirious for two or three days, he committed a great many mad and extravagant actions ; and, on the 18th of July, was assassinated with the consent of the Viceroy."

The hereditary jurisdiction of the nobles over their vassals, subsists in the full rigor of the feudal government ; the peasants, therefore, are poor, and it depends entirely on the personal character of the master, whether their poverty be not the least of their grievances. Gluttony is a predominant vice, while instances of ebriety are comparatively rare. In the female sex, the passion for finery is almost superior to every other, and though chastity is not the characteristic virtue of the country, yet Mr. Swinburne doubts whether a Neapolitan woman would not nine times out of ten prefer a present to a lover. The furious jealousy for which this nation was once so remarkable, is now greatly abated, and though occasional quarrels and even assassinations are perpetrated, yet it is among people of an inferior station. The number of *Donne libere*, or courtesans, amounts, it is said, to about eighteen thousand, and if one may mention them together, of lawyers there are nearly twice as many.

Instead of ice, the inhabitants use vast quantities of snow, for cooling their liquids, not even water being drunk without it, the want of which would as soon occasion a mutiny, as a dearth of corn or provisions.



The nunnery for ladies of quality is stated to be the largest in the whole world, containing no less than three hundred and fifty nuns, exclusive of attendants. I happened to be present, when a female branch of a noble family took the veil ; the ceremony was particularly grand, numbers of persons attended, the chapel was crowded, and before the victim of fanaticism and a barbarous custom took an eternal farewell of the pomps and vanities of this sublunary state, she exhibited to public view the most divine features and elegant form, that Nature ever created. An involuntary sigh escaped me, when the veil dropped ; it seemed as if the bright prospects of the nun were for ever closed in this world, and in casting a penetrating look on her surrounding friends and relations, she seemed to reproach them for their cruelty ; yet did she resign herself to her fate without a murmur, though the deep drawn sigh that would find passage from the heart, plainly told all was not well within. “ Inhuman and  
 “ revolting custom ! (I exclaimed to my Russian friend, who  
 “ was near me), do we exist in a civilized society, and shall  
 “ so angelic a creature, from motives of interest, bigotted  
 “ zeal, or enthusiasm, be sacrificed without a single effort to  
 “ snatch from oblivion a mind and person formed for love  
 “ and excellence ? Rather let us suppose ourselves on the  
 “ banks of the Ganges, or the coast of Malabar, where, to  
 “ obtain a future paradise, the obedient wife (the victim of  
 “ tyrannic custom imposed upon the vulgar by the craft of  
 “ priesthood,) throws herself on the funeral pile that con-

sumes the ashes of her husband, than in an European state, where man devotes the partner of his joys to endless penitence and wasting solitude.

“ ——Turn, hopeless thoughts ! turn from her :—Thought repell’d

“ Resenting sallies, and wakes ev’ry woe.

“ Snatch’d e’er thy prime ! And in thy bridal hour !

“ And when kind fortune with thy lover smil’d !

“ And when high flavour’d thy fresh op’ning joys !

“ And when blind man pronounced thy bliss complete !

\* \* \* \* \*

“ ——Their eyes let fall

“ Inhuman tears ; strange tears ! that trickled down

“ From marble hearts ! obdurate tenderness !

“ A tenderness, that called them more severe ;

“ In spite of nature’s soft persuasion, steel’d ;

“ While nature melted, superstition rav’d.”

YOUNG.

With heartfelt regret we quitted this melancholy scene, and as we sauntered towards the Chaia, met an immense multitude, who were running to the chapel of St. Januarius ; this brought to our recollection, that it was the day on which the important ceremony of liquifying this Saint’s blood is performed. Of course we mingled with the crowd, and entering the chapel, happily for us, unknown as heretics, remained secure ; we then individually approached the altar, and had the honor, on our knees, to see in the priest’s hand the sacred phial containing the marvellous liquid, and in exchange for our seeming credulity received the holy bene-

diction. St. Januarius, the patron and tutelary Saint of Naples, was decapitated in the third century ; on which occasion a pious lady had the good fortune to obtain an ounce of the Saint's blood, which, without diminution, has been bottled up ever since. The blood of course congealed, but on certain occasions is no sooner brought near the head of the martyr, which is preserved in a silver shrine, than its solid state immediately liquifies, and "*il miraculo e fatto.*" How this is effected, the priests can best declare. Mr. Addison, however, says, " it is one of the most bungling tricks he ever saw." It is well known that the red sublimate of gold is easily fusible with the heat of a person's hand, and it is concluded the priests use this sublimate, which being warmed by the friction of their hands becomes a liquid. Woe be to those who disbelieve this astonishing effect of St. Januarius's constant attention to his worthy followers ! If this sacred personage, whose statue, with averted hand, defends the city from all calamity or dangers which surround it, and who keeps even Vesuvius in awe, does not punish the incredulous for their want of faith, it is more owing to his clemency than lack of power ; and as he is more respected here than in any place on earth, so are the proofs of his benign influence (a few earthquakes, and convulsions of nature, excepted) more evident than elsewhere.

The inhabitants of Naples and Sicily are bigotted Roman Catholics, and more zealous than those of Rome. There is,

however, no inquisition established in the country. The power of the Pope in these kingdoms is not great ; in Naples some prebends are in his gift, but in Sicily, all church preferment is in the gift of the King. There are in Naples twenty archbishops, and one hundred and seven bishops ; in Sicily, three archbishops, and eight bishops. In the year 1782, there were, in this capital alone, according to Zimmerman's account, 45,525 priests, 24,694 monks, and 20,793 nuns. In 1783, the government determined to dissolve 466 convents of nuns, and the beginning has been actually made to carry this resolution into effect.

Before I quitted his Neapolitan Majesty's dominions, I thought a visit to the palace of Casserta, which was building under the immediate direction of Van Vitelli, indispensably necessary ; the distance of sixteen miles was therefore soon measured, and I dedicated a day to going over the palace and the gardens. This building will, probably, be the most spacious and magnificent royal residence in Europe. Thirty-five years have elapsed since it was commenced, and the rising sun has not yet witnessed a close to the laborious efforts of man to aggrandize it. The marble, employed in the construction, is brought from the ruins of the temple of Serapis at Puzzuoli, from Hereulaneum, and Pompeia, &c. the profusion of these materials beggars description. A number of African and Christian slaves are employed in carrying on the work, both externally and internally ; the gar-



dens are laid out with great taste. The soil not producing water, this defect is remedied by means of an aqueduct, which conveys it, in great abundance, from the mountain of Taburno, a distance of about twelve miles. The situation for this palace is in other respects well chosen. The effects of the eruptions of Mount Vesuvius need not here be dreaded. It is likewise a sufficient distance from the sea to secure it from the approach of a hostile fleet, and, when completed, will be worthy the residence of a monarch, were he even superior to the King of Naples.

I shall close my remarks on this beautiful country with observing, that on account of its genial climate, and the bounty of the soil, it ought not only to be opulent but happy ; it ought to be the seat of every art and science, on account of the invaluable remains of antiquity, the numerous natural curiosities, and the enchanting and romantic scenery it possesses. It already begins to rise to its natural consequence, from the low state in which frequent wars, and the neglect of its masters, had suffered it to remain. Yet manufactures and commerce, which can never, without the aid of knowledge and liberty, make any considerable progress, are far short of that height, which is favorable to the general improvement of arts and sciences.

The present government seems to have the welfare of the country more at heart than any preceding one. There

are in Naples and Sicily four universities, viz. Those of Naples, Salerno, Palermo, and Catanea, of which the first is esteemed the most useful. At the capital there is likewise an academy of sciences, and a magnificent collection of antiquities. Naples has long been the seat of music; but education here is greatly neglected; the schools being still in the hands of Monks, whose interest it is that superstition and ignorance should prevail, and who are the greatest enemies to the liberty of thinking and writing.

Having rejoined my travelling companion at Rome, we prepared to take our final departure from this emporium of arts, not, however, without regretting the impossibility of passing the winter in Italy, which, to me, would have been particularly gratifying, in the society of a friend possessing such general information and knowledge as Mr. Noring, for whose intelligence and attentions I am proud to own myself much his debtor.

It is remarked by Count Leopold Berchtold, whose essay to patriotic travellers is justly esteemed, that “ a traveller, who visits foreign countries for improvement, ought to be remarkably cautious with regard to the choice of a companion for a long journey; if the person proposed has not exactly the same turn of mind, the same interests to pursue, and if he is not a good-natured and inquisitive man, he will be an intolerable burthen, a real obstruction to

“ useful travels, and convert the sweets of company into bitterness.” That my friend Noring was, in every respect, calculated to be a *companion de voyage*, I, with a full remembrance of many happy hours passed in his society, freely declare, and only lament, that his time was too much contracted to prevent the continuing of our route further to the South of Europe. Firm resolutions are, however, necessary in travelling ; a person should know how to adopt them, and constantly keep sight of his object ; besides, my companion had long been accustomed to great sacrifices, and inexorable towards himself in determinations of this nature. We thus resolved to return to Florence, and quitting Rome, took a different road, by the way of Rignano, Civita Castellana, and Narni, this latter town being the birth-place of the Emperor Nerva, whose conspicuous virtues rendered the shortness of his reign so generally and justly deplored.

A modern bridge is now thrown across the river Nera, which, as a contrast to one of considerable antiquity, built in the reign of Augustus, now in a ruinous state, serves to convey to the imagination, in point of size and appearance, the difference between ancient and modern architecture. The town is on an eminence, commanding an extensive prospect ; the sudden break in the valley below, with the windings of the river, the majestic ruins of the bridge of Augustus, and (among the opposite cliffs) the distant view of a convent, have altogether a particularly picturesque effect. Seven miles be-

yond this town is Terni, famous for possessing the finest waterfall in all Italy. Formed by the river Velino, which receives its waters from several streams flowing into it from the highest of the Appenines, it runs placidly along an extensive plain, shaded on all sides by a green forest, which preserves its verdure all the year, until it reaches the eminence, whence it precipitates itself three hundred feet into the valley beneath. The prodigious height of the fall, the force and abundance of the water, and the vast cloud of watery vapors which play in the air, and from the darting sun beams, form a thousand rainbows, combine to render this a most brilliant spectacle.

The fall of the Rhine at Lauffen, in Germany, which is only fifty feet in height, may, from its variety of situation, and its vicinity to the lake of Constance, be an object of admiration to many travellers, but in point of rapidity, and the collective beauties of one general sheet of water descending in a volume into an almost unfathomable gulph below, that of Terni is surely unequalled. Mr. Addison thinks that Virgil had this spot in view, when he described the place in Italy, through which the fury Alecto descended into Tartarus.

To have a just idea of cascades in general, it is necessary to see the vast variety of forms and shapes they assume from the different situations in which they are placed. Thus, the fall of Niagara, in America, which is one of the most asto-



nishing cascades in the known world, differs widely from that of the Sarp, near Hafslund, in Norway, whose prodigious extent, and vast body of water, dashing over several precipices and broken fragments of rocks, conveys timber from the neighbouring woods to the sea-coast; it would indeed be difficult to decide, which of these leaves the most lasting impression on the mind.

Terni derives additional lustre from having given birth to Tacitus the historian.

Between six and seven miles from this place, stands Mount Æolus, from the cavities of which issues, in summer, a strong cooling wind, which the inhabitants of a small town near it, called Ceci, convey by pipes into their houses in the same manner which water is usually conducted.

From this place we proceeded to Spoleto, the capital of ancient Umbria, situated on a high rock; the town would be of little importance, were it not for an inscription over the *Porta di fuga*, the name of which originated in its being the spot whence the Carthaginians, under Hannibal, experienced a check in invading the Roman republic; thus commemorated

“ Annibal

“ Cæsis ad Thrasymentum Romanis

“ Urbem Romam infenso agmine petens

“ Spoleto magnâ suorum clade repulsus

“ Insigni fugâ portæ nomen fecit.

As it was between this town and that of Perugia, where the preceding famous battle took place near the lake Thrasymenus, now called Lago di Perugia, I could not avoid referring to Hooke's Roman History, and coming to the very spot, alighted from my carriage to contemplate this memorable scene of action, which the following description brought most accurately to my imagination :—

“ Hannibal was pursuing his march in his way towards Rome, having the lake Thrasymenus close on his right, and the town of Cortona at some distance on his left, when he learnt, that the Consul Flaminius was following him. Upon this advice he turned his thoughts to seek out a convenient spot of ground where he might draw the enemy into an ambuscade, nor was it long before he found a place fit for his purpose. He came to a valley, which, extending lengthways from the lake to a hill very steep and difficult of access, was lined on the two sides by ridges of little hills. Upon the steep hill, Hannibal posted himself with his Africans and Spaniards in open view. Behind the ridge of hills, on the right of the valley, he placed in a long line the Baleares and other light armed infantry, and, behind that, on the left, his cavalry and his Gauls, who formed a line, the extremity of which reached to a narrow pass, whereby he had entered the valley. These dispositions being made in the beginning of the night, he continued the remaining part of it in quiet and silence in the camp.

“ It was late before the Consul arrived at the lake ; he therefore that night encamped by the side of it, but next morning, by break of day, without examining the ground, marched into the valley through the pass before-mentioned.

“ As soon as Hannibal was apprized that the Roman army was entered, and that their vanguard was not far from him, he gave orders for a general onset. So thick a fog from the lake at this time covered the valley, that the Romans found themselves attacked in front, flank, and rear, almost before they saw the enemy ; many of them were slain in the order of their march, not having had time to form themselves for battle ; and so closely was the greater part hemmed in, that they could neither fight nor fly. Fifteen thousand were slaughtered in the valley, among whom was the Consul Flaminius ; great numbers being pushed into the lake, perished there. A body of 6000 men forced their way through the enemy. ‘ Could those brave legionaries have seen (says Polybius) what passed, they might, by facing about, and falling upon the backs of the Carthaginians, have given a turn to the fortune of the day ;’ but they, expecting to encounter new enemies, continued advancing on till they arrived at the summit of a hill, from which, when the fog dispersed, seeing the total defeat of the rest of the army, the Carthaginian General detached Maherbal after them with a large body of horse and foot, to whom they surrendered next day, upon a promise of their lives and liberties. The loss,

on the side of the Carthaginians, amounted only to 1500 men, most of them Gauls."

It is on a spot like this, that the reflecting mind dwells with melancholy pleasure on past events. This dreadful massacre being painted in such lively colors, appeared as of recent date; the valley, the lake, and treacherous pass of Pasignano, were now before me, and the force of imagination conjured up to the mind's eye, the very actors in this tragic scene, till my wandering thoughts made me forget the purport of my journey, and it was not until after the repeated call of my companion, that I awoke from the reverie, in which a train of ideas had lulled me: I quitted my station with more emotion than I had taken it, and again entered the road to Perugia, whence we proceeded to Arezzo, and there halted.

Arezzo is a pleasant little town, overlooking a plain, and has been rendered remarkable by giving birth to Petrarch in the year 1304. This circumstance has made it so very interesting, that I cannot help dwelling a few moments on this extraordinary writer. Petrarch was descended from an honorable family in Florence, whence his father, together with Dante, was banished by a faction in the state. His parents hereupon retired to this town, where he was born. His mother, however, being soon after permitted to return, lived at Ancise, in the vale of Arno, fourteen miles from Florence,



where Petrarch was brought up till he was seven years old. Being intended by his father, who afterwards settled near Avignon, for the study of the law, he was accordingly placed at Montpellier, but to no purpose, and thence removed to Bologna, but with no greater prospect of success ; for instead of applying himself to his profession, he passed whole days in reading Cicero and Virgil, and was particularly addicted to poetry. The dry study of the law had no charms for Petrarch. Poetry, eloquence, and history, had employed in reality the greatest part of his time and attention, which the father perceiving, was so enraged, that coming suddenly one day into his chamber, and finding a heap of ancient Latin authors by him, he flung them all into the fire, excepting Virgil and Cicero, which, at the earnest intercession of his son, he reluctantly spared. Upon the death of his parents, he returned to Avignon, where he saw and fell in love with the daughter of Andibert de Noves, the celebrated Laura, who had been married very young to Hugues de Sade, a gentleman of a good family. And unaccountable as this passion may appear, there is no reason to suspect any criminal intercourse during the whole of this extraordinary amour.

Mrs. Dobson has extracted an abridgement from a very prolix work, (*Mem. pour servir a la vie de Petrarque par l'abbè de Sades, 3 tom. 4to.*) giving the following account of Laura from Petrarch :—

“ On Sunday, in the holy week, at six in the morning, the time of matins, Petrarch, going to the church of the monastery of St. Claire, saw a young lady, whose charms instantly fixed his attention. She was dressed in green, and her gown was embroidered with violets. Her face, her air, her gait, were something more than mortal. Her person was delicate, her eyes tender and sparkling, and her eyebrows black as ebony. Golden locks waved over shoulders whiter than snow, and the ringlets were interwoven by the fingers of love. Her neck was well formed, and her complexion animated by the tints of nature, which art vainly attempts to imitate.

“ When she opened her mouth, you perceived the beauty of pearls, and the sweetness of roses. She was full of graces. Nothing was so soft as her looks, so modest as her carriage, so touching as the sound of her voice ; an air of gaiety and tenderness breathed through her actions, but so pure and happily tempered, as to inspire every beholder with the sentiments of virtue ; for she was chaste as the spangled dew-drop of the morn.

“ The virtue of Laura was inviolable—the highest crime ever laid to her charge was, that she sometimes relented in the rigorous treatment of him, of whose unlawful passion she must have been conscious ; but hard indeed would that heart have been, which for twenty-one long years could have heard

unmoved the respectful, the diffident complaints of a doating yet despairing lover, nor sometimes have sighed in concert to the lovelorn lay."

However inimical to his peace of mind the passion of the bard must have been, it certainly contributed much to his cultivation of poetry, by inclining him to a love of retirement. The place of his retreat is thus described by his biographer :

" Towards the coast of the Mediterranean, and on a plain, beautiful as the vale of Tempe, you discover a little valley enclosed by a barrier of rocks, in the form of a horse-shoe. The rocks are high, bold, and grotesque, and the valley is divided by a river, along the banks of which are extended meadows and pastures of a perpetual verdure. A path, which is on the left side of the river, leads in gentle windings to the head of this vast amphitheatre. There, at the foot of an enormous rock, and directly in front, you behold a prodigious cavern, hollowed out by the hand of nature, and in this cavern arises a spring as celebrated as that of Helicon."

Such is the situation of Vaucluse, a spot that will be held sacred as long as the fame of Petrarch shall endure. It is not unworthy of remark that Laura died in the year 1348, at the age of thirty-four, in the same city, on the same day, and at the same hour, in which Petrarch first saw her twenty-

one years before ; so that she was but thirteen years of age, when he first fell in love with her. It was at Verona, that he first heard the news of her death, at which he was infinitely afflicted ; he immortalized his grief with a great number of verses written in her praise. Laura seems to have been to Petrarch, what Stella was to Swift. As to his literary character, no man was ever more esteemed and honored, and, indeed, with reason, for he was an extraordinary man. His poetical genius and various knowledge, made him justly regarded as the prodigy of an age, the darkness and barbarism of which, he contributed much to dissipate by re-establishing letters and the art of writing.

He died at his country-house at Arqua, about ten miles from Padua, in July 1374, at the age of seventy.

Among all Petrarch's sonnets, the following has always appeared to me the most beautiful. It is full of meaning, excellently conceived, and happily expressed ; the last *terzetto* is admirable :

- “ Levommi il mio pensiero in parte, ov' era  
 “ Quella, ch' io cerco, e non ritrovo interra :  
 “ Ivi fra lor che'l terzo cerchio serra,  
 “ La rividi più bella, e meno altera.
- “ Per man mi prese, e disse : in questa spera  
 “ Sarai ancor meco, se'l desir non erra :  
 “ Io so' colei che ti die' tanta guerra,  
 “ E compie' mia giornata innanzi sera :



- “ Mio ben non cape in intelletto umano :  
 “ Te solo aspetto ; e quel che tanto amasti,  
 “ E laggiuso è rimaso, il mio bel velo.  
  
 “ Deh perchè tacque, ed allargo la mano !\*  
 “ Ch’al suon de’ detti sì pietosi, e casti  
 “ Poco mancò ch’io non rimasi in cielo.

IMITATED BY MR. PARSONS.

On Fancy’s wing, to that third heav’n I flew,  
 Where she, whom I on earth ador’d in vain,  
 In radiant beauty met my dazzled view,  
 Her charms improv’d, and soften’d her disdain.

Smiling, she said, “ If me you still pursue,  
 Let not your cheek unceasing sorrows stain ;  
 But calm content its welcome reign renew :  
 Death took me early from a world of pain.

Nor greater bliss can now my soul employ,  
 ’Till that fair veil which still below remains,  
 And you, who lov’d it, to my hopes are giv’n:

That union shall ere long compleat my joy :”---  
 She ceas’d---or I, so rapt’rous were the strains,  
 Had dy’d with transport, and remain’d in heav’n.

On quitting Arezzo, we again took our old quarters at  
 Florence; and, in paying a second visit to this city, felt an  
 increased degree of interest in again visiting the collections

\* “ That is, she opened her hand, and let loose that of Petrarch ; and thus the beautiful  
 “ vision terminated.”

of the Grand Duke, or partaking of the amusements which occasionally surrounded us.

It is at this season of the year that the environs of Florence are particularly pleasing. The shady walks tempt the stranger to partake of their cool retreats, while the mellow appearance of autumn, inviting the husbandman to ease the laboring vines of their rich clustering burthens, amply repays him for his toil and pains, and affords a luxuriant landscape too rich not to please the most fastidious.

Strolling one evening on the public walks in company with a Florentine gentleman, he compared the setting sun, whose departing rays were then but just visible, to the evening of life, which he was wishing could be prolonged beyond the boundaries prescribed by nature's laws. Whether this would be most productive of happiness or misery, became the subject of debate, the termination of which, was by no means favorable to the original argument; our Florentine, in the mean time, exemplified his opinion, by stating a circumstance, which proved there were many others as well as himself, who, to prolong a state of precarious existence, were willing to undertake the most arduous enterprizes. The Indians, he observed, of the Carribbee Islands had among them a tradition, that somewhere on the continent there was a fountain, whose waters had the property of restoring youth to all old men who tasted them. The romantic imagination of the Spaniards

was delighted with this idea. Many embarked in voyages to find out this imaginary fountain, who were never afterwards heard of. Their superstitious countrymen never conceiving it possible that these people might have perished, concluded, that they did not return, only because they had drunk of the immortalizing liquor, and had discovered a spot so delightful, that they did not chuse to leave it. A man of the name of Ponce de Leon, in the sixteenth century, set out on this extravagant pilgrimage, as well as others, from Spain, being fully persuaded of the existence of a third world, the conquest of which was to immortalize his name. This absurd voyage was, however, eventually of service to his country, as in the pursuit of an eternal spring of youth, an ideal happiness, he rediscovered Florida; but after the lapse of some time, returned to the place whence he came, visibly more advanced in years than when he set out. The undiscovered fountain thus lost all repute, and the only consequence of this imaginary system of renovation, was the plantation of a colony, which gave rise to some subsequent fatal disputes between the French and Spaniards. The latter having neglected the new formed establishment, it was invested by the French, who settled there. Philip the Second, of Spain, however, being accustomed to consider himself as the sole proprietor of America, fitted out a fleet to destroy these later settlers. His orders were executed with barbarous severity; the French intrenchments being forced, and most of the people put to the sword. The prisoners were hanged on the trees, with this inscription—" *Not as Frenchmen, but as Heretics.*"

This cruelty was, shortly after, revenged by Dominic de Gourgues, a skilful and intrepid seaman of Gascony, an enemy to the Spaniards, and passionately fond of hazardous enterprizes as productive of glory. He sold his estate, built some ships, and, with a select band of adventurers like himself, embarked for Florida. He drove the Spaniards from all their posts with incredible valor and activity ; defeated them in every rencounter, and, by way of retaliation, hanged the prisoners on trees, with this inscription—" *Not as Spaniards, but as Assassins.*"

At Florence resides Count Albany, the unfortunate Charles Stuart. In meeting this personage, one cannot help contemplating the strange vicissitudes of fortune, which, at times, alike affect the throne and cottage.

There are in this city many booksellers shops, where scarce and valuable books may be obtained. I purchased an excellent edition of Tasso's *Jerusalem*, deemed, I believe, after Homer's and Virgil's, the third epic poem in the world. Religion renders the subject august, and opens a field for sublime description and machinery. The action too lies in a country, and at a period of time, sufficiently remote to admit the intermixture of fable with history. Tasso is eminent for the fertility of his invention, the expression of his characters, the richness of his description, and the beauty of his style.



From Florence we proceeded to Bologna, termed “*la grassa*,” or the fat, from the great produce of the land, affording abundance of all sorts of fruits and grain, particularly muscadine grapes of a most delicious flavor; the soil is reckoned the most fertile of any in Italy. The Pope’s Nuncio resides here; the churches are of course numerous, being computed at 169. The warmth of the climate induces the inhabitants to leave their doors and windows open, so that the gardens are visible through the apartments, where there are a vast number of orange trees, that perfume the air. This is a place of great trade, which is in some measure owing to a canal, that runs from this city to the river Po. The Reno, near the town, turns four hundred mills employed in the silk works. The traffic in general consists in silk, velvets, leather bottles, sweetmeats, perfumes, wax, soap, hams, sausages, and even lap-dogs, which are held in such high estimation, as to be sent to the amateurs of this species of the canine race all over Europe.

We were, the day after our arrival in this city, by chance introduced to a man of singular character, remarkable for his collection of antique medals, gems, paintings, and other curiosities, among which, he himself might fairly be deemed the greatest, and withal of so beggarly an aspect, that he would have rivalled, in point of external appearance, the celebrated Elwes; this man, by profession, was a practicer of physic, a distributor of drugs, and one who fabricated

powders for the poor, as passports to the world to come ; like the apothecary in Romeo—

“ ———Meagre were his looks,  
 “ Sharp misery had worn him to the bone :  
 “ And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,  
 “ An alligator stuff, and other skins  
 “ Of ill shap’d fishes, and about his shelves  
 “ A beggarly account of empty boxes ;  
 “ Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,  
 “ Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses  
 “ Were thinly scattered, to make up a shew.”

It was with difficulty this wretched Connoisseur would admit us to his *sanctum sanctorum*, his repository of arts, and the cabinet which contained his idols ; our conductor, however, having informed him we were no purloiners of antiquities, the doors sluggishly creaked on their hinges, and treading warily across the antichamber of gallipots, fearful at each step of discomposing the rows of phials which tottered on the shelves, he condescended to explain to us the nature of his researches, and with great prodigality of—words, defined the invaluable perfection of his treasures ; relieved at length by the entrance of an ancient domestic, formed by nature for the union that had so long subsisted between himself and his patron, and who, in a thin spiral voice, summoned his master to a scanty meal, of which he forgot to invite us to partake, we departed, leaving this miserable antiquarian, the rust of whose green velvet cap seemed to contend for priority with that upon his

medals, to his miserable pittance, unenvying and unenvied, while the descriptive words of Henderson's Luxurious Œconomy occurred to my memory—" We have changed our  
 " lodgings, and provide for our ourselves, and I market, and  
 " purchase the tails of rabbits, and the beards of oysters,  
 " and the heads and gizzards of geese, for we leave their  
 " bodies to the mighty ones of the earth ; and I buy beef  
 " steaks by the ounce, and have learnt to cut up shrimps  
 " most dextrously ; in short, we live upon the extremities  
 " of animals.—I hear the butcher's boy knock at the door  
 " with as fine a sheep's tail, in a tray, as ever you saw in your  
 " life ; it is to be roasted, and if you were here you should  
 " have two joints out of the five."

Among the natural curiosities of the Bolognese country, the Bononia stone is very remarkable ; Mr. Barlow observes,  
 " that it is found about the Appenine mountains, and in Mount Paclerno, four miles from Bologna, it is usually about the size of a walnut, of a light grey color, and an uneven surface, impregnated with sulphureous particles, and though pretty heavy, not very compact. It shines in many places like spar, and after violent showers of rain, which wash away the earth from the mountains, is often found ; before it is properly prepared, there is no difference between that and another stone ; but by a particular calcination, and afterwards by being exposed to the open day light, it imbibes such a luminous quality, that during eight or ten minutes, it glows in

the dark like a red-hot coal ; this may be repeated at pleasure. In some of the best of these stones, the flame of a candle will make it assume its lucidity ; moonshine does not make the least impression on it, but the rays of the sun act too powerfully, by calcining it, so as to make it easily crumble. It retains its luminous quality, even when laid in water ; its splendor usually lasts three or four years, after which it may be calcined again, but not without some diminution of light."

Near this city, the nunnery of Madonna de St. Lucca is remarkable for containing the picture of the Virgin, said to have been painted by St. Luke, which is brought every year in solemn procession through a covered walk to Bologna. In the convent of the nuns of St. Clare, a kind of holy water is distributed to devout persons, supposed by the credulous to contain a particular virtue, from having been used to wash the body of St. Catharine de Vigri, who is preserved in a glass case in the convent, and bears resemblance to a dried mummy ; neither the appearance of this withered lady, nor ablution in her immaculate water, had, however, power to restrain a certain inclination we felt to indulge in a little mirth at her expence. It is, indeed, astonishing to what extent the human mind is open to superstitious impressions ; this, indeed, is clearly exemplified in the wonder working bones of St. Anthony, at Padua. The church, dedicated to this Saint, is remarkable for its interior decorations, the many



stately monuments it contains, and the magnificence of the chapel, where his remains are deposited. The Saint's tongue, to which particular prayers are offered, and his chin, are kept separately in the vestry. St. Anthony was born at Lisbon in 1196, and receives more homage and adoration than the Almighty: the very beggars ask alms only in the name of Anthony. One of the votive tables in the chapel is thus inscribed: "*Exaud St. Antonius, quos non exaudit Deus.*" *St. Anthony hears those whom God himself does not hear.* There are narrow clefts in the monument that stands over St. Anthony, where good catholics rub their beads, and smell his bones, which they say have in them a natural perfume. Abundance of inscriptions and pictures are hung up by his votaries in several parts of the church, a custom which frequently spoils the beauty of several Roman Catholic churches, and frequently covers the walls with wretched daubings, impertinent inscriptions, and many other ridiculous offerings. The following translation is given of the titles on one of the tables, hung up in token of gratitude by a poor peasant, who supposed his neck had been saved by the interposition of the Saint:—"To the thrice holy Anthony of Padua, delight (whiter than the lily) of the most holy child of Bethlehem, brightest son of the seraphs, highest roof of sacred wisdom, most powerful worker of miracles, holy dispenser of death, wise corrector of error, pious deliverer from calamity, powerful curer of leprosy, tremendous driver-away of devils, most ready and most trusty preserver of the sick and ship-

wrecked, restorer of limbs, breaker of bonds, stupendous discoverer of lost things, great and wonderful defender from all dangers, his most pious (next to God and his virgin mother) protector and safe-guard, &c."

Modena is the capital of the Modenese, and has a strong citadel. The Duke's palace is large and splendid; there is a tradition handed down to the descendants of Beatrix, who was of the family of Esté, that three days previously to the death of any of its members, she never fails to knock at the gate of the ducal palace. The picture gallery, including the lobby, consists of six rooms, filled with select pieces by the most celebrated masters. Correggio's night picce, representing the birth of Christ, with the Virgin Mary and shepherds, is much admired by connoisseurs. Correggio was born here in 1494—his genius was so sublime, and his pencil so wonderfully soft, tender, beautiful, and charming, that Julio Romano having seen a *Leda* and a *Venus* painted by him, intended as a present to the Emperor, declared, he thought it impossible for the art of coloring to go beyond their perfection. Raphael equally contemplated the works of this great master, and after having looked at them some time, without breaking silence, exclaimed "*Ed io anche son pittore!*" and I likewise am a painter. Corregio spent the greatest part of his life at Parma, and notwithstanding the many fine pieces he executed, and the high re-

putation he had gained, he was extremely poor, and always obliged to work hard for the maintenance of a large family. The cause of his death, at the age of forty, was somewhat singular. Going to receive fifty crowns for a subject he had painted, he was paid the sum in a sort of copper money, called *quadrinos*. This was a great weight, and having twelve miles to carry this burthen in a hot summer's day, he was overheated and fatigued; in which condition, indiscreetly drinking cold water, he brought on a pleurisy, which put an end to his life.

It is with the sincerest regret that we frequently read the tragical events attendant on the death of celebrated men, who, either too attentive to their personal interests, neglect the common care of personal safety, or fall a prey to the snares laid for them by designing men; the preceding instance proves the justice of the first remark; the unfortunate end of Winkelman, the great searcher into antiquity, cannot fail to exemplify the latter.

Winkelman, after a stay of some time in the Emperor's dominions, quitted Vienna, loaded with presents, and overwhelmed with the flattering attentions of the great. He debated and frequently altered his intentions as to the route he was about to pursue; he had determined to proceed to Venice by Carniola, a province wherein he had many recommendations. The reason of his not adopting this plan, is unknown:

he, however, sat out for Trieste, where his intention was to embark for Ancona. On the road, and not far from Triest, he overtook a fellow-traveller, whom he joined, and they proceeded on their journey. This man was, by birth, an Italian, and, by profession, a swindler; he therefore soon discovered the foibles of Winkelman. Pretending an extraordinary passion for the arts, and an extreme deference and respect for his person, he in a short time gained his entire approval and friendship. From the commencement of Winkelman's acquaintance with this man, he hesitated not to place unlimited confidence in him; he disclosed all his secrets, shewed him the various gold medals with which the Court of Vienna had honored him, and displayed on the same occasion a purse abundantly supplied. Arrived at Triest, Winkelman found it necessary to await the departure of a vessel for Ancona; as he did not wish to be known in this city, he remained alone in the hotel, while Archangeli seemed anxiously attentive to his private affairs, and looking out for the vessel in which they were to embark. His principal amusements, while in this city, were concentrated in reading Homer, the only book he had with him; in making some additions to his historical work on the Arts of Antiquity, and in writing letters of thanks, which he proposed on his arrival at Rome to transmit to his friends and patrons in Vienna. As a relaxation from his labors, he was accustomed to play at times with a child (whose smart repartees had attracted his attention) belonging to the hotel where he resided.



On the eighth of June, between the hours of one and two in the afternoon, Winkelman was seated at his table, writing preliminary instructions to the editor of his work. The paper, which was subsequently found, seemed from its contents to breathe a presentiment of his approaching fate, by the minute details which he entered into in the typographical arrangement of his treatise. He was about entering on the fifth article, when he was interrupted by the entrance of Archangeli, who, with a feigned appearance of grief, announced the indispensable necessity of his immediate departure, on account of some private concerns which called him into the Venetian States. The confidence of Winkelman in this man was so unlimited, that he had neither enquired into his situation in life, nor any particulars relative to his circumstances. On Archangeli's taking a tender leave, he requested that he might, for the last time, be indulged with a sight of his medals, that the possessor might thereby, if possible, make a deeper impression on his memory. Winkelman hastened to give him this satisfaction, and rising, went to his trunk, and knelt down, for the purpose of opening it with greater facility. On this, Archangeli gliding behind him, drew from his pocket a cord with a slip-knot, and threw it over his head, for the purpose of strangling him; the rope, however, in the hurry of action, catching his chin, he could not put his design into execution. At this moment of peril, Winkelman roused from his lethargy, attempted with added strength, from his desperate situation, to extricate himself

from the assassin's grasp, with one hand he struggled with his opponent, while with the other he firmly held the rope, regardless of the many cuts he received across the fingers from a large knife the villain had provided, in case of resistance.

The assassin finding he could not otherwise execute his diabolical purpose, struck Winkelman to the ground, and, throwing himself upon him, stabbed him repeatedly in the lower part of the belly, and would have dispatched him on the spot, had not the little child, the favorite of Winkelman, tapped at the door to be admitted.

“ The sound of a shaken leaf shall chase him.”

Alarmed at this trifling incident, the assassin fled, without allowing himself time to seize the medals which were to have been the reward of his infernal deed.

Immediate assistance was brought to the unfortunate Winkelman ; his wounds were, however, declared mortal, and after forgiving his murderer, receiving the sacrament, and making his will, with the utmost collection of mind, he expired. The assassin being apprehended, was brought back to Triest, where he shortly after paid the forfeiture of his crimes. Thus tragically ended the life of Winkelman—an end which, to the thinking mind, affords an ample field for reflection on the inscrutable decrees of Providence. The report of his death soon circulated, and every feeling heart heaved a sigh

for the loss of so much excellence; researches into antiquity were considerably impeded, and the promoters of the arts and sciences long deplored the unmerited exit of this great and worthy man. A short time after his death, Mr. Hancarville, on publishing the second volume of his work, seized this favorable opportunity of dedicating a graven tribute to the memory of his friend. It represents a *Columbarium*, or interior of a tomb, wherein a figure is seated at the foot of a sarcophagus, in the attitude of grief. It bears this inscription :

D. M.  
 JOAN. WINKELMAN  
 VIR. OPT. AMIC. CARISS.  
 PET. D'HANCARVILLE  
 DOLENS FECIT  
 ORCO PEREGRINO.

Parma is a tolerably large city, famous for a celebrated victory gained by the French and Sardinians over the Imperialists, in 1734, commanded by General Count de Merci, who was killed in the engagement. The consequence of this, and of a succeeding battle, was the treaty of Vienna, by which France acquired Lorraine; “*ma adesso*,” said our Italian guide; the town has gained a state of pre-eminence from its celebrity in providing the affluent with cheese, the greater part of which, however, is made at Lodi, and in the Milanese.

Sauntering through one of the churches, which in all the Italian states are highly ornamented with valuable paintings, we could not avoid noticing the absurd effect produced by the barbarous devotion of some zealous enthusiast, who, in the church of La Madonna della Scala, had nailed a silver crown over the head of the virgin painted by Correggio, thus defacing an incomparable performance, an act of Gothic depravity, which, in a superstitious people, it is obviously the interest of a crafty priesthood to encourage rather than suppress.

Piacenza is distant about five posts from Parma, and agreeably situated between the Po and Trebia. In each town a ducal palace shews the ruling sovereign.

Passing through Tortona and Alexandria we arrived at Turin, the capital of Piedmont, where the King resides. This city is seated on a vast plain, at the confluence of the rivers Doria and Po. From the regularity of the streets, which, being washed by an aqueduct, are remarkably clean, it is reckoned one of the handsomest towns in Italy ; but in the autumn and winter the air is unhealthy, on account of the thick fogs which prevail. The principal street, which leads to the King's palace, is singularly striking from its length, breadth, and the symmetry of the houses, whose porticos sufficiently protect the passenger from sun and rain. The royal palace by no means answers the expectation one



might form of it from the surrounding buildings. The interior part, however, is not only richly decorated, but displays superior taste. The public opera is held here, and, during the Carnival, much frequented. The audience are permitted to applaud or hiss the performance, agreeably to their opinion of its merits, a liberty not very frequent in many parts of Europe.

The Royal Family are very rigid observers of the laws of etiquette, all their movements are uniform and invariable ; the hour of rising, going to mass, taking the air, every thing is regulated like clock-work, and, in this respect, are not surpassed by any of the crowned heads in Europe.

The King of Sardinia has many country residences : Montcallier, Rivoli, La Venerie, Le Valentin, Stupinigi, and Mille-Fiori, all which, occasionally, are resorted to by the Court, which is reckoned the most splendid in Italy.

Two miles distant from the town, a handsome monument has been erected by Victor Amedeus, on a high mountain, in commemoration of a victory gained over the French in 1706, when they laid siege to this city. What was alledged against Philip the Second, of Spain, in consequence of the Escorial, might justly be said here, that if we were to form a comparative opinion of his fear or dread of the enemy by the riches and expence bestowed on the Superga, (the name of

the chapel), it could not have been small on the occasion. From this eminence the King and Prince Eugene reconnoitred the French trenches and camp, and after the siege had been carried on ten weeks, the French army were forced in their lines, and the allies took one hundred and fifty pieces of cannon, fifty mortars, and seven thousand prisoners, with all their ammunition and baggage. The revenue of the foundation of the magnificent church of Superga, is eighteen thousand Piedmontese livres in specie, for the support of a prior, and twelve young ecclesiastics, of good family, and to qualify the latter for the highest preferments in the church.

The chapel of the Holy Sudara, built of blackish marble, is particularly admired, as containing the principal and most cherished relic of this city, or indeed of the whole country. The Holy Sudara is reported to be the very linen cloth in which the body of Christ was wrapped up in the sepulchre : it is preserved in a chest, within a closet of glass doors, and is shewn with much ceremony.

A vast number of Jews are collected in a quarter of this city ; they are tolerated, indeed, in most of the Italian towns. One cannot be surprized at the increase of this description of people, on considering their religion, habits, and customs, which unite them more closely to one another than any other sect whatever ; their general utility, in spite of their disgust-

ing customs, renders them moreover not unprofitable citizens in a well-regulated state.

To form an opinion of the manners of the capital, from the sanctity of the inhabitants, would probably here be erroneous, the exterior of piety being visible on most occasions. Nearly every street takes its name from some canonized Saint. The inns and public-houses are no less notorious in this respect. In England the various apartments in such houses are known by the appellation of the Rose, Red Lion, Dolphin, &c. &c. Here the straying heretic is, without hesitation, shewn into San Pietro, San Paolo, or Santa Cecilia ; and in the court yard a Madona is frequently invoked to protect the traveller by land or water ; an orison is also not neglected on discharging the bill, particularly when the contents have the appearance of extortion.

The environs of Turin are not less agreeable for the striking contrast they display to the severity of the Alps. The Po, which runs peaceably near this town, naturally brings to one's memory the fate of Phaeton, son of Apollo, who, in his hasty career in Phœbus's chariot, was hurled by the thunderbolts of Jupiter into that river ; while his sisters, Lampetia, Phaethusa, and Phœbe, incessantly lamenting his loss on its banks, were, in pity, changed by the gods into poplars. Hence, probably, arises the custom in the vicinity of this place, of a father planting a thousand poplars at the birth of

a daughter, whose marriage-portion they become, when she arrives at the age of sixteen ; and each tree being then worth about as many livres, her dowry consequently is sixteen thousand. No inconsiderable portion for a Turin bride !

Marriage ceremonies vary in different countries, and at different times. Where the practice is to purchase a wife, whether among savages, or pampered people in hot climates, payment of the price completes the marriage, without any further ceremony ; and the highest bidder is always sure of the preference. We read, that in Old Rome, the bride was attended to the bridegroom's house, with a female slave, carrying a distaff and spindle, importing that she ought to spin for the family. Among the savages of Canada, and of the neighbouring countries, a strap, a kettle, and a faggot, are put in the bride's cabin, as symbols of her duty, namely, to carry burdens, to dress victuals, and to provide wood. On the other hand, the bride, in token of her obedience, takes her axe, cuts wood, bundles it up, and lays it before the door of the bridegroom's hut ; all the salutation she receives is—" It is " time to go to rest."

In the island of Java, the bride, in token of subjection, washes the bridegroom's feet ; and this is a capital ceremony. Formerly in Russia, the bride presented to her future master a bundle of rods, to be used against her when she deserved to



be chastised ; the late Empress, however, discountenanced that ceremony among people of fashion.

The natives and inhabitants on the coast of Sierra Leona, have, in all their towns, a boarding-school, where young ladies are educated for a year, under the care of a venerable old gentleman. When their education is completed, they are carried, in their best attire, to a public assembly ; which may be termed a matrimonial market, because there, the young men convene to make choice. Those who suit themselves to their fancy pay the dowry ; and, over and above, reward the old superintendant, for his extraordinary care in educating the bride. Whether the present European settlers in that colony will be able to alter this system of conjugality, remains yet to be determined.

Very different were the manners of Peru, before the Spanish conquest. The bridegroom carried shoes to the bride, and put them on with his own hands. But there, purchasing of wives was unknown. Marriage ceremonies, in Lapland, are directed by the same principle ; it is customary for a man to make presents to his children of rein deer ; and young women, who have a large stock of these animals, have lovers in plenty. A young man looks for such a wife at a fair, or at a meeting for paying taxes. He takes to the house of the young woman's parents some of his relations ; being solicitous in particular to have an eloquent speaker. They are

all admitted, excepting the lover, who must wait till he be called in. After drinking some spirits, the spokesman addresses the father in humble terms, bowing the knee, as if he were introduced at the levee of a prince. Thus do the ceremonies of marriage vary in different parts of the world, agreeably to the ideas, manners, or customs of the inhabitants; each conceives his own mode to be the best, and it is therefore reasonable to conclude with Voltaire's *Candide* " *Que tout est pour le mieux.*"

The country in Piedmont is very fruitful, yielding plenty of corn and wine, and a great variety of fruits; mulberry trees abound here, which the natives cultivate in order to feed their silk worms, vast numbers of which are bred by the gentry, under the care of their tenants, who have the eggs and leaves delivered them, retaining half the silk as a reward for their care and attention. Truffles grow here in great abundance, and yield, to many of the inhabitants who dig for them, from fifty to a hundred dollars a year. The finest spot in the king's dominions, is that between Turin and Coni; it is hardly to be equalled, and cannot be exceeded. The fertility of Piedmont occasioned the old observation, now often repeated: " *Si l'Italie étoit un mouton, le Piemont en seroit le rognon.*"

From Turin we proceeded to Suze, enjoying, under a benignant sun, a distant view of the towering alps covered with eternal snow, and at length reached Novalezza, a village at

the bottom of Mount Cenis, where it is usual to take carriages to pieces, in order that they may be conveyed by muleteers to Lasneborough, a village on the opposite side of the mountain. This inconvenience we however avoided, by engaging the vehicle to proceed with us no farther than to Novalezza, so that we had only our baggage, which was carried on the backs of mules, to transport across the mountain. This mode of conveyance is by far the safest, these sure-footed animals being so habituated to the zigzag track of the steep ascent, as scarcely ever to stumble. The weather being warm we gradually ascended Mount Cenis, no longer experiencing that danger which passengers are said, in this Alpine expedition, formerly to have incurred. The prospects on every side are boundless, and picturesque in the extreme. On the summit, there opens to the view a plain of about three miles in circumference, on which stands a tolerably good inn, called *la Ramasse*, where we partook of some excellent trout, of a remarkably large size, weighing from sixteen to eighteen pounds, which our landlord procured from an adjacent lake, the depth of which, in the middle, is hardly fathomable; the river Doria commences its fertile streams from this source, supplied from the adjacent snowy mountains, and subsequently forms a junction with the Po.

History tells us, that Hannibal crossed the Alps by the Great St. Bernard, of the *Alpes Penninæ*, where he first had to engage the mountaineers and Gauls, who, possessing them-

selves of the cliffs, rolled down huge stones upon the advancing Carthaginians ; and promiscuously hurrying down the precipices that bordered the road, men, elephants, and horses, he with much difficulty scaled the rampart of Italy.

Quitting the plain we began the descent, on which side of the mountain we found a complete alteration in the climate, as well as in the appearance of surrounding objects. A pelisse now became necessary, the contrast indeed was very remarkable ; we had here a magnificent prospect of a chain of inaccessible mountains, the tops of which seemed to pierce the clouds. Lower down, torrents of water rolling with astonishing rapidity among fragments of rocks, the noise of which re-echoed from the neighbouring mountains, while occasional cascades throwing themselves from the summit into the vale below, concurred to form one of the most astonishing and romantic scenes in nature ; the village of La Lasnebourgh appeared at the foot of the mountain, a peaceful retreat from the storms that surrounded it, affording, at the close of day, a prospect of refreshing ease and shelter to the weary traveller, who crosses the threshold of the inviting *Auberge* with no small satisfaction, at having happily overcome the difficulties and dangers that lay in his way.

The inn at this place was small but neat ; our muleteers being ranged on benches near the door, regaled themselves



with what they could procure, while we were shewn into the best apartment, and tendered every thing the house afforded. Though the larder, it must be confessed, did not display all the luxuries of a London first-rate coffee-house, yet it contained that which none of them could have produced ; our host recommended to us a large bird, which he had shot among the mountains in the morning, and on investigation it proved to be an eagle. As there was a plentiful scarcity of every thing else, we even ordered old Aquilon to be roasted, and our appetites being somewhat keen, we did not discover the toughness of the bird, till nought of it was visible but the extremities. The Italian proverb says, “ *appetito non vuol salsa* ;” a good appetite requires no sauce, which we found verified on the present occasion. We remained here for the night, though sleep forsook our eye-lids. Myriads of gnats, and other obtrusive, noxious animals, drove rest far from our pillows ; at sun-rise, therefore, we hastened our departure to Chamberry, the capital of Savoy.

We were now rapidly quitting the Italian territories ; French manners and customs being every where observed, a combined mixture of the two languages prevailing among the peasantry, it was with difficulty we could, at times, either make ourselves understood, or comprehend the replies to our frequent inquiries. Chamberry, the capital of Savoy, was the first town where the Italian idiom seemed banished, and the dress of the natives informed us we were near the frontiers

of France. The women were here remarkable for their beauty, and form a striking contrast to the several Savoyard peasants we had met on the roads, great numbers of whom, both male and female, were deformed with enormous wens, extending from ear to ear, which excrescences are imputed to the water they drink; some of these unhappy objects have, however, by travelling into foreign parts made their fortunes, and under the appellation of *monstrous craws* astonished persons unaccustomed to such unnatural deformity. The poverty of the Savoyards induces them to go into other countries to seek for support, which they procure by the most menial employments, many thousands of them take up their residence at, or near Paris; a natural good ear and talent for music, induce many to stroll about the world as itinerant musical beggars; their honesty is as remarkable as their poverty, uncommonly temperate and sober, a small pittance suffices to satisfy the calls of nature; from a strict attention to œconomy, whatever they earn, is in general saved for the purpose of being expended in the place of their nativity, to which they frequently pay an annual visit.

Lyons is reckoned the centre of Europe, and seated on the confluence of the rivers Rhone and Soane. Thanks are due to the mountain of St. Sebastian serving as a bulwark to the town against the north winds, which often blow here with great violence. Next to Paris this is considered as the largest city in France. It is well inhabited, and carries on great

trade with Italy, Switzerland, and Spain. Some remains are still to be seen of the stately buildings with which the Romans adorned this city ; it is said to have been founded by Lucius Munatius Plancus, about forty years before Christ. In the town house is an ancient plate of brass, on which is engraved the oration, delivered before the Roman senate, by the Emperor Claudius, when he was Censor, in behalf of the citizens of Lyons. Round the city are several mountains, which being variegated with convents, seats, gardens, and vineyards, form a very delightful appearance.

Being anxious to arrive at Paris with as little delay as possible, we made but a short stay at Lyons, and understanding from our landlord, that a diligence, which was on the point of setting out next morning early, would convey us with less trouble and inconvenience than going post, we resolved to try the humors of a French public vehicle, and acceded to the proposal accordingly. In the morning, before day break, we joined the passengers, who had already taken their stations, and the cracking of the whips of three postillions was the signal for our departure. It was near half an hour before we discovered who were our fellow-travellers ; but sol had no sooner peeped over the western hills, than his appearance had the effect of opening the mouths of three ladies at once. We soon learnt that two of them were Lyonnaises, the wife and daughter of a *membre du parlement*, going to Paris with the intention of joining their family, which they

soon gave us to understand was of the very first distinction. Their affected manners, highly-rouged cheeks, and perfumed habiliments, served as a striking contrast to the third female, who was dressed with the utmost simplicity and neatness. An inexpressible sweetness pervaded her manner ; scarcely seventeen, she seemed unconscious of her charms, and, like a rose between two thorns, sat silent, and, at intervals, fixed her eyes on an elderly officer, whom she shortly pronounced to be Colonel ———, her uncle, and under whose protection it appeared she was, for the first time, going to the capital. The other passengers were, a Monsieur Panckoucke, a man of about thirty-five, who was all sensibility, politeness, *gaieté de coeur*, in short, a complete *petit maitre*, but from a defect in his speech, was at times given to an unfortunate habit of stammering ; and (though last, not least,) an over-grown Abbé, whose character we had yet to learn.

No sooner had the bright beams of the morning discovered to Monsieur Panckoucke, at a distance, the irresistible perfections of Mademoiselle Agnes, than he commenced his gallant attack, by offering to accommodate her with his seat, which he deemed preferable, as being forwards. The windows were alternately pulled up, or let down, to prevent drafts ; a little case of essences and *sal volatilé* was handed across the Abbé to her, as a preventative against any alarm occasioned by the violent jolting of the carriage, &c. These attempts at familiar intercourse were, however, soon baffled,



by the Colonel's irascibility of temper, which gave a sudden check to similar advances, and obliged Monsieur Panckoucke to shift his battery. Madame Fladron, who, with some impatience, had witnessed these attentions, and with a jealous eye, marked the courtesy shewn by the party to Agnes, in preference to her all-accomplished daughter, Milledred, a little swarthy ill-formed damsel, now exclaimed against the tediousness of the road, the want of breakfast, the absurd partialities of certain persons, and the self-conceit of others; at which the Abbé, in the corner, whose profound meditations were interrupted by the volubility of this harangue, ejaculated at the end of every sentence the contemptuous particle "*bah!*" till his "perturbed spirit" was at length relieved by the stopping of the diligence at the next town, and one of the postillions, opening the door, informed us we were here to alight for the purpose of breakfasting. As, in a public vehicle, a refreshing meal generally puts the passengers into better spirits and humor with each other than when they first set out, we now became more intimate, indeed so much so, that having advanced a few leagues further, Mademoiselle Milledred conceived, by violent efforts, ogling, simpering, bon-mots, and occasional smart repartees, that her rival in beauty, but not in breeding, was totally eclipsed. We stopped for the night at Maçon, where we ordered supper, previous to which the old Colonel invited my fellow-traveller and myself, of whom he had conceived a favorable opinion, to stroll round the environs of the town, accompanied by his

charming niece, leaving Monsieur Panckoucke to flirt with the self-approving Milledred, whose incessant loquacity we were by no means desirous to interrupt.

“ You are going to Paris, perhaps, for the first time, observed the Colonel in our walk, it is now some years since I was myself there, and it will not be without experiencing much satisfaction, that I shall re-visit the gay scenes of my youth ; it is necessary to frequent great cities to have a perfect knowledge of human nature. “ Vices,” says Rochefaucault, “ enter into the composition of virtues, as poison into “ the composition of medicines ; prudence mixes and tempers, and makes good use of the compound against the ills “ of life.” An extensive capital, therefore, like a hot-bed, produces good and evil. Virtue, in its purest state, and vice, the most depraved, equally exist in it ; and, in observing and reflecting on the actions of our fellow-creatures, we may collect a fund of knowledge, better calculated to direct our own conduct, than from all the theoretical maxims of the most refined authors ; in frequenting the public places of amusement at Paris, you will obtain a certain knowledge of the French character, which, to every foreigner, is a subject of considerable interest.” “ At least I shall see the versatility of it, I replied, as nothing can be so opposite as the national character of different inhabitants in various parts of Europe ; it is truly observed by an elegant English author, Lord Shaftsbury, that “ of all other beauties, which virtuosos pursue,

“ poets celebrate, musicians sing, and architects, or artists,  
 “ of whatever kind, describe or form ; the most delightful,  
 “ the most engaging and pathetic, is that which is drawn  
 “ from real life, and from the passions.” “ I acknowledge the  
 justice of your remark, observed the Colonel, and have myself  
 been a witness of the versatility of our nation, in a striking  
 instance which occurred when I last visited the capital ;  
 it was in the month of June, 1781, that the Opera-house,  
 from some accident, took fire during the performance ; and  
 the residence of the graces, gods, goddesses, enchanted palaces,  
 groves, and the entire paraphernalia of the actors, became a  
 prey to the consuming flames ; some lives were even lost on  
 the occasion, and the fire was not entirely subdued for a week.  
 The following day, the affrighted populace regarded this scene  
 of devastation with horror ; during the general stupor, however,  
 a single cart was observed emerging from the ruins, laden with  
 a few remnants that had escaped the fury of the flames, the driver,  
 either willing to save every thing in his power, or partaking of the  
 mania of the stage, had attired himself in a magnificent helmet  
 plumed with costly feathers, and a rich purple imperial robe ;  
 thus seated on the summit of his spoils, he appeared like a  
 conqueror in a triumphal car. The attention of the spectators  
 was attracted by the novelty and ridiculous appearance of this  
 tragi-comic hero ; their lamentations were forthwith changed  
 into shouts of laughter, and the depredator of theatrical pomp,  
 was accompanied from the scene of action by a numerous retinue,  
 whose tide of woe,

from this trivial circumstance, was instantly converted into tumultuous peals of laughter,—a proof of the durability of French chagrin!—A few days after, it became the fashion to dress and call every thing “*a la feu de l’opera.*”

Thus does a taste for variety prevail throughout: an uniform life of peace, tranquillity, and security, would not be long relished; constant repetition of the same pleasures would render even a golden age tasteless, like an Italian sky during a long summer; and had not Nature for wise purposes impressed upon us a taste for variety, life itself would be altogether insipid.

Having mutually agreed on this subject, we rejoined our travelling companions, and partook of an excellent supper, enjoying subsequently a comfortable repose after the fatigues of the day, and in the morning recommenced our journey to Chalons. The Abbé now became more communicative, though somewhat dry in his remarks, generally finishing his observations with some proverbial allusions; if Monsieur Panckoucke was civil, he declaimed against false professions, saying, “*Qui te fait plus de caresses qu’il na coutume, il t’a trompé, ou il veut te tromper.*” Perceiving Madame Fladron enjoying a profound doze, he requested we would not “*veiller le chat, qui dort;*” upon which Mademoiselle Milledred remarked “*Qu’il vaut mieux aller seul, que d’être mal accompagné,*”—a hint, that displeased Monsieur l’Abbé so much,



that he ejaculated “ *babillarde*,” to the great ‘discomposure of Mademoiselle Milledred’s well-arranged features ; for she no sooner heard the epithet, than she retorted violently upon her angry antagonist, whose hat at that moment in the warmth of controversy happening to come in contact with her cheek, thereby deranging the roscs that had been skilfully placed by the finger of art, she burst into tears bordering on the hysteric, and called aloud upon Monsieur Panckoucke to revenge, what she termed “ *un affront impardonable*.”

“ *Comment donc, Monsieur l’A—bbé, vous avez l’eff—ronterie*  
 “ *de faïres des inj—ures aux dames dans ma pre—sence entendez*  
 “ *vous, vous êtes un fri—fri—frip—on jiéffé,—un vieux d—indon,*  
 “ *un.*”—“ *Mais pour l’amour de dieu,* (cried the Colonel,)  
 “ *Messieurs, ne querellez pas comme ça. Ayez au moins respect*  
 “ *aux dames ! Un accident n’est point un crime, et on ne s’abuse*  
 “ *pas de maniere pour une bagatelle !*”—The young lady by this time ceased crying, and had fallen into a pretended swoon with one cheek *rouged au dernier point*, the other, pale as death. The continued stammering of Monsicur Panckoucke, who threatened to pull the Abbé by the nose, and the angry replies of the latter, awakened Madame Fladron, who, sceing her daughter in a fit, screamed louder than any of the party, and to what extremities this breach might have been carried, it is impossible to say, had not one of the carriage whcels, at this critical moment, by getting into a deep rut, while we were driving on prettly smartly, broken the axle-tree,

which rather rudely threw *la diligence* against the side of a bank, but fortunately the horses being stopped in time, prevented a complete upset. This accident changed the scene entirely; each one now sought his personal safety. Mademoiselle Milledred recovering at the thought of real danger, was out of the window in an instant, treading on her defender, Monsieur Panckoucke, who, on his part, was swearing “*par tous les diables,*” in a prostrate condition, “*qu’il étoit mort,*” while Madame Fladron jostled into the lap of the Abbé, had fixed him motionless in a corner: fortunately no material injury was sustained beyond the apprehension of the moment; so that, after some difficulty, being disentangled, we proceeded on foot to Chalons, from which place we were but half a mile distant. This occurrence, however, broke up the party; for being rather tired of some of our debating companions, we resolved, in company with the Colonel and the amiable Agnes, to take post, and with four good horses next day reached Paris, where we were set down at the Palais Royal, without further adventures.

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To those who have witnessed the gay and animating scenes of Paris, as it existed at the period when these sketches were drawn, I need not apologize for quitting my subject rather abruptly,—for “memory that would full fain

“ the past recall,” will also obtrude on the feeling mind recollections of subsequent events, at which Humanity shudders, and Nature stands aghast!—I shall, therefore, pass over in silence the former delights of this great metropolis, and with more pleasing sensations express the joy I experienced when I once more beheld the white cliffs of Dover rearing their proud heads above the ocean. The peculiarly pleasing feelings of the heart, natural to every man on reviewing his native country after a twelvemonth’s absence, cannot be better described than in the following elegant lines of a much esteemed friend, which occurred to me as I stood on the beach at Calais, awaiting the moment of departure for England :—

“ Thrice welcome to my longing eyes again  
 “ Dear native land ! tho’ but in shadow trac’d,  
 “ As day first dawns upon the liquid waste ;  
 “ And the chill mist hangs darkling o’er the main.  
 “ But lo ! the change ! while yet I linger here,  
 “ The dewy morn shakes off her mantle gray  
 “ Before the sun, and into broader day  
 “ Heav’n’s vast horizon breaks, in blueness clear :  
 “ Then bursts a richer prospect on the sight ;  
 “ Thy tall cliffs to the spreading radiance shine ;  
 “ The sea, far-quiv’ring, to the joyous light,  
 “ Gleams to thy distant shore’s remotest line :  
 “ Absence, that wakes each social sympathy ;  
 “ Affections, that no distance could impair ;  
 “ And hours of youth that past without a sigh—  
 “ All these point homeward,—their repose is there.

“ While truth delights to realize the view  
“ That absence sketch’d, or lov’d remembrance drew ;  
“ And fond impatience chides the tardy gales,  
“ Still inauspicious to our hoisted sails.”

T. H.

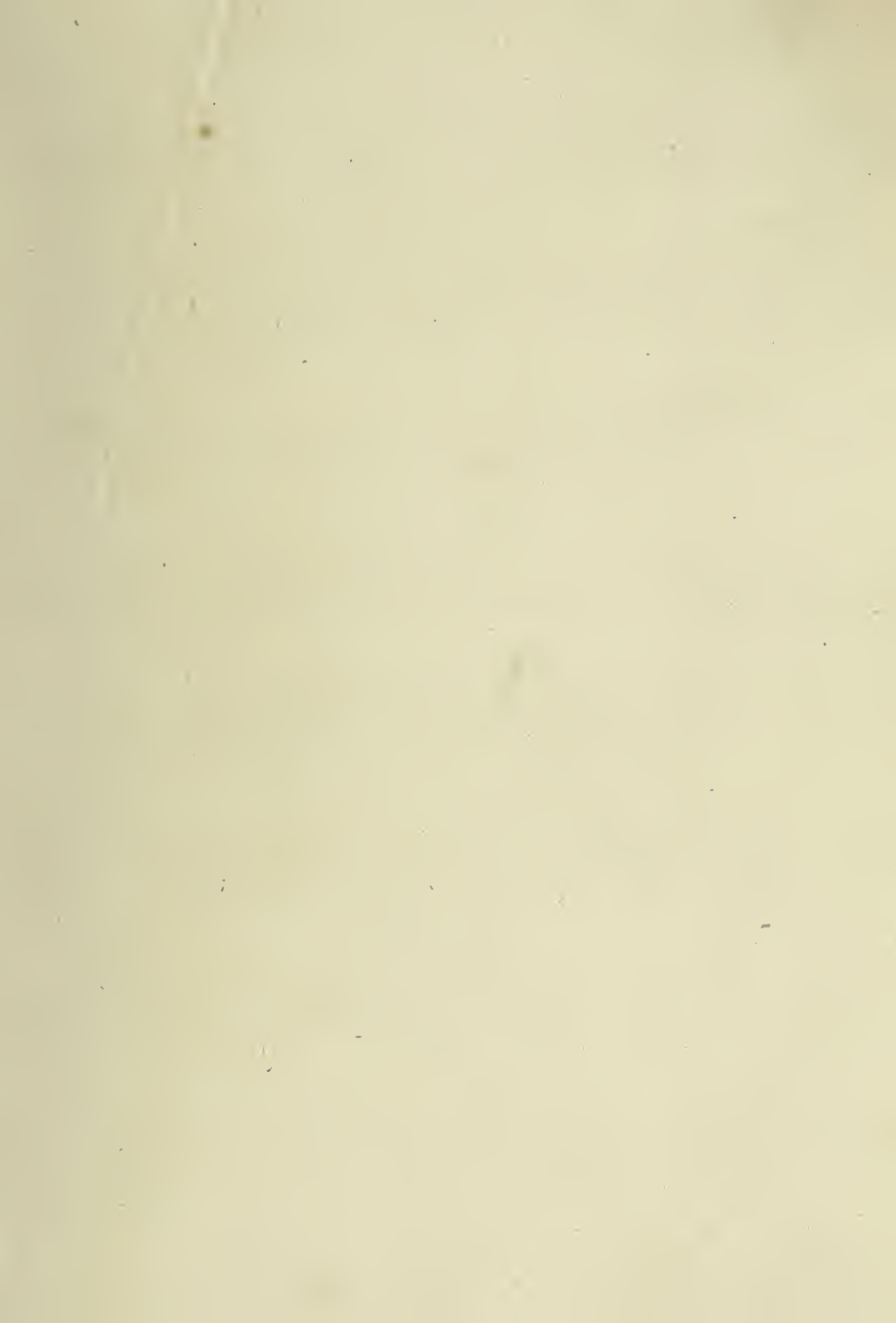
























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